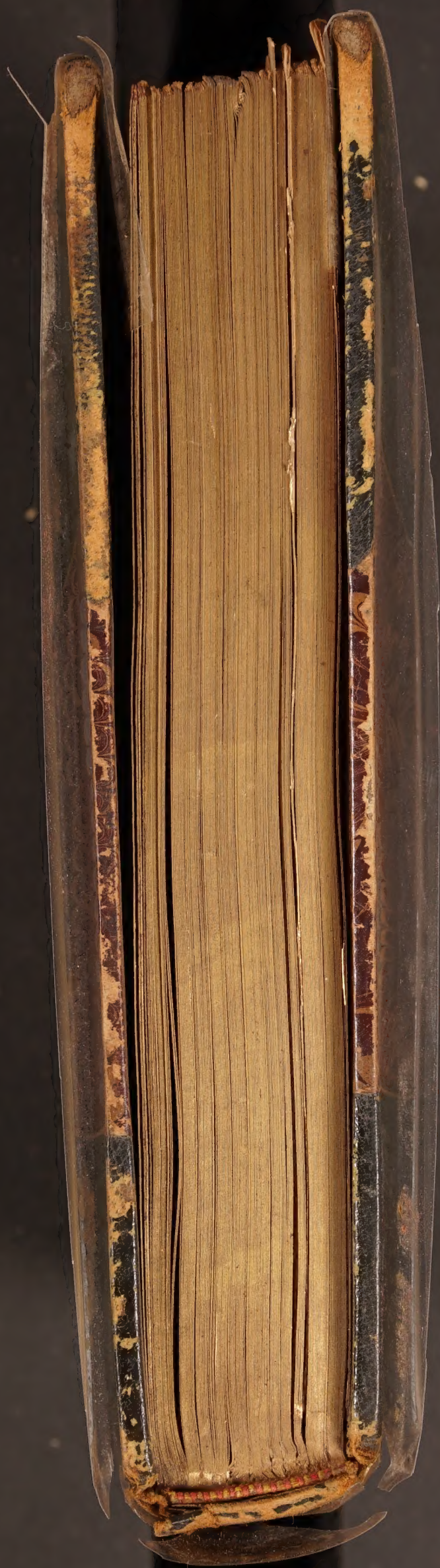



THE
KEEPSAKE.

1852.



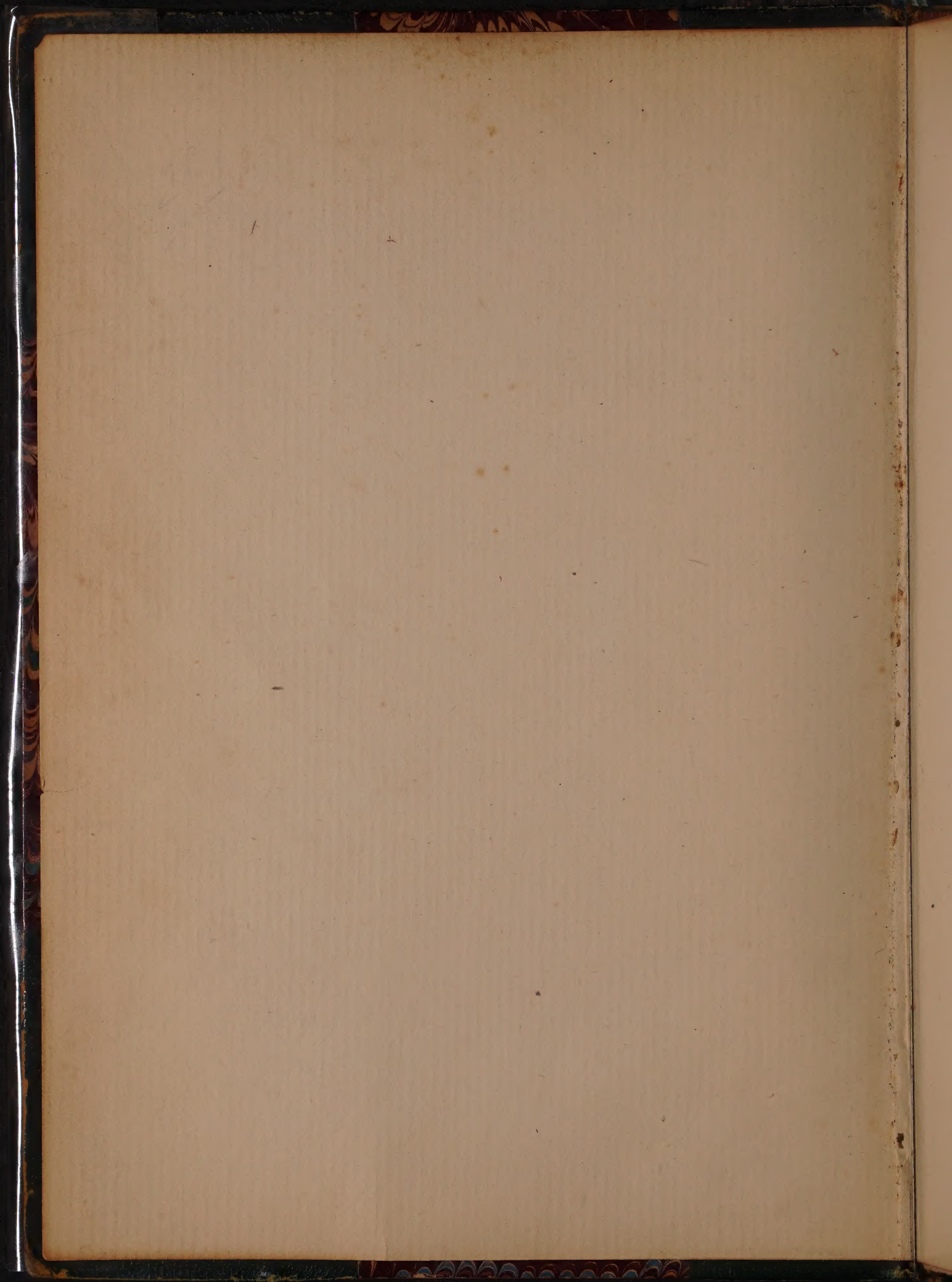


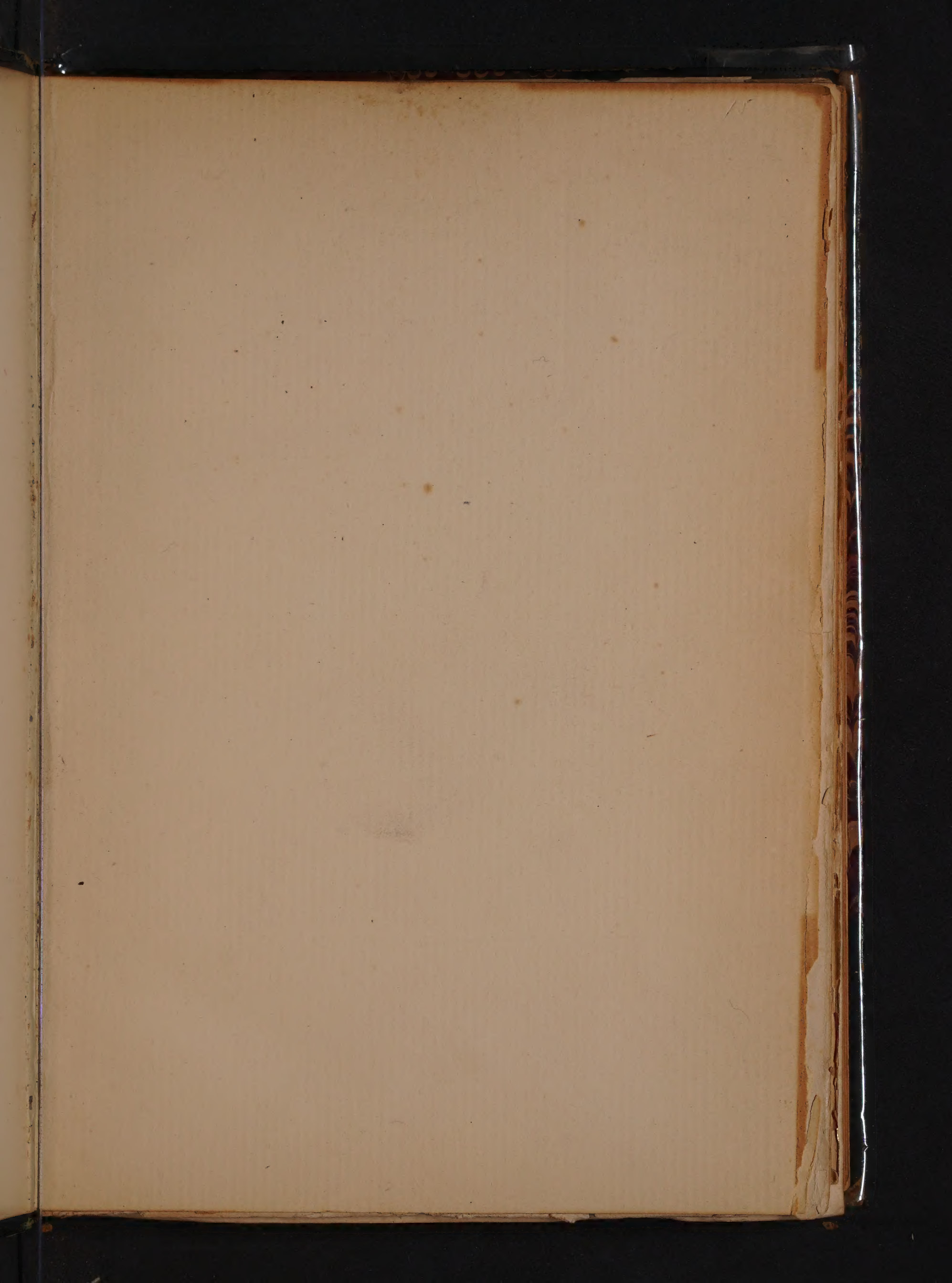




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With original contribution, "To be read at Dusk."









R. Buckner.

W. H. Mote.

The Lady Dorothy Nevill.

London. Published for the Proprietor, by David Bogue, Fleet Street.

THE
KEEPSAKE

EDITED BY
MISS POWER



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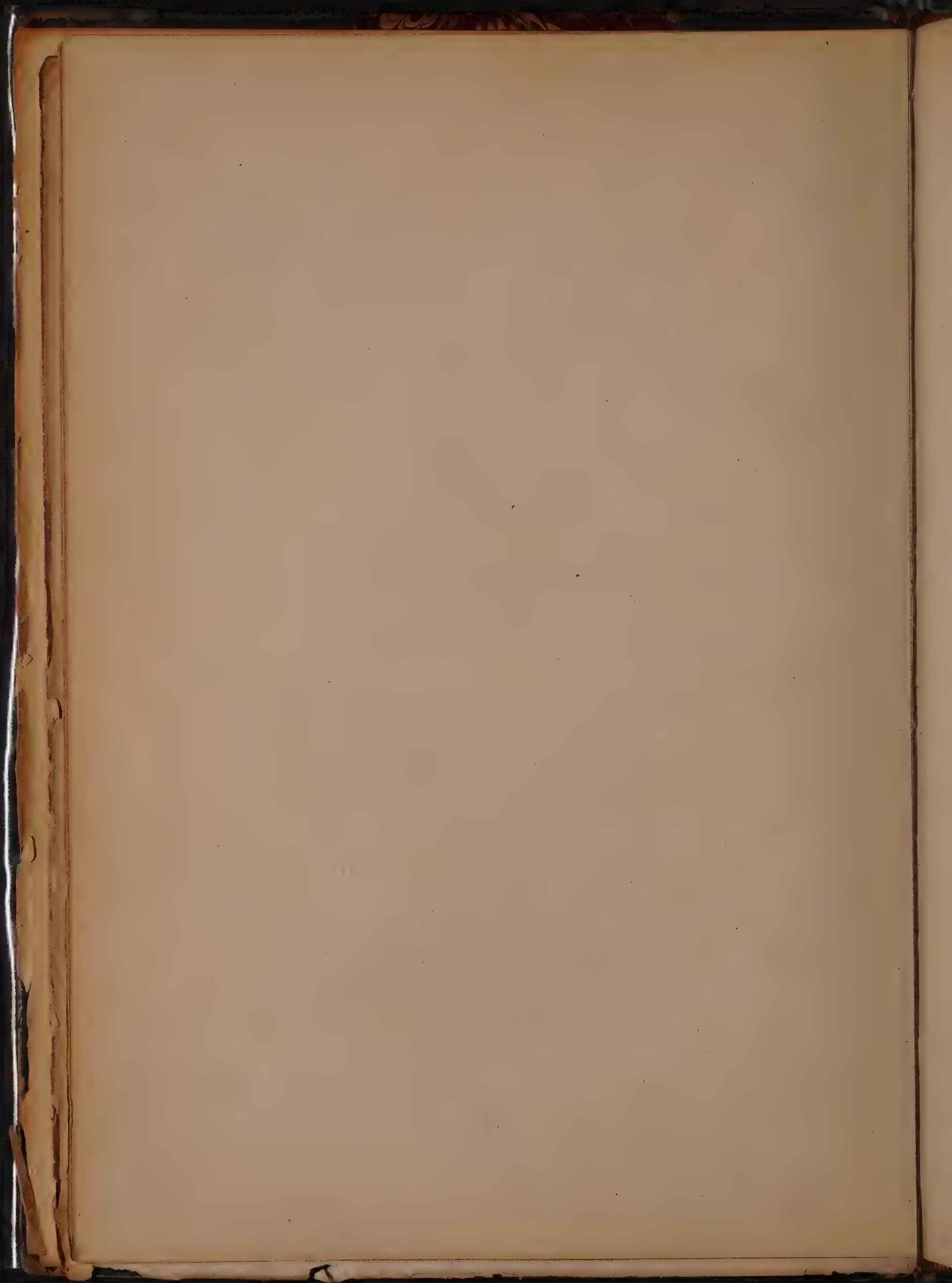
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The Keepsake.

ON THE PORTRAIT
OF
THE LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

BY CHARLES HOWARD.

How swiftly, here, are loving friends contented !
How lightly eager suitors satisfied !
How, with a touch, are angry strifes prevented,
And bristling rivals bidden cease to chide !
Ah ! must we breathe 'gainst sovereign Man a treason ?—
—Because they have *no* reason !

O lady ! were the biped folk unfeathered
Who flock around you for your notice here,
What eager hopes would straightway be untethered,
What brawls stirred up for all the town to hear !
Then, since your choice is made no more to waver,
Look *but* on birds with favour !—

For bitter, bitter, is the lone heart-weeping
Of eager wooer who must woo in vain !
For weary, weary, is the noon-day creeping
Of sunny hours whose brightness shows but pain !—
And (even when pictured) who may look upon you,
Nor wish that he had won you ?

HARTSORE HALL.

“ For though my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death,
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields ;

Yet oft, when sundown skirts the moor,
An inner trouble I behold —
A spectral doubt which makes me cold.

* * * * *

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps, or wears the mask of sleep ;
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead ! ”

In Memoriam.

My name is Martin Brown. I am now an old man, but age has not dimmed my recognition of modern progress, or clouded my love of the beautiful in nature. I do not look back with regrets to the past, or forward with forebodings to the future, but encourage a high and holy faith that the world is busy in working out a great and an immortal destiny, and that every year added to our existence ought also to add to our relish and appreciation of what human genius is creating. I am even content, sometimes, to learn humbly from my grandchildren, and very often to think that they are in the right whenever their sentiments and feelings come into collision with my own. My young folks maintain that modern poetry and modern wit immeasurably transcend what delighted our ancestors ; and though we may have lost the secrets of some curious arts, we of the present day are unapproachable in the power of

exhibiting and fixing the prismatic hues of thought and life. It may be so; for I find myself looking with a very indulgent eye upon the world, and thinking it "a very good sort of world, after all." The nearer I approach that future home to which we are all travelling, the more does its beneficent light hallow my perceptions, cheer my path, and brighten my passage to the tomb. This state of belief and content is, however, quite the product of recent times. In my youth I harboured a morose and gloomy creed, which allowed me no rest and no hope; I spent my days in sadness and my nights in trembling; I quailed before my own fancies and visions; I prognosticated the speedy destruction of this beautiful world, "and all that it inhabit;" I considered merriment as profanity, and a jest as an insult to human reason. My purpose in living appeared to be to cover the earth with a pall, and to marshal my thoughts as its funeral procession. Nevertheless I did not sit down in apathy and despair; I was full of enthusiasm, and I determined to act in the dark and moody cause which clung to my heart and brain. I took the holy book whose meaning I had thus perverted, and went forth to propound my sad interpretation of its revealings.

One day I rang the bell of my study: my man attended to the summons.

"Blake," said I, and I did not look him in the face as I spoke, "I have made up my mind to wander from home for a week. Saddle my favourite black mare, and do not let my friends be impertinently curious about my destination; and, Blake, do not forget to give the mare a good feed, poor thing!"

"Will you take anything yourself, sir?"

"No."

Thus earnest, confident, and unprepared, I betook myself zealously to my new and self-imposed calling. Nature was just

beginning to draw her nocturnal curtains, and to send round her celestial lamplighter, when I rode forth on my moody and quixotic errand. My horse, as she clattered out of the courtyard, seemed to exhibit an unusual reluctance to proceed on the journey, as if she felt that my mission was something too strange and dubious to deserve her assistance; and the gate, which swung after me as I made my exit, was some time in making up its mind to close against my return: it clicked backwards and forwards on its latch, as though it were appealing to me to "Come back—come back!" But I shut my heart to the influence of its metallic entreaties, and went on my way.

Two hours' smart riding brought me into a dilemma. In the first place, I had lost my way; and in the next, the weather had become very stormy. Dark clouds had been some time mustering their threatening ranks, and preparing to do battle with the earth. These dangerous warriors had already formed themselves into light skirmishing parties, and were fast bringing up their whole force, when I anxiously looked about for shelter, but none was to be found: only scattered hedge-rows and stunted trees were to be seen, and these tended rather to make the prospect more spectral and forbidding. At last, at a turning of the road, I came upon a little low cottage, in which there appeared to be a timid light burning. I knocked at the window with the handle of my whip, and, after a smothered scuffle inside the house, a man in his night-dress opened the lattice and indignantly began to exclaim,—

"In the name of ——"

"Pray, my good friend," said I, in a bland tone, "can you tell me the way to Graysboro'?"

"Graysboro'! Lor' bless ye, sir! you be going directly from it."

This information was anything but comforting; and I then

asked if he knew "where I could obtain shelter for myself and my horse."

"Why, sir," he good-naturedly replied, "if you like to step in, you shall be welcome to my arm-chair to rest in; but I am sorry I can't offer your horse a seat. You had better tie him up to the gate."

"Thank you, my kind friend, but I cannot accept your hospitality on these terms: I must see my faithful animal safely housed before I can make myself comfortable. Is there no inn anywhere near?"

"There's not a house within three miles of us, and the nearest is a dreadful kind of place, although there is always a spare bed there for a wayfarer. People say the house is haunted; and, after all, I'm afraid you'll never find it, for I never went to it by the road myself. I can tell you the way across the fields; but you must leap a stile or two, or scramble through the hedge, to get there."

"Can you tell me the name of this very unpromising abode, and give me any idea of the route to it?"

"Well, it is called 'Hartsore Hall.' You must go to the end of the lane on the right, and then turn to the left across a wheat-field, until you come to a barley-field, when you must take the second wide path on the right, and then the second narrow one on the left, and go on until you see a beech-tree—I mean the farthest one, for you will see several beech-trees—and bear off towards the sycamores, and then up by the gravel-pits; and then make for the copse, until you come to where six paths meet; take the one facing you, towards the south—not the one in a straight line, but a little curved, and mind you don't take the path that's very crooked, but moderately bent—and then you'll see a heap of stones—if they're not removed—and then another very crooked path, which leads to a plank over a stream; go straight along, but lean first to the right and

then to the left; take the first turning on the left, and the second on the right, and the third on the left again, and then you'll come out directly opposite the lodge-gates of Hartsore Hall."

For a moment I was dumb-founded with astonishment and perplexity. I had frequently been sorely puzzled by mathematical questions at college; but the problem now before me was a specimen of rustic trigonometry to which, with my limited memory and deficient organ of locality, I could not see even the shadow of a solution. Nothing but a very careful survey of the ground, some years after this adventure, has enabled me to give this report of the directions I received.

My silence seemed to satisfy my informant that he had done his duty and achieved a masterpiece of lucidity, for in another moment he had wished me "Good night!" closed his window, and left me to pursue my journey.

"Go to the end of the lane on the right!" thought I to myself, "there can be no harm in making an attempt thus far."

I had scarcely trotted more than three hundred yards, when my horse shied, trembled, and almost threw me from my seat. I very soon ascertained the cause of this fright: near the hedge was a gipsy's tent, out of which was crawling its black, shaggy, forbidding owner. The idea immediately struck me that I would enter into a treaty with this suspicious-looking nomad, and make him my guide to Hartsore Hall. So I accordingly opened the negotiation with a remark respecting "the dreadful state of the weather," which the gipsy did not seem disposed to dispute; and it was certainly not a subject which admitted of any controversy. After some debate about terms it was agreed that he would, for a crown-piece, consent to conduct me to my destination.

Two tall decayed stone pillars, surmounted with wrinkled

and moss-covered urns, gravely towering above a rusty iron gate, formed the entrance to the grounds of Hartsore Hall.

As I took leave of my guide, the clouds gathered themselves together as if to prepare for an orderly retreat ; and the moon, in her silver chariot, came out to chase these dark battalions from the sky.

I lifted the latch, and entered the winding avenue leading to the Hall, when a picture of the saddest desolation presented itself. No sound was to be heard but that of my horse's hoofs, and the melancholy sighing of the wind among the branches : the trees, like animate things, seemed to have grown into shapes and attitudes of sadness and neglect, and to be incapable of uttering any tones but those of bereavement and despair. The road-way was in ruts, the paths were overgrown with rank vegetation, and every feature of the scene indicated Nature collapsing into her original state of dreariness, decay, and death. No distant crow of a cock, no baying of a dog, gave a hint of social life, or indicated the presence of humanity.

At length I stood at the door of Hartsore Hall. It was a terminus congenial to the character of my journey, and a perfect instonement of architectural insanity. It was a chaos of windows and gables, every one of which appeared like a rigid frown or a hideous leer petrified by the enchantments of some Titan-wizard, who had thus determined to show his demoniac power over a human habitation. I knocked loudly at the door, and the echo died away in a thousand spectral responses. Presently a faint glimmer appeared through the fan-light, and very gradually increased in intensity, as though the passage were a long one, and the bearer of the illumination taking her time in approaching. I heard a number of bolts withdrawn, the door was opened, and I stood in the presence of a tall, grave woman, dressed entirely in white. She spoke in a solemn, monosyllabic manner :—

"Have you lost your way, and do you want to sleep here?"

I replied in the affirmative, and she then summoned a grotesque-looking urchin to take charge of my horse, while she conducted me into a large room, the extensive dimensions of which could not be clearly defined by the imperfect light she carried.

I declined having anything to eat; and, as she placed the lamp on the table, I asked her if she did not find her mode of life very lonely and miserable.

"Rather; but I have lived here since I was a child, and I intend to die here."

"Pray may I ask whether the mansion and its grounds have been always in this sad and ruinous state?"

"Not always: thirty years ago it was a pleasant place, and noted for its hospitality. Every night a bed was prepared for any chance visitor or benighted traveller—stranger or friend—a custom which I am paid for keeping up to this day. When I first knew the Flemyngs, better people could not exist; but a dreadful event destroyed their happiness and dispersed the family. Yes, sir, it was in this very room——" And as she spoke, my informant cast an anxious and startled look round the apartment.

"'A dreadful event!' My good woman, you have greatly excited my curiosity. I hope you will put a stop to my inquiries when you think them impertinent; but have you any objection to tell me the story, which appears to have been so connected with your destiny?"

"None whatever; but I am afraid you will find it a bad preparation for a night's rest. You see, sir, old Mr. Flemyng was a model of a good gentleman; but, unhappily, his only son, Henry, became dissipated, and was always filling the house with his riff-raff companions, and leading a reckless life. The con-

duct of the son filled with grief the heart of the father: he sorrowed and sickened, and was at last confined to his room with wounded spirits and failing health. One night Master Harry, as we called him, gave a grand supper to all his reprobate friends; and when the orgies were at their height, it was noticed that there was one place at the table vacant.

"‘I say,’ roared one of the friends, ‘shall we go up-stairs, and pull down the old man to give us a lecture on moral propriety? What say you, Harry, my boy?’

"‘With all my heart!’ was the callous reply; and immediately a detachment of these ruffians rushed up to the sick man, dragged him down stairs, seated him at the head of the table, and then cried out, ‘Now, old fellow, give us a toast and a speech!’

"I shall never forget the agonised look of my old master, as he turned his countenance upon the gang that surrounded him: his eye became glassy, his lips quivered, and in the dim light his thin grey hair appeared like a halo round his brow; he attempted to stand—he attempted to speak: but his limbs and his speech refused their office, and he fell back in his seat—dead!

"At the same moment some one put out the lights, and then followed a horrible uproar: that night my mistress’s hair turned as white as snow, and Master Harry was found in the garden—a gibbering idiot!"

"Mercy on us!" I exclaimed: "what did you do then?"

"Do! why, after the funeral nearly everything was sold off, and the family removed to the Continent, whence they have never returned."

This story was certainly not a good preparation for repose. As I walked through the long corridors to the chamber appointed for me, I felt as if I was surrounded with phantoms from another world. My shadow startled me, and as the light

struggled through the mildewed atmosphere of the mansion it seemed to shape out the forms and features of the revellers, whose deeds had taken such possession of my mind.

The bed-room into which I now entered was old-fashioned and dreadfully still. I would have given a fortune for a good rousing familiar noise. A fire was burning in the grate, and tapestry lined the walls. The beams of the moon struggled in through the lattice windows apparently with the pleasant purpose of being my companions, and I felt soothed by the heavens thus seeking communion with a troubled soul.

I had not, in all probability, been asleep long when I was awakened by the noise of carriage-wheels coming up the avenue. At last I could distinctly hear the champing of the horses, the challenge of the grooms, the drawing up of the vehicle, the lowering of the steps, the thundering rap at the door, the descent of a visitor, and his entrance into the hall; the steps were then thrown up, the carriage wheeled round, and rapidly retreated down the avenue. I had scarcely done wondering at this arrival, when there came, in exactly the same manner, a second carriage, and a third, and a fourth, and then more, until I counted thirteen.

"Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what can be going forward in the house? Have the self-banished family returned unexpectedly, or is that old hag entertaining an assembly of guests? There is something very strange occurring."

I then listened attentively, and I heard a human footstep approach my chamber, and a gentle tap at the door.

"Who is there?" I asked in a faint tone.

"My master has returned and requests the honour of your company to supper," was the sepulchral reply.

"Give my compliments to your master, and tell him that I have been in bed some time, and I beg him to excuse me to-night."

The messenger retired; but in a few minutes he returned with a heavier tread and a more determined rap.

"My master desires me to say that he cannot possibly accept any excuses for your absence from his table."

I began to tremble violently, and to utter a variety of disconnected apologies. I begged the messenger to say I was ill, and I could not, therefore, pay proper respect to the "gratifying invitation."

Again all was silent for a minute, and I began to chuckle over my security, when feet shod with iron thundered along the corridor, and the next moment my door was almost burst from its hinges by an appalling blow. The messenger rather howled than spoke this summons:—

"My master is enraged at your refusal, and if you do not follow me immediately down stairs you shall be dragged by force."

I now knew that it was useless to trifle any longer with such a determined and horrible invitation, so I slunk out of bed, put on my clothes, opened my door, and followed my mysterious guide through the dark passages, led by the heavy sound of his iron heel and the occasional flash of his armour. I advanced into the hall in which I had sat and conversed that evening; but how different was its appearance! It was brilliantly illuminated and superbly furnished. A long table was covered with numerous delicacies, and down each side sat a splendid array of guests, clothed in the richest attire, and bearing flashing coronets of gold on their heads. There was one seat vacant, behind which a man in armour, with a drawn sword in his hand, appeared to be attentively watching the lord of the banquet. I stood in mute astonishment, while a majestic individual rose, pointed to the unoccupied chair, and, with a frown of fearful import, exclaimed, "You have kept us waiting too long. Guard, take care that your *prisoner* does not leave us, meanwhile let him join in the feast *until* —"

I felt that a demoniac spell was fast closing over my spirit, and that my destruction was contemplated. At that moment a spark of courage flashed into my heart, and I said, "With all deference to this august company, I cannot sit down to any entertainment without first saying *grace*; you must, therefore, permit me to ask *a blessing*." As I spoke a kind of shuddering silence fell upon the assembly; the lights became paler, and each guest seemed to quiver with an evanescent transparency. I began, "WE BESEECH THEE, O GOD! ——" but before I could finish the sentence the scene vanished.

* * * * *

"Here have I been rapping at your door for the last ten minutes; it is quite time to get up."

This expostulation proceeded from the hostess of HARTSORE HALL, and effectually awakened me. I rubbed my eyes, and very soon satisfied myself that a frightful dream had been playing its tricks in my brain. Ill and out of spirits I returned home immediately, and I have never since ventured on any quixotic expeditions. "My ministry of horrors" was effectually arrested by an incident in itself a horror. This adventure was thus not without its influence on my future life, for, while it fortified my disposition to look to HEAVEN for aid against all perils, it has taught me to be contented with the quiet practice of my social duties, and I now steadfastly believe that HOME is the chief sphere for the inculcation of our true precepts and the evidence of our good example. Virtue is better promoted by a simple and earnest demeanour than by thundering forth threatening theories and oracular vengeance.

EPITAPHS.

BY ROBERT SNOW, ESQ.

THE CHILD paced through the grey churchyard,
Now by the path, now o'er the sward ;
And, writ on marble, wood, and stone,
The EPITAPHS read, one by one.
EPITAPHS of fathers, mothers,
Husbands, wives, friends, sisters, brothers :
He read in records plain to view,
How they were Christians in their love ;
Meek, tender, kind, sincere, and true,
With hearts intent on things above.
So bright the course on earth they ran,
They died at peace with God and Man.

The Child here caught his Mother's eye ;
She had, unseen, been watching nigh :
" Mother, I 've read such pretty rhymes !"
He said, and paused, as half in fear ;
Then, taking courage, " Mother, dear,
You 've told me many, many times,
That good and bad folks all must die !
Now these are gone to Heaven, I know ;
But tell me this, and whisper low—
Where do the wicked people lie ?"

His Mother stroked his hair and cheek,
And held herself in act to speak ;
When, lo ! from out its crystal tomb,
Just entering on *its* life to come,
Upsoared a glorious Butterfly !
The Child ran off, in eager chase,
Before his Mother could reply
A syllable about the place
In which the wicked people lie :
And yet it seemed not, by her face,
She grieved to put his question by.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S SECRET.

BY MISS POWER.

My grandmother, I have heard say, was one of the most beautiful women of her time,—which, by the way, we are often told of our grandmothers; but I am inclined to think that with regard to mine there was more of truth in the tale than there is generally, for her picture by Reynolds, which forms the chief ornament of my sunny breakfast-room, certainly represents a very lovely creature. Well, when my grandmother, Lady Millicent Harwood, was only fourteen years of age, she had the misfortune to lose her father, Lord Amesford; her mother had died while she was still an infant. She was an only child, and but little of her father's large property being entailed, she naturally, at his death, became heiress to a splendid fortune, while the title passed to a distant relation, a cousin in the third or fourth degree, who—why or wherefore nobody very well knew—was appointed by Lord Amesford guardian to his daughter, who was not—so the will set forth—to come to her majority till she was five-and-twenty.

Accordingly, as soon as the funeral was over, my grandmother was taken away from Marston Abbey, the dear, beautiful old place where she had been brought up, and had hitherto lived so happily, to go to Harwood Hall, the residence of the new Lord Amesford, an ugly, bleak, bare place, in the north, which was the only estate that accompanied the title. Marston

was left to Lady Millicent ; but of course she could not occupy it till she became of age or married, and who could tell what might happen before then ? Her departure, therefore, was almost as great a heart-break to the poor child as if she were never to see her beloved home again ; and her pets—her birds and dogs, and, worse, her poor pensioners in the village and cottages—what was to become of them when she was gone ? It was a cruel trial, and as she stepped into the great coach with her governess and her old nurse, and looked round, it might be for the last time, on the scenes which, since the earliest days she could remember, had each morning greeted her sight ; as she heard the sobs, and prayers, and blessings of her poor tenantry, Lady Millicent threw herself back in the carriage and wept herself almost into hysterics.

It was a long and dreary journey from Marston to Harwood. In these days the railroad would take you there in a few hours, but in my grandmother's time you may imagine it was a very different affair, what with bad roads and travelling in a great, heavy, old-fashioned coach, by slow stages. However, at last they arrived, and Lady Millicent was ushered with due ceremony into the grand drawing-room, where her guardian was waiting to receive her. You may suppose how her heart beat at that moment ; she had never seen the new Lord Amesford, and from the little she had been able to gather concerning him from her old nurse, who had known something of him in former days, she felt much more of uneasiness and alarm than of confidence or pleasure at the prospect of the meeting ; and when, on entering the large, cold, uninhabited-looking saloon, she saw before her an elderly, hard-featured, stern-looking man, who stood up to receive her with stiff, ungenial formality, her heart seemed to die within her, and it was only by the strongest effort that she could restrain the tears that seemed choking her. It was the greatest relief to her when Lord Amesford, after a few

questions as to her journey, and two or three set phrases of welcome, proposed that she should be shown her apartments, to which she retired with an aching heart.

I need not tell you all that took place while my grandmother was establishing herself in her new home, if home it could be called, where not one single person or thing bore the aspect of welcome or comfort. The house was large, and had been handsomely furnished, but in a style that was neither antique nor modern—a sort of *empire* fashion, which is to my taste one of the ugliest ever invented. The silks and damasks were faded, the carpets the same, the gilding tarnished, and all had the chill, stiff, uninhabited look of some show-place which had for years been deserted by its owners; as, indeed, it might have been, for all the life, or gaiety, or hospitality Lord Amesford brought about it. He lived quite alone; his wife had been dead years and years. They said her stern, ill-tempered husband, and the lonely, dreary life she led at Harwood, had shortened her days, poor soul! and his only son had always been away at school and college since he was ten years old. This was a gay place for an orphan girl, rich, and young, and handsome, and clever, though she was, to be shut up in, with an ugly country round, and a chill, damp climate, and not a soul in the neighbourhood who was ever asked to cross the threshold. Happily for the poor child, her governess, who had been with her from the time she was three years old, was not only one of the best, but one of the most cheerful, well-informed, and judicious of women; and as Lady Millicent was naturally of a remarkably gay and lively temperament, she escaped the vapours wonderfully, and, after a time, yielded herself to the dull monotony of her cheerless home with resignation. To her guardian she never could get accustomed. It could not be said that he troubled her much, for he left her nearly to herself, which certainly was the kindest thing he could do; but she never met

him, never encountered his cold, gloomy look, or heard the harsh tones of his voice, without a feeling of dread and uneasiness, that only subsided when she could escape from his presence.

When my grandmother had reached the age of eighteen, she was informed that Lord Wharton, her guardian's son, was about to return home from college, having completed his education. Such an event in the dull house was enough to turn it topsyturvy, one would think; and yet, such was the cloud of gloom that seemed to have settled over it, that it produced little change in the aspect of affairs. Lord Amesford sat all day in his study, or walked about, with his thick stick and his surly dog, among the ploughed fields and over the commons, just as he always did; the servants, dull and formal as their lord, prepared everything for the arrival of the heir with immovable tranquillity; no one in the house seemed to be animated with the least sentiment of joy or sorrow, curiosity or interest, at the approaching event, except my grandmother, who could not but feel a certain flutter of feminine anxiety on the subject. Shut up there, never seeing a new face, or meeting a companion approaching to her own age, it is little to be wondered at that such an event would have a good deal of interest for a lively, sprightly girl of eighteen, who knew nothing of the world, and in whose monotonous, dull life, every such circumstance became of importance.

At last the eventful day arrived. At the expected hour the carriage drove up the avenue; a young man stepped forth, and proceeded at once to the study of Lord Amesford, who had not condescended to come to the door to receive his only son; there he remained until the dressing-bell rung, and when my grandmother, accompanied by Mrs. Hartwell, descended to the small withdrawing-room, where the party were wont to assemble before and after dinner, she found Lord Wharton already down. With

a good deal of trepidation, and downcast eyes, Lady Millicent advanced, the stranger rising to receive her, and then, slowly rising from her profound courtesy, she ventured to raise her eyes, she beheld—her guardian at five-and-twenty—the same tall, bony, ungraceful figure, the same stern features, the same thick eyebrows, and cold, unloving eyes. If Lady Millicent had, in her own little brain, concocted any romantic stories with regard to this charming youth, the first glance put them to flight as effectually as a gun-shot among a flock of sparrows; not one could stand its ground before those chilling eyes; and my grandmother felt that there could be no more sympathy, no more regard, and no more confidence between herself and the young man, than between her and his father. True, he was somewhat more polite, spoke to her somewhat oftener, but always with the same stiff, ungenial manner, the same harsh voice and unsmiling face, as Lord Amesford; and when the hour for retiring came, the poor girl left the room, feeling, if possible, more wearied, more constrained, than when the evening had passed with only her guardian and Mrs. Hartwell, who was always a certain resource, as she could converse with her in low tones while Lord Amesford sat silent and half asleep by the fire.

Another year passed by, and another, bringing but little change. Lady Millicent had gradually grown from a girl into the blooming beauty of early womanhood. Her dark eyes sparkled with an expression and a vivacity that even her dull, lonely life could not subdue; her cheeks bloomed with the roses of youth and health; her teeth gleamed forth from her coral lips, for all the world like her mother's pearl necklace from its scarlet morocco case when you peeped into it half open, as her old nurse used to say—and the foolish old woman was not far wrong with her fantastic comparison; her chestnut hair was rich and wavy, her skin transparently fair, and altogether, a

more beautiful or fascinating creature than my grandmother at the age of twenty it would have been difficult to see. What Lord Wharton thought on the subject, it was hard to tell. He paid her as much stiff, formal attention, as his ungainly nature could bend to ; but it was always done as if by an effort, and not prompted by the feelings so young and lovely a woman was likely to inspire in the breast of a man of his age : still he seemed to be always, as it were, keeping a sort of watch on her. He rarely went from home, and never for any length of time ; as much as his father, he shunned intercourse with any of the neighbouring gentry, and discouraged their visits, and altogether Lady Millicent felt that she had now two objects of fear and distrust instead of one ; and had it not been for the natural buoyancy of her spirits, and the society of her second mother, the excellent Mrs. Hartwell, she would have lost all courage under the painful constraint imposed upon her.

One day the party were sitting at breakfast, and Lord Amesford was as usual looking over the letters which the morning's post had brought ; among these one seemed particularly to arrest his attention, he read it over carefully, and then handing it to his son, said, "Here is a letter from your aunt Barbara, it seems she is coming home to Wellwood." Lord Wharton read the letter, returned it to his father in silence, and the matter then dropped.

A month or six weeks later, the arrival of Mrs. Barbara Morland at Wellwood Cottage was duly announced, and Lord Amesford and his son set forth to pay their devoirs with proper respect.

Mrs. Barbara Morland was the sister, and, from their mother, co-heiress of the wife of Lord Amesford. In early life she experienced, I have heard from good authority, a cross in love, which determined her never to marry ; but so far from her temper or disposition being soured by her sad experience, she

had sought and found, in higher and better things, not only consolation but cheerfulness, and a more amiable or loveable old lady than Mrs. Barbara existed not in the world. When her sister's marriage with Lord Amesford, then Mr. Harwood, turned out so ill, Mrs. Barbara (who was considerably older than Mrs. Harwood, and had, since the death of their parents, and her marriage, lived alone) gave up the beautiful place in Cornwall, where she had resided for years, and to which she was warmly attached, to come and settle in the neighbourhood of Harwood, to afford to her unhappy sister whatever comfort and aid she was capable of receiving in her sad position. She had purchased Wellwood Cottage, which, with its grounds bordering on a forest of some extent, was almost the only pretty and picturesque spot in the neighbourhood, and there she resided uninterruptedly till Mrs. Harwood's death; and though after that event she gave it up as a fixed abode, she occasionally came to it to pass some of the summer months.

Notwithstanding the causes of dislike that must exist in Mrs. Barbara's mind towards her brother-in-law, her gentle and Christian spirit had prevented her indulging in bitter sentiments towards him, and, to do him justice, her interference in behalf of his wife had always been well received, and had not unfrequently been productive of favourable results; even his stern nature was not proof against her winning goodness, and he felt more regard and respect for her, perhaps, than for any other person. Hence no rupture had occurred, and whenever Mrs. Barbara came to Wellwood, Lord Amesford never failed to pay her all due respect.

For some years Mrs. Barbara had been abroad, and this was the first visit she had paid to Wellwood since her return, so that my grandmother had never yet seen her, and in the taciturn household of her guardian she had heard so little of her, that she could not feel much interest in her arrival.

At dinner, Lord Amesford, with much formality, announced that on the following day Mrs. Barbara Morland purposed paying a visit to Lady Millicent, who, he requested, would receive her with all due consideration.

My grandmother knew not whether to be pleased or frightened at the proffered attention, not knowing what sort of person Mrs. Barbara might be, and having a haunting idea that any connexion of her guardian's must be of the same stamp as himself; however, she, with some confusion, expressed her sense of the honour offered her, and with considerable trepidation prepared to receive her visitor, who on the afternoon of the succeeding day carried her proposal into execution.

Lady Millicent's heart beat quicker as the servant threw open the door of her accustomed sitting-room, and in loud tones announced "Mrs. Barbara Morland and Miss Alice Morland," but in a moment her feelings of alarm were succeeded by those of joy and confidence, as the kind, benignant, and still handsome face of the good old lady beamed upon her, while in her footsteps followed a young lady of about my grandmother's age, very pretty, and looking as bright and good-tempered as youth, and beauty, and health, ought to make young ladies look.

They were all friends before the visit terminated, and as Mrs. Barbara pressed my grandmother's hand at parting, she exacted a promise (which Lady Millicent could only make conditionally on her guardian's approval), that she would, within two days, visit Wellwood, and that a frequent and familiar intercourse should exist between herself and its inhabitants,—a point which Mrs. Barbara promised to arrange with Lord Amesford herself.

You may imagine the change this association effected in the hitherto sad and secluded existence of my grandmother. Few days passed without a meeting with the Wellwood circle, and though both Lord Amesford and his son seemed somewhat

jealous and mistrustful of the new intimacy, they did not positively discourage it, and it was far too delightful to my grandmother for her to affect to perceive their latent dissatisfaction, so long as it was not expressed. Alice Morland, the pretty young lady who resided with Mrs. Barbara, was the orphan daughter of her only brother, who had left her and a son, and at his death had confided her to his sister; the son, Herbert, a fine handsome young man, with a good fortune bequeathed by his father, was in the army, and abroad with his regiment.

Alice and my grandmother became, as you may well suppose, inseparable friends ere the first week of their acquaintance was over; joined to her beauty, she was amiable, affectionate, and clever, with the same gaiety and vivacity that formed one of the charms of Lady Millicent, and it often did worthy Mrs. Hartwell's heart good, while she sat with Mrs. Barbara, to hear her beloved charge's ringing laugh and joyous voice coming in from the garden or the adjoining apartment, where the two young girls were passing away the summer hours in loitering among the flowers, or sitting over some piece of female industry,—perhaps the very embroidered cover that decorates my own pet arm-chair, and which is still bright when, on state occasions, I remove its more humble dress.

One day, when Lady Millicent arrived at Wellwood, she became immediately conscious of an unusual bustle in the quiet household; and as the old servant opened the door to admit her, he exclaimed,—his honest face beaming with delight,—“ Oh, my lady! Mr. Herbert's come! Mistress and Miss Alice are beside themselves with joy!”—and ere my grandmother could follow her first impulse, which was to draw back, lest her presence might be intrusive at such a moment, Alice came bounding forth, and drawing her friend's arm through her own, declared that she was just come in time to witness and complete their happiness.

That day was a new era in my grandmother's existence:—in Herbert Morland she saw the hero that her girlish imagination, nourished by solitude, had created, and when she returned home at night, it was to a pillow haunted with sweet dreams and sweeter thoughts of the gallant, frank, handsome young soldier, whose admiring eyes and lowered tones when he addressed her indicated, even to her inexperienced heart, that her feelings were not unreciprocated.

A week passed away without any change in the intercourse between the hall and the cottage, when one morning, at breakfast, Lord Amesford addressed his ward with even more than his accustomed solemnity:—"Lady Millicent," he said, "I have a matter of considerable importance to communicate to you *alone*: I must request, therefore, the honour of an interview in your private apartment, at eleven o'clock precisely."

My grandmother trembled from head to foot—what could it be?—something disagreeable, she felt sure; but to avoid, or even postpone it, she knew was impossible: so, blushing and stammering, she replied, her time was at his lordship's disposal, and prepared herself, with what courage she might, for the dreaded encounter.

As the clock struck eleven, Lord Amesford knocked at the door, which the trembling girl hastened to open, and then, slowly advancing, he took a chair by his ward.

There was a momentary pause, during which my grandmother might have counted the beating of her heart.

"I have requested this interview to-day, Lady Millicent," began Lord Amesford, "because I consider it high time that you should be informed of my intentions—and I may say those of your late father—concerning you; they are that you shall, on arriving at your majority, if not before that time, become the wife of my son, by which means the estates and title will be reunited in his and your persons, and descend undivided to



A. Solomon

W. H. Mote

in front.

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your heirs. I have no doubt that your ladyship will fully see the propriety of this arrangement, and that you will henceforth consider yourself as the affianced wife of Lord Wharton:" and without waiting for a reply to this short, but very decisive, speech, Lord Amesford rose from his seat, and making one of his stiff bows, he wished his ward a very good morning, and walked off, leaving her utterly stupified by his abrupt and most unexpected communication.

To marry Lord Wharton!—the image of Herbert Morland rose up and placed itself beside his dreaded and detested one, and the girl's pure mind revolted from the sacrilege of bestowing herself on the one when her heart was already given to the other, not only as a thing repugnant to her feelings, but as a sin too great, too monstrous to be committed at any one's command; and she resolved on the spot, that, come what might, no authority should ever force her to become the wife of a man who, from the first interview, had inspired her with nothing but dislike and mistrust.

We will pass in silence over the two months of annoyance, distress, and vain representations that followed this important day. Mrs. Barbara and Alice Morland had, by a rare event, been dining at Harwood, Herbert having gone to London on business a few days previously. Lord Amesford and his son, Mrs. Barbara and Mrs. Hartwell, were engaged at some solemn and interminable game of cards, and the two young girls were sitting apart, chatting in an under tone—at first on some topics of minor importance, then gradually, as the elders became more absorbed in their game, and the cautious glances directed towards them by the young couple assured them that their colloquy was not likely to be attended to, their voices dropped to a whisper. Alice was the chief speaker; with her lips close to the eager ear of her friend, she poured into it a tale, which the sparkling eyes, heightened colour, and smiling mouth of

Lady Millicent, testified was one of most deep and pleasing interest, and, at its conclusion, the fair conspirators exchanged bright glances of intelligence, and pressed each other's hands in eloquent silence.

In two days from that time there was such a stir at Harwood Hall as had not been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Lady Millicent had fled!—no one could exactly say where, though most people guessed, and the oddest part of it was that Alice Morland was also missing from Wellwood.

A little time cleared up the mystery, when Mrs. Barbara received a letter from over the border from her niece, and Mrs. Hartwell another from Lady Millicent, announcing the marriage of the latter to Herbert Morland, and declaring that she had only been driven to this step by the cruel obduracy of her guardian, in refusing to listen to her representations, and her determination never to consent to a marriage which was equally against her feelings and her conscience.

From the very moderate anxiety testified by the good old ladies at the time of the elopement, and the philosophic manner with which they received these epistles, many folks suspected they knew more about the whole affair from the beginning than they thought it necessary to own to; I confess I always leaned to that way of thinking myself, and I am free to declare that in their places I should have acted precisely as they did.

At any rate, it all turned out as well and as happily as could possibly be; never was there a more model couple than my grandfather and grandmother; and I certainly ought to be grateful that I was spared such an ancestor as Lord Wharton by My Grandmother's Secret.

THE POND ON THE HILL.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

O SOLITARY Tarn upon the Moor,
Girdled with pointed sedge, and rush-flower green,
Thickened by tiptoe lilies that upstretch
Whene'er thy surface mounteth in the rains,
Ill-pleased to drown their buoyant blooms, because
Their world be fuller than its wont. Like them
Have I seen merchants thrusting out their shafts
When Trade is at the flood;—elongating
Their supple stalks, and straining every root,
That they may still float level with the tide.
O quiet Pond! framed in by heaving moors
Of wiry heather, where young larches stand
Knee-deep, low-statured, delicate of hue;
Waxy and resinous for abounding sap,
Whose brittle tufts and purple tassels break
In the spring wind, and strew the April heath
With buds before its time. Thou favourite nook
Of my free childhood,—thus recluse and lone,
That few beside our young adventurous band
Cared to explore thee!—I have lain long hours
Stretched on a mossy ledge of granite rock,
Cushioned with colours bright as from the looms
Of mulberry-planted Lucca:—lazily

I scanned the broken banks around thy marge,
Burrowed by Trappist mole, or coney shy :
I built in fancy huge Pelasgic walls
From the great blocks left cumbering the soil
By some forgotten earthquake—now o'erlaid
With rich mosaic work—arbutus sprays,
White buds, and berries coralline. Enough
'Twas then in grief to seek thee—thy still smile
Quelled my rough anger—or my pain appeased—
Or, in the passion of some stormy joy
(For youth exults as wildly as it mourns),
Beside thy brink I quieted my soul
With speechless survey of thy concave pool,
Whose steely mirror gave the Grampians back,
As grey, as silent—gave the houseless heath,
The firs, like church-spires skyward pointed—all
Reversed, and aggrandized, and richer hued,
By watery refraction :— so I saw
This human Life deep mirrored in my thoughts
With heightened colours, and enlarged forms,
Due to the lens of Hope. Still beautiful
Art thou, O Scottish landscape !—yet were I,
Here sitting shadowed by Etrurian eaves,
Once more to stand beside that rushy pool,
Once more to count the lilies on its breast,
To mark the heather in its old flushed sleep,
And the child-firs grown adolescents,— ah !
I think not 'twould suffice me—then it did—
For then I held not cognisance of life,
Of that responsible tenacious heart,
Which heaves the Poet's bosom.

Piny woods !
Mist-swaddled mountains, idols of my youth !

Not meant are ye to satisfy or stay :
Our strengthening cordial, not our nutriment !
Poets are sent to be interpreters
For all their mutely suffering fellow-men ;
Earth's anguish, whispered low, smites their fine ear,
And straight reverberates in mighty chords
That thrill the very altar-step of Heaven ;
So Oriental gongs, by cunning craft,
Of different metals tempered, render forth
Their richest tones when struck by muffled touch.
And not to crush the thyme along the hill,
To track the stream, to drink the May's blue air,
Must poets quit their office ;—as a nurse
Appointed to the charge of one infirm,
Keeps watch beside the bed, and breathes the hot,
Close atmosphere enhaled by her sick patient,
Only escaping at rare intervals
To draw a full draught of fresh oxygen ;—
The Poet's task is such—'tis his to attend
The many densely peopled wards of woe
Which make up this world hospital,—to share
The gases foul which serve to half our race
As aliment of being—to behold
Pangs, and give sympathy instead of skill.
See, if a mother from her nursling brood
Absent herself to worldly pomps and joys,
E'en in the revel soon her faithful heart
Beats self-reprovingly, because her place
Is vacant by the slumber of her babes—
So aches the Poet's even at Nature's feast,
His place is with those children of God's love,
Whose portion here is helplessness. O Tarn,
Thou canst not now be all-in-all to me ;

While human sin and human grief endure,
Nature's a Magdalen, dishevelled, bare,
Her beauty smeared with ashes, her long curls
Dripping salt showers from those blind cloudy eyes
That rain regrets for all her fields accursed,
Her miasmatic plains and barren seas,
Her storms unruly, and her sons' despairs—
Diseases, pestilences, accidents,
And all the long array of mankind's woes.
Yea, weep, fond Nature, o'er the world-wide tomb,
As Magdalen sate weeping by the Grave;
To thee as unto her shall first appear
The Risen Dead triumphant! When Christ comes,
And with Him they whose bonds of Death are snapped,
As are dried twigs at touch of crackling flame,
Or ever Man, immersed in sordid cares,
Perceive the reddening of the topmost cloud,
Nature shall recognise the sign, and break
In loud acclaim the chords of her large lyre;
Yea, every river from the sea shall turn
Backward to do Him homage—every hill
With its tall forehead in obeisance bowed,
Receive Him as our Saviour—Nature's God!

FLORENCE DUDLEY'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

FLORENCE DUDLEY's engagement was made known among her friends and acquaintance, and the intelligence was received with universal dissatisfaction. Every one considered that Medhurst was quite unworthy of her, and for once the voice of the many spoke truly.

Florence Dudley was a generally popular person; not for her beauty—she had no attractions beyond those of a graceful figure, and an intelligent countenance; not for her fortune—she possessed merely a small independence, and the income of the uncle with whom she resided expired with his life; not for her position in society—she had no titled friends, and had never even dreamed of an introduction to Almacks. Florence Dudley was decidedly clever; but cleverness of itself is seldom a passport to affection. The intellectual ladies of the present day are, however, very different from those of their sisterhood in the olden time. Clever men have given excellent advice to clever women. Lord Byron says, that “if a woman have blue stockings she should contrive that her petticoats should hide them;” and Douglas Jerrold still more happily remarks, “that if Minerva wishes to be popular in society she should make a point of leaving her owl at home.” Florence Dudley acted on both these aphorisms, and, therefore, although she was avowedly literary, and her beautiful poetry and sparkling prose were the

subjects of eager admiration and anticipation in the journal to which she contributed, she was as tolerant of stupidity, as patient with ignorance, and as forbearing to folly, as if she had been rendered "wondrous kind" by the powerful agency of "a fellow feeling." Florence Dudley was acquainted with many clever men, but none of them had made any impression on her heart; in fact, clever men and clever women, under the present existing state of affairs, become enamoured of each other but too seldom, and the invisible spirits of mischief, who "to the marriage of true minds oppose impediments," are particularly active in their machinations among the literary localities of society. Yet Florence Dudley had several admirers more eligible than Medhurst, who, indeed, had very little but a handsome person to recommend him: he was thoroughly devoid of literary talent, had read little, and remembered less; society had given him gentlemanly manners, but solitude was a blank to him; he had no resources whereby to improve or to enlighten it. Why did Florence Dudley love Medhurst? The question may be answered by another,—

"Is human love the growth of human will?"

Why did Medhurst love Florence Dudley? This question also may be answered by a quotation from Miss Burney (not the delightful authoress of "Cecilia," but one of her nieces): "No toil, it is universally allowed, is so hard as that of furnishing amusement to a person of weak understanding. If it is to be done at all, it must be effected by dint of very superior talents; and what an employment for such talents!" In regard to money matters, the engagement was equally imprudent for both parties. Medhurst had an income from a situation in a Government office still less than that which Florence drew from the three per cents; he had, however, one advantage over his lady-love,

in possessing a rich uncle, an uncle after the exact model of those so often celebrated in song and story—irritable, hasty, exacting, capricious, and troubled with tremendous fits of the gout. Florence, with little difficulty, gained the consent of Mr. Dudley to her proposed marriage; indeed, as he had no money to leave his niece, and as she was twenty-two years of age, he would have had little excuse for withholding it. Medhurst, however, found it a hard task to persuade Mr. Thornhill that Florence Dudley's talents and amiability were sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantages of a small fortune and no expectations; his uncle said many severe things, had a slight fit of the gout, threatened to disinherit him, and finally gave him an ungracious permission "to make a fool of himself if his heart was set upon it!" Thus stood matters when Florence received a visit from her favourite friend, Marian Hervey, a warm-hearted, intelligent girl, quite worthy of being the friend of Florence. It was evident, however, that she came in no congratulatory mood.

"I cannot understand or approve your choice, Florence," she said. "I have always expected that in marriage you would choose one who might be your companion, your example, and your guide; in which of these characters can you consider Medhurst?"

"Medhurst," replied Florence, "is devotedly attached to me; his abilities are good, and he is desirous of cultivating them."

"Do not flatter yourself, my dear Florence," replied her friend, "with such a fallacious hope. Medhurst's mental improvement is, indeed, likely to be a complete dissolving view; he will want leisure, ability, and inclination, for the heavy, uphill work of 'the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.' We have read together the amusing story of Crabbe's, where a husband becomes the tutor of his silly wife, persuading himself

that he shall remedy all her intellectual deficiencies; but is there not something more than amusing—is there not something epigrammatic in the idea of a wife ‘teaching the young idea how to shoot’ of a dull and mindless husband?”

Florence felt an unwonted lack of words.

“Medhurst,” she said at length, “seems pleased with my conversation, and as I am neither handsome nor rich, why should he have selected me but from approval of my mental powers?”

“He selected you from vanity,” replied Marian, “because he saw that you were generally admired and courted in society; your clever remarks interest and excite him by their novelty, but I fear the time will soon come when you will say, in the words of Madame de Maintenon, ‘How difficult to amuse a man no longer amuseable!’”

“But,” persisted Florence, “Medhurst must feel true affection for me, or he would not have risked the displeasure of his uncle by thinking of me.”

“There,” replied Marian, “is another serious drawback to your happiness. Mr. Thornhill and his maiden sister are only to be kept in good-humour by the most abject and unremitting flattery; you must listen to the prosy stories of the old gentleman, play interminable games of cribbage with him, and read him to sleep with ‘Sir Charles Grandison;’ admire the old lady’s crochet-work, grow rapturous in commendation of her elder wine, and extol the playfulness of her snappish lapdog. Miss Thornhill has had seven humble companions in the last three years, and from one of them I learned these ‘secrets of the prison-house.’”

“They can scarcely be called ‘secrets worth knowing,’” replied Florence, coldly; “there are few women who do not discover shadows as well as sunshine in the domiciles of their connexions by marriage.”

"But other women have some indemnification for these trials," said Marian, eagerly; "they either 'repent in a coach and six,' or they enjoy perfect congeniality with the object of their choice, or, at all events, they have not the same quickness of apprehension and susceptibility of feeling as yourself—they would not so keenly suffer under neglect or unkindness."

"You have frequently, dear Marian," said Florence, "expressed yourself highly in praise of my temper, talents, and principles; pray do me the justice to believe, that if I really possess these good gifts I am not likely to act very unwisely, or to be very unhappy, in the most important concern of life, particularly as I am about to marry from motives of the purest and most disinterested affection."

Marian changed the subject, and shortly took her departure; she had done no service by her sincerity. There is a Chinese proverb, which states that, "To spoil what is good by unseasonableness is like letting off fireworks in rain;" and surely nothing can well be more unseasonable than to entertain a *fiancée* of a day's standing with startling attacks on the faults and follies of her lover!

Florence's next visitor was Aberford, the editor of the journal to which she contributed; he was her firm and true friend; he had known her for many years, had watched the expanding blossoms of her intellect, and had triumphed to see their rich promise fulfilled in the abundant fruit which had succeeded them. Aberford, however, was not in love with Florence; he was middle-aged, had never been handsome, and a life of thought and study had given him, what a modern authoress appositely describes as "the care-worn tint of grey around and beneath the eye—that beautiful symptom of the speakings of the heart, or workings of the brain." Aberford's heart and his brain were both devoted to the journal which he

conducted ; his aim in it was not to amuse society, but to amend it ; not to enable his readers to trifle away a vacant hour, but to teach them how to improve their vacant hours through life, and to make them tend to the advantage of others as well as of themselves. Where wrongs existed, Aberford stood forward to redress them ; where merit was neglected, Aberford was its ready champion. He did not content himself with sighing over the wants of his poorer brethren, but exerted himself to find out the best means of remedying them ; and he would attack the faults and follies of "the dwellers in high places" with fearless energy ; yet at the same time he never fell into the error of coarse and violent reprobation, but carried into everything that he wrote, the spirit of the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian.

"I have received the news of your engagement, Florence," he said, "from indisputable authority, therefore I do not ask you to confirm it. Will you be very angry with me if I say that I hope it will be a long one?"

"I scarcely know," replied Florence, with a smile, "why you should wish me to undergo the trial of 'hope deferred;' but your wishes are not likely to be realised, the prospects of Medhurst and myself, which depend greatly on the generosity of Mr. Thornhill, are not likely to be improved by time. Mr. Thornhill has given his consent to our union, and expressed no disapprobation when Medhurst told him that it was fixed to take place in four months from the present time."

"Four months!" repeated Aberford, with a sigh ; "yet, perhaps, even in that time, Florence, you may mutually discover that you are unsuited to each other, and may feel as willing to part as you now do to meet."

"I am quite certain," said Florence, with somewhat more deference than she had shown towards Marian Hervey, "that Medhurst's attainments must necessarily seem humble and

inferior to one of your highly-cultivated mind ; yet may I not be the means of developing and improving his talents ?”

“Rather say,” replied Aberford, “that he will be the means of debasing and deteriorating yours. Listen to the prophetic words of your favourite, Alfred Tennyson :—

‘ Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day ;
What is fine within thee growing coarse, to sympathise with clay.’ ”

“ ‘ Locksley Hall ’ is an exquisite poem,” said Florence, “but written in rather an enthusiastic style.”

“Hear, then,” said Aberford, “what the calm, thoughtful Martin Farquhar Tupper says in recommending an aspirant for matrimony how to choose a wife,—

‘ Hath she wisdom, it is well ; but beware that thou exceed,
For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of the mind.’ ”

“That advice,” said Florence, “had better have been quoted to Medhurst than myself ; but spare me, dear friend, these censures. I do not mean to tell you that Medhurst is all that I could wish him to be, but I am truly attached to him, and therefore see his merits in a much stronger light than you can do ; you have favoured me with two quotations, allow me to have one in my turn, and to assure you, on the authority of Sir Philip Sidney, that ‘ Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make anything seem greater which is seen through it ! ’ ”

Aberford was silenced, although not convinced ; he walked home sad and dispirited, musing mournfully on the almost certain evils in store for his poor young friend ; but busy occupation awaited him in his study, and in trying how best he might lighten the calamities of a large part of the community he ceased to think of his own anxieties.

Florence had yet another visitor that morning, but of a

different calibre to those that had preceded her. Esther Copeland was a few years older than herself, and had long been a pet *protégée* of the family. The mothers of Florence and Esther had been intimate friends; and when the latter, who had married unfortunately, and who had been early left a widow, died, leaving an only child to the mercies of the world, Mrs. Dudley was one of the kind friends who came forward to furnish shelter and support for the destitute orphan. Esther Copeland was educated for a governess, and a governess she had been for several years, but with little success, and many migrations; her abilities being poor, and her acquirements superficial. She was, indeed, a proficient in the art of fawning flattery, and was always very popular in her situations for a few weeks, telling the parents that their children were prodigies of talent, and winning a little scanty application from her pupils by bribes of novels and bon-bons; but some relentless friend of the family was sure to start a subject in history or geography, which the governess had either never heard of or forgotten, to find out false time in her playing, or a false accent in her Italian; and she then immediately went her way to her dear friend Florence, and poured her wrongs into her sympathising bosom. Florence, indeed, had always a cordial welcome, kind advice, and liberal presents to bestow on the daughter of her mother's friend; and it was with no small satisfaction that she received her visit at the present time, even although it soon appeared that Esther was again under marching orders to quit her present situation, and again standing in great need of the counsel and service of her friends.

"But," said Esther, "why should I dwell longer on my own affairs, when I ought not to have lost a moment, dearest Florence, in congratulating you on the very great happiness that you have in prospect?"

"Thank you," said Florence, smiling; "your congratula-

tions 'come o'er my ear like the sweet south;' my friends have been telling me that Medhurst is quite unsuited to me."

"Surely," said Esther, with surprise, "you could never have made a more suitable choice! Is not Medhurst handsome and amiable, like yourself, and do not his manners render him an acquisition to any society?"

"Nay, Esther," said the candid bride-elect, "he is not clever; I am willing to concede that point."

"But he soon will become so by living with you," persisted Esther; "he will be 'near the rose,' as the beautiful fable says, that you repeated to me the other day; and even should he remain just as he is, I really think that those marriages are much the most likely to be happy where one party has talent and the other only a strong admiration for it."

Florence merely smiled; she saw that her friend was determined that in some way or other she should enjoy an Elysium of matrimonial felicity.

"Then," pursued Esther, "how wealthy you will soon be, Florence; not that you care for wealth for its own sake, but it will enable you to do so much good to others. Mr. Thornhill, I hear, is likely to be carried off at any time when the gout flies to a vital part, and he has immense property, and no one but his nephew to inherit it."

"But," said Florence, "Mr. Thornhill receives me reluctantly into his family; suppose he should take an aversion to me, and that his affection to his nephew should become weakened in consequence?"

"Dear Florence," exclaimed Esther, "how can you, who are so good, so clever, and so charming, imagine it possible that any one could dislike you? I am sure you need only to be seen to be admired and loved; and Mr. Thornhill has so much money to leave to his nephew, that it must be perfectly indif-

ferent to him whether he meets with a large or a small portion in a wife."

Thus smoothly spoke the silver-tongued Esther during the remainder of her stay, and Aberford would have said that Florence was evincing the first symptom of the mental deterioration which he had predicted for her, if he could have been made aware that Esther's visit left a far more pleasing impression on her mind than that of Marian Hervey or himself. Soon, however, Florence received a far dearer visitor; her uncle had invited Medhurst to dine with them. Florence, with instinctive tact, put her beautiful little rosewood writing-desk out of sight, removed some volumes of history and biography from the table, and supplied their places with a few of those brilliantly illustrated works denominated by Aberford "picture-books for grown children:" she then arrayed herself in "silk attire" and smiles, and enjoyed a delightful evening in the society of her lover: Mr. Dudley, during the greater part of it, sleeping soundly in his easy chair, and only waking up to take leave of his guest, and to assure Florence, with unwonted politeness, that "he had never in his life known Medhurst make himself half so agreeable!"

* * * * *

Two months had elapsed; Florence was seated in her uncle's drawing-room, and Medhurst was by her side; but the lovers did not look so happy as they had done in the early days of their engagement.

"It is very strange, Florence," remarked Medhurst, "that you seem to make no progress in my uncle's good graces. I thought clever people could accommodate themselves to any disposition, and make everybody act just as they wished them to do."

"Your definition," said Florence, "applies rather to cunning than to cleverness; and you will rarely, if ever, see the

two qualities united; but I am sorry that I fail in pleasing Mr. Thornhill."

"You take no trouble to please him," said Medhurst; "what necessity was there to say last night that you had never had patience to read to the end of 'Sir Charles Grandison?' and why did you talk of Sir Walter Scott immediately afterwards? Why should there be any difference between a novel of Richardson's and one of Sir Walter Scott's?"

Florence despaired of answering this last query to the satisfaction of Medhurst, and therefore confined herself to a promise that she would not again mention Sir Walter Scott's name in Mr. Thornhill's presence.

"And why are you not a more amusing companion to my uncle?" was Medhurst's next searching interrogatory; "everybody speaks of your powers of conversation, and it is a pity that you cannot make them tend to your advantage."

Florence was silent; she could not deny that her powers of conversation became strangely paralysed in the Thornhill atmosphere; her lively anecdotes seemed to die on her tongue, and her brilliant sallies were sure to be frozen almost before they began to sparkle. She had mentioned this circumstance with regret to Aberford, who courteously and appropriately replied in a quotation from Southey, "St. Cecilia herself could not have played the organ, if there had been nobody to blow the bellows for her!" Florence, however, did not cite this defence of herself to Medhurst; she had discovered long ago that the language of quotation was to him as an unknown tongue.

"Miss Copeland," pursued Medhurst, "seems to understand how to manage the temper of my uncle and aunt much better than you do, Florence; she is the only companion who ever gave satisfaction to my aunt."

Florence, a month ago, had, at the earnest solicitation of Esther, procured for her the situation of companion to Miss

Thornhill, and now, like many other patronesses, had the mortification of finding herself completely thrown into the background by her *protégée*.

"Miss Copeland," said Medhurst, "is so mild, so attentive, so respectful to her elders; surely, Florence, you might do something in the same way: my aunt in herself is but an insignificant person, because her income chiefly arises from leasehold houses, which, in a few years, will fall in to the ground landlord; but she has influence over my uncle, and therefore ought to be conciliated."

"I cannot," said Florence, coldly, "promise to emulate the cajoleries of an humble companion; but if in any way I have failed in proper respect to Mr. or Miss Thornhill, I am sorry for my omission, and will endeavour to atone for it."

Medhurst, fearful that he had gone too far, now took the hand of Florence, and tenderly said,—

"Do not think me exacting, dear Florence, or that I want you to cultivate the favour of Mr. Thornhill merely because he is my relation. I am sure it would be quite a matter of indifference to me what he thought of you if I was independent of him, but there is nothing like having a careful eye to one's own interest; and you, who have such excellent sense, will readily see the justice of what I say, and will, I make no doubt, feel quite inclined to act up to it, for your own sake, as well as mine."

Florence had never felt less gratified by a compliment to her "excellent sense;" she was grieved to see that her lover was so calculating and narrow-minded, and that he evidently considered people of talent as a description of jugglers, who strove to mystify and deceive their fellow-creatures, instead of improving and enlightening them; however, she smiled forgiveness; women in love are always ready to forgive, and the time of her total disenchantment had not yet arrived.

Two days after this conversation Florence received a letter, which gave her great concern: she had an aunt residing in the country, with whom she had always lived on the most affectionate terms. Mrs. Elton had met with a severe accident, which confined her to her room; the letter was from one of her neighbours, who expressed her belief that nothing would be so great a consolation and benefit to the invalid as the presence of Florence. It was a hard sacrifice to think of quitting London and her lover just as she was about to commence the preparations for her wedding; but Florence had never been accustomed to shrink from the path of duty, however rough or rugged it might be, and she resolved to depart on her errand of mercy. She feared that she should have some difficulty in persuading her selfish suitor to spare her; but to her astonishment, when she mentioned the subject to him, and when he had ascertained that Mrs. Elton lived in good style, and had nobody but servants about her, he counselled Florence by all means to take her departure without loss of time.

"She might as well leave her property to you, Florence, as to any other relation," he said; "people, when they are ill, generally think of those who are immediately about them."

"I cannot expect," said Florence, "that my aunt should think of any one but her nearest and dearest relation. She has a married daughter in India, who will, of course, inherit the whole of her property."

Medhurst felt ashamed absolutely to rescind his advice touching Florence's immediate departure; but he began to point out several objections to the plan, evidently called forth by the unexpected announcement of the existence of "the married daughter in India." Aberford had happened to call in while this colloquy was proceeding, and when Medhurst took leave of Florence, expressing his hope that she would not be absent

above two days at most, Florence attempted to offer some little palliation for her lover's want of right feeling.

"He thinks too much of self at present," she said; "but far greater faults of character have often been thoroughly reformed: we must wait patiently for his improvement."

Aberford merely bent his head in reply; an appropriate quotation generally rose to his lips, but on the present occasion he did not think it well to let it proceed any farther: it was from Claudius: "It is folly to wait for the improvement of fools!"

Florence reached the house of her aunt, and found her suffering severely, and in some degree of danger. She was overjoyed to see her niece; indeed, who would not have been overjoyed to have secured such a nurse and companion? Florence was active, noiseless, and self-possessed as a Sister of Charity, had a constitution which seemed to render her quite independent of rest or exercise, read aloud delightfully, and was so rapid and efficient a letter-writer, that absent friends were punctually enlightened as to the progress of the patient, without the patient having the least cause to complain of diminution of care in her kind attendant. A fortnight elapsed before Mrs. Elton was pronounced quite safe from any danger of a relapse, and a week followed before she could bear to part from Florence: she loaded her with thanks and commendations; but Medhurst would have thought that she very insufficiently remunerated the services of his bride-elect, for she bestowed on her no more valuable gift than a set of carved ivory chessmen, one of the presents dutifully sent by "the married daughter in India" to her mother. Florence had received two letters from Medhurst since her departure from London; they were dry and unsatisfactory; but Medhurst did not shine as a letter-writer, and Florence was ever ready to make allowance for all

his short-comings, and to accept with gladness the assurances of his health, and of his anxiety for her return. Esther Copeland, also, wrote to Florence; her letter was long, and full of protestations of affection, and of expressions of gratitude for the delightful home that the kindness of Florence had procured for her; she also dwelt much on the grief of Medhurst for the prolonged absence of Florence, on his constant recurrence to her name, his delight at receiving her letters, and the many conversations that he held with Esther, all beginning and ending with the perfections of his adored Florence. Many persons, especially among the highly-gifted, feel a presentiment when evil is impending over them, but such was not the case with Florence; her heart had never beat more lightly and happily than when she stood on the threshold of her uncle's house; she had fulfilled a duty, had performed it well and successfully, and she was returning to the society of her lover.

Marian Hervey met her on the stairs. Florence was rejoiced, but not surprised to see her; she had apprised her uncle of the time of her return, and concluded that he had invited her friend to welcome her. Florence was partly, but not entirely, right in her conjecture. Mr. Dudley had on that morning received a very distressing letter, he sent for Marian Hervey, read it aloud to her, and then said,—

“I must get you to break this unpleasant business to Florence. I shall go out for the whole of the day. I cannot bear a scene.”

Marian thought of the words of G. P. R. James, “When a man says that he hates ‘a scene,’ it means simply that his selfishness is intense, timid, and irritable;” but she willingly accepted the office that Mr. Dudley proposed to her; she felt that she should acquit herself better in it than he was likely to do, and, in fact, she did not consider the news to be of a particularly disastrous description, but thought that the comforting Irish

saying, "There's a silver lining to every cloud," was strikingly applicable to the present occasion. Nevertheless, Marian looked exceedingly grave as she entered the drawing-room with Florence; and the latter, with quick perception, saw that something had occurred to make her uneasy.

"I feel sure, Marian," she said, "that you have distressing news to communicate. Is my uncle ill?"

"He is perfectly well," said Marian. "I will not keep you in suspense, dearest Florence; my distressing news relates to Medhurst. I have always thought him unworthy of you in mind; he has now proved himself totally wanting in moral principle. Medhurst has married another!"

"And his bride——" exclaimed poor Florence, with compressed lips and a trembling voice.

"Is Esther Copeland!" was Marian's reply.

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I will not trouble my readers by a circumstantial detail of Florence's grief; they cannot doubt that she felt her trial keenly, but they will not suspect that she followed the example of the heroine of the old song, and that "Like a lily drooping she bowed her head and died." Florence had lost a lover whom all her best wishers pronounced to be utterly undeserving of her; but she still retained her fine talents, her affectionate friends, and, more than all, her constant habits of occupation: for Florence, like the delightful Consuelo, "possessed one of those rare and happy temperaments for which action is an enjoyment, a sort of repose, a necessary condition, and to which inaction would be an effort, a waste." The friends and acquaintance of Florence were, usually speaking, very cautious in alluding to Medhurst's name in her presence; but shortly after her return she received a visit from a lady, who, in virtue of having known Florence in her baby-clothes, and given her the first necklace that she had ever worn, con-

sidered herself privileged to penetrate into the most hidden depths of her heart. Mrs. Benson, however, although a gossip, was a good-natured one, and thought she should best please Florence by pouring forth the bitterest and most unmitigated denunciations of Medhurst and Esther. "Wickedness cannot long flourish," she said: "the consequence of their evil deeds will soon overtake them; and I sincerely trust, my dear Florence, that you may live to be thoroughly and triumphantly revenged upon them."

"I trust that I may," replied Florence. "It shall be my constant aim to work out a revenge upon them, which shall deeply impress even *their* callous hearts."

Mrs. Benson repeated this speech everywhere, saying that "she was agreeably surprised to find her dear Florence superior to all romantic, mean-spirited notions about forgiving one's enemies;" but all her auditors did not possess her own lax morality, and many lamented that the high-principled Florence Dudley should show herself so unmindful of one of the first of Christian duties; and many marvelled that she who wrote and spoke so well, should realise the words of Portia, "I could sooner teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching." The great fact having now gone abroad that Florence wished and intended to be revenged on her faithless lover and ungrateful friend, the next point to be determined was the shape that the revenge should take. Here there was little variety of opinion; the world seems to believe that literary people, whenever they are injured, act like the cuttle-fish, and throw ink at their foes. Heart-piercing reproaches, bitter pasquinades, were expected from Florence's pen; but they were expected in vain. Florence entered quite into the spirit of the clever American writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who ridicules "the authors who serve up their own hearts, delicately fried with brain sauce, as a tit-

bit for the public." Besides, Florence seldom wrote but for the journal conducted by Aberford; and the lyrics of "a maid forsaken," or the heroics of a "woman scorned," would have seemed equally out of place in its calm, sensible, utilitarian pages. Florence was unexpectedly gratified by a very kind letter from Mr. Thornhill. Medhurst, like most weak-minded people, was utterly unable to form a true judgment of the characters, even of those with whom he had been in constant communion from his childhood. Mr. Thornhill was irascible, contradictory, and fond of homage; and therefore Medhurst had concluded that he would be better satisfied with the cunning, sycophantic Esther Copeland as the wife of his nephew, than with the independent, high-minded Florence: but Medhurst did not know that Mr. Thornhill possessed a true sense of honour and justice, and that his favourite Sir Charles Grandison could not have had a greater detestation of a mean and unworthy action than himself. Not only did Mr. Thornhill address a letter to his nephew, casting him off for ever,—not only did he forbid his name to be mentioned in his presence, but he wrote most fully and feelingly to Florence, telling her how entirely he reprobated the conduct of his unworthy relative, and expressing his hope that she would still continue her visits at his house; thus proving to the world, as well as to himself, that she acquitted him of any participation in the injury that she had sustained from one so nearly connected with him. Nobody could feel surprised that Florence should reply to this letter in person, that she should accept the invitation of Mr. Thornhill to remain during the day, and that, under the influence of newly-born compassion on the one side, and gratitude on the other, the host and his young friend should feel on more cordial and intimate terms together than had hitherto been the case. But everybody felt surprised when these visits became so frequent, that Florence was almost as much in the house of Mr. Thornhill

as in that of her uncle. It could not be supposed that she was actuated by pity for the lonely situation of the brother and sister, for Esther's place had been immediately supplied by another humble companion, who, although not mistress of all the varied and intricate artifices of her predecessor, was just as skilful at crochet-work, just as indefatigable at cribbage, and just as devoted to lapdogs and to Richardson's novels. Florence, however, was, for some reason or other, anxious to become a favourite with Mr. Thornhill; and when an extremely clever person takes decided pains to please, it is not very likely that they should fail in their undertaking. Chess soon superseded cribbage, and (marvel of marvels!) "Waverley" lay on the reading-table in company with "Sir Charles Grandison;" in return for which concession on the part of Mr. Thornhill, Florence frequently favoured him with songs from "The Haunted Tower," "The Cabinet," or "The Siege of Belgrade," these lays of his youth being the only style of music which was at all acceptable to him. Florence had far less trouble in making herself a favourite with Miss Thornhill. The pampered pug-dog died, and Florence dried the tears of the sorrowing mistress by a present of the tiniest and prettiest of King Charles's dogs. After that gift, any one would have been bold indeed who dared to question the perfection of Florence Dudley's character in the hearing of Miss Thornhill. The little world in which Florence moved now began to find out a clue to her mysterious project of revenge. It was evident that she intended to become Mr. Thornhill's heiress, thus inflicting poetical justice on her recreant lover, by causing him to lose the very fortune which he had hoped to ensure by deserting her.

"And it will be just the sort of revenge that he and his undermining wife will feel more than any other," said Mrs. Benson to a few select friends. "I am sure I am quite glad that Florence Dudley conducts herself with so much spirit. I

always knew she was very clever, and now she is turning her cleverness to solid account."

"I have only one objection to offer to Miss Dudley's mode of proceeding," said a grave, prim-looking old lady: "the gout does not always kill,—nay, sometimes it is said to prolong life; and she may consume her best years in paying court to Mr. Thornhill before she obtains the legacy on which she calculates."

"Perhaps," said a very young lady, simpering and colouring, "Miss Dudley may marry Mr. Thornhill, and condition to have all the money settled on herself, and so put an end to his nephew's hopes at once. I am sure I have read of something very like that in a novel."

Mrs. Benson smiled approbation; she was anxious that her young friend should become rich in some way or other, and felt quite indifferent whether it should be through the agency of a will or of a marriage settlement.

"At all events," she said, "I must try and get some information about the Medhursts. It will be a consolation to poor Florence to hear that they are as unhappy as they deserve to be."

Mrs. Benson soon obtained the desired tidings. Gossips have always at command an electric telegraph in society by which they learn the secrets of its highways and byways, and she ascertained that the Medhursts were really poor and unhappy; that Medhurst had now no other source of income than the small stipend of his office; that they inhabited a mean, comfortless lodging; that Esther had grown slatternly, and Medhurst had grown ill-humoured.

"So now, my dear," said Mrs. Benson, as she repeated these interesting particulars to Florence, "I think you are amply revenged."

"Not yet!" said Florence.

And Mrs. Benson pondered as deeply on those oracular words as if they had proceeded from the lips of another Cassandra.

Six months elapsed. Medhurst had addressed several letters to his uncle, which were returned unopened. Florence progressed in favour with Mr. Thornhill. He had given her a diamond ring, and in the opinion of many it was the precursor of a plain gold one. Mr. Dudley allowed matters to take their course; he spent the greater part of every day at his club, and therefore did not miss the society of Florence during her frequent visits from home. He was very proud of his niece's talents, and had felt annoyed at her engagement to Medhurst, who was inferior to her in every respect, and whose pecuniary prospects were uncertain; he was pleased at the idea that she had now discovered a way of enriching herself, and, like Mrs. Benson, felt quite unconcerned whether it should be as the wife or the heiress of a wealthy man that she gathered in her golden harvest. At length a sudden and startling event drew matters to a point. The random prediction regarding Mr. Thornhill, uttered by Esther Copeland some months ago, was fulfilled; the gout flew to a vital part, and Mr. Thornhill expired, even before Florence, for whom Miss Thornhill had immediately despatched a messenger, could reach the house. Florence remained there at Miss Thornhill's earnest request, and her presence was very necessary. Miss Thornhill was incapable of giving the slightest direction, and the "companion," when removed from the mechanical routine of her daily duties, was as useless as an automaton in want of winding-up. At length a scene took place, always interesting in the house of a rich man. The will was to be read; and the solicitor announced that, in addition to the present inmates of the house, it had been the wish of Mr. Thornhill that his nephew, and two of his City friends, should be present. Florence inquired whether she,

as merely a local inmate of the house, was required to be present, and the solicitor's emphatic "Most certainly," his obsequious inquiries after her health, and hopes that she had not fatigued herself by her late exertions,—all afforded a clear proof to Florence that her name was to occupy no inconsiderable place in the forthcoming public reading. The time arrived. Messrs. Barlow and Bunbury, Mr. Thornhill's City friends, were first in the drawing-room; and when Florence entered, with Miss Thornhill leaning on her arm, she was received by both gentlemen with an air of marked deference, which they had never before shown to her. Mr. Barlow fancied himself remarkably young for his age, and Mr. Bunbury had a handsome son on the look-out for "a lass wi' a tocher." Medhurst was the next arrival, and his reception bordered closely on freezing point. Florence distantly inclined her head; the two elderly gentlemen attempted to throw into their countenances that lugubrious expression of mingled grief and reproach, so frequently to be met with in the fathers and uncles of sentimental comedies; and Miss Thornhill did not attempt to disguise her horror at being thus unavoidably subjected to the presence of Medhurst; in fact, she had so repeatedly declared that her dear brother's death had been caused by the shock of his nephew's misconduct, that she had quite persuaded herself that such actually was the case.

The servants were called in, and the solicitor began to read. Messrs. Barlow and Bunbury were each bequeathed a thousand pounds; a handsome annuity for life was willed to Miss Thornhill; the servants were all remembered in proportion to their claims; then came a host of nineteen-guinea legacies to various slight acquaintances and poor *protégés*; and, among these, Medhurst was named, perfectly undistinguished from the common herd. His uncle had not even thought it worth while to chronicle his bad conduct by any expression of anger, to put an

extinguisher on him by an utter omission of his name, or to satirise him by the playful bequest of a shilling! Florence Dudley was sole executrix and residuary legatee!

Medhurst's brain seemed to turn round when he thought on the crooked policy that he had been pursuing; he beheld Florence courted and caressed as a daughter of the house, while he was merely tolerated in it for the purpose of being made personally acquainted with his destitution. Florence, in her flowing black silk dress, looked the personification of gentle grace. The excitement of the moment had tinged her usually pale cheek with a brilliant colour; and as, with a faint smile, she refused Mr. Barlow's offer of Miss Thornhill's salts, and Mr. Bunbury's tender of a glass of cold water (both of these worthies considering that a suddenly-made heiress is almost sure to be attacked with a fainting fit), Medhurst imagined that he had never seen her look so attractive. He gazed round the elegantly-furnished drawing-room, and watched the receding figures of the respectable servants; and he sighed audibly as he thought of his own dingy second floor, of the smoke-dried servant-of-all-work who waited on three sets of lodgers, and of Esther, in a cotton wrapper and faded shawl, awaiting him with eager impatience, and breaking forth in alternate vituperations and hysterics when he made known to her the contents of his uncle's will. He quitted the house, and none attempted to detain or to console him.

Mrs. Benson's electric telegraph was again successfully set at work; she had an intimate friend who was nearly related to Mr. Barlow, and through this lady she was made aware of every particular attendant on the reading of the will. Mrs. Benson paid Florence an early visit.

"I would have given the world, my love," she said, "to have seen Medhurst's countenance when his uncle's will was read. Surely you must now feel yourself completely revenged?"

"Not yet!" was again the reply of Florence.

Mrs. Benson felt rather uncomfortable; she could not have thought Florence so unrelenting. She had seen Rachel in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," on the preceding night, at the St. James's Theatre; she hoped to her heart that her dear young friend had no thought of sending a poisoned bouquet to poor Mrs. Medhurst! Fortunately Mrs. Benson saw a few friends that evening, and a little sociable "tea-table talk" and a quiet rubber of whist removed all these gloomy ideas from her mind: she dreamed of Florence, but she did not behold her presenting a poisoned bouquet to her rival; she was engaged in a far different act,—that of receiving a coronet from the hand of a handsome young earl!

Several weeks passed on. Medhurst complained bitterly to every one he knew of Florence's dishonourable conduct and hardness of heart in first gaining and then retaining the large fortune which he had always been led to expect would be his own. Marian Hervey was seriously concerned to hear many persons sympathise with the disinherited nephew, and blame the rapacity of the heiress.

"I am quite convinced," she said to Aberford, "that our dear Florence intends to divide the inheritance with Medhurst; but I wish she would do so without delay. Every one does not understand her generous nature as we do."

"I am of opinion, Marian," replied Aberford, "that you do not understand her generous nature half so well as you ought to do. Florence has never entered into any communication with me on the subject of her inheritance; but rely on it that she will, sooner or later, so act as fully to satisfy Medhurst, the world, and her own conscience."

Marian went into society that evening. She repeatedly wished herself at home; she heard Medhurst pitied and Florence condemned; and although she attempted to defend

her friend, she felt that her defence was poor and feeble, and that it was received with polite incredulity.

Aberford passed the evening in his study; he had many letters to write, papers to arrange, and a statement to draw up relative to a favourite plan of his for the advantage of the lower classes, at which he had long laboured, and which now, he hoped, was approaching to fruition.

The night advanced. Carriages rolled past Aberford's door, bearing their occupants to scenes of gaiety and luxury, but he heard them not. The early hours of morning now came on, and the same carriages repassed his door "homeward-bound;" but Aberford still wrote on, insensible to fatigue, unmindful of time, unthinking of repose. Truly is it said by Jean Paul Richter, "God has not created any nobler thing than a learned man who thinks and writes."

Several more weeks passed on. Three months had now elapsed since the memorable reading of the will. Florence had completely settled all the affairs of Mr. Thornhill, and had also parted on the best of terms with Miss Thornhill, who had long wished to live at Brompton, near her favourite physician and a little coterie of spinster friends; and who, finding that a ready-furnished villa was to be obtained in that locality, had removed into it, accompanied by her companion, her crochet-work, and her King Charles's dog.

The day after her departure Aberford waited on Florence by appointment. He found her alone.

"I have not any literary concerns at present on which to consult you," she said, with a smile; "but I am momentarily expecting the Medhursts to arrive, and wish that you should be present during my conversation with them."

Florence then immediately began to speak on general subjects. She was simply apparelled in a walking-dress. It was quite evident that whatever was about to be said to the

Medhursts would be said in the quietest manner, and that Mr. Dudley himself might be present without having reason to fear the most distant approach to "a scene."

At length Medhurst and his wife entered with a very subdued, humble air. Florence's note to them had merely requested their presence at a given hour; but they doubted not that she intended to bestow some small pecuniary boon on them, and were quite prepared to receive it with cringing servility, and afterwards to rail at her in all societies for the niggardly amount of it.

Florence requested them to be seated, and thus addressed Medhurst:—

"I hear that you have accused me of treachery and rapacity in having so worked upon the mind of your late uncle as to induce him to bequeath to me the property which you had always expected would be your own. If you had understood my character better, you would have known how incapable I am of such a line of conduct. Immediately after your marriage, your uncle made a new will, bequeathing his property to distant relatives. I considered him wrong in so doing: your offence had not been against him, but against myself, and I wished to reserve in my own hands the power of revenge. I became a favourite with Mr. Thornhill, and he chose me for his heiress; he also committed to me the duty of settling his affairs, and I have just fully arranged them. I have considered myself, however, only acting as trustee for another; and whenever you like to wait on my solicitor, you will find that I have executed deeds by which I have put you in possession of the whole of the property bequeathed to me. This house is no longer mine, and I am on the point of leaving it."

At length was Florence Dudley fully, triumphantly revenged! Medhurst felt completely overcome by the contrast between his own mean, selfish spirit, and the noble magnanimity of the

high-minded girl whom he had deserted. His heart seemed to die within him at the thought that she was lost to him for ever; he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

Esther, who was never at a loss for words, began to pour forth fluent expressions of gratitude; but Florence had already arisen, and with a slight farewell, such as would have beseemed a common morning visit, she quitted the room.

"Are you surprised?" she asked of Aberford, as they took the way to her uncle's house.

"Not at all," answered Aberford; "I expected nothing less from you. I should have considered that any other woman would have acted generously in dividing the inheritance with Medhurst, but from Florence Dudley I anticipated no half measures. Poor Medhurst! Notwithstanding the golden shower that you have poured upon him, I pity him sincerely. I do not suppose that he ever read Fredrika Bremer; but, if he had, he would painfully recall one of her remarks: 'Woe unto those who find a pearl in the stream of life, and fling it heedlessly away!'"

* * * * *

A twelvemonth has elapsed since these events, and I have yet something to say about my principal characters. Perhaps my readers will surmise that I am going to distribute "even-handed justice;"—that I shall tell them that Medhurst has either gambled or speculated away the whole of his inheritance, and that Florence has been agreeably surprised by the arrival of a distant relation from California, who has dowered her with so many lumps of gold that Mrs. Benson's dream has been realised, and that a coronet has been placed at her disposal.

No such startling events have, however, occurred.

Medhurst is still rich, but far from happy; he has given up his situation, and, being totally devoid of mental resources, his time hangs very heavily on his hands. Society, anxious to

compensate for the injustice that it did to Florence in suspecting her of contemplating an unworthy revenge, now extols her as something beyond humanity; and he is constantly haunted by a vain wish to recall the past, to regain the esteem of Florence, and to be reinstated in his own good opinion, and that of the world.

Esther, being unable to get into good society, and having no taste for books, has become a valetudinarian; she has gone through a course of hydropathy and homœopathy, without any benefit, and frequently receives visits from a little bevy of humble flatterers, who condole with her on her maladies, and compliment her on the patience with which she endures them.

Aberford has done a deed which has caused some surprise in his circle; he had always seemed so devoted to the welfare of his fellow-creatures in general, that he had never been suspected of being likely to bestow any inordinate affection on one of them in particular. His friends had often applied to him the beautiful lines of the Honourable G. S. Smythe:—

“The People and Truth were to him as dear
As the love of fair lady to true chevalier.

A wrong to Conviction he would not endure,
And he fought for his Love while he fought for the Poor.”

Aberford had witnessed the gradual developement of the personal and mental attractions of Florence Dudley, without feeling more than the regard of a friend towards her; but her last noble action had completely vanquished him, it assimilated so thoroughly with his own elevated, disinterested nature: it was not, he reflected, the ebullition of momentary excitement, nor was it done in the spirit of melo-dramatic display; it was the result of a calm, deliberate, long-laid plan of action. The woman who could thus act was worthy of being the companion

of a devoted, self-sacrificing man, and he invited Florence to become his companion for life.

Florence had suffered so much mortification during her engagement with the weak-minded Medhurst, that she had long resolved never to engage herself again, excepting to a man of very different character. Aberford she had always regarded with unbounded admiration and reverence, and she accepted of his proposals.

They have now been married for some months. Florence proves an active assistant to her husband in his literary labours; and Aberford often calls to mind the remark of Miss Edgeworth, "Every man who has a cultivated and high-minded wife has, in fact, two selves, each holding watch and ward for the other."

But Aberford and his wife do not employ all their time in literary pursuits; they are much in the society of the refined, the excellent, and the intellectual. In these circles Aberford has been long known and valued; and all are desirous, when introduced to his charming wife, of hearing some particulars of her antecedents.

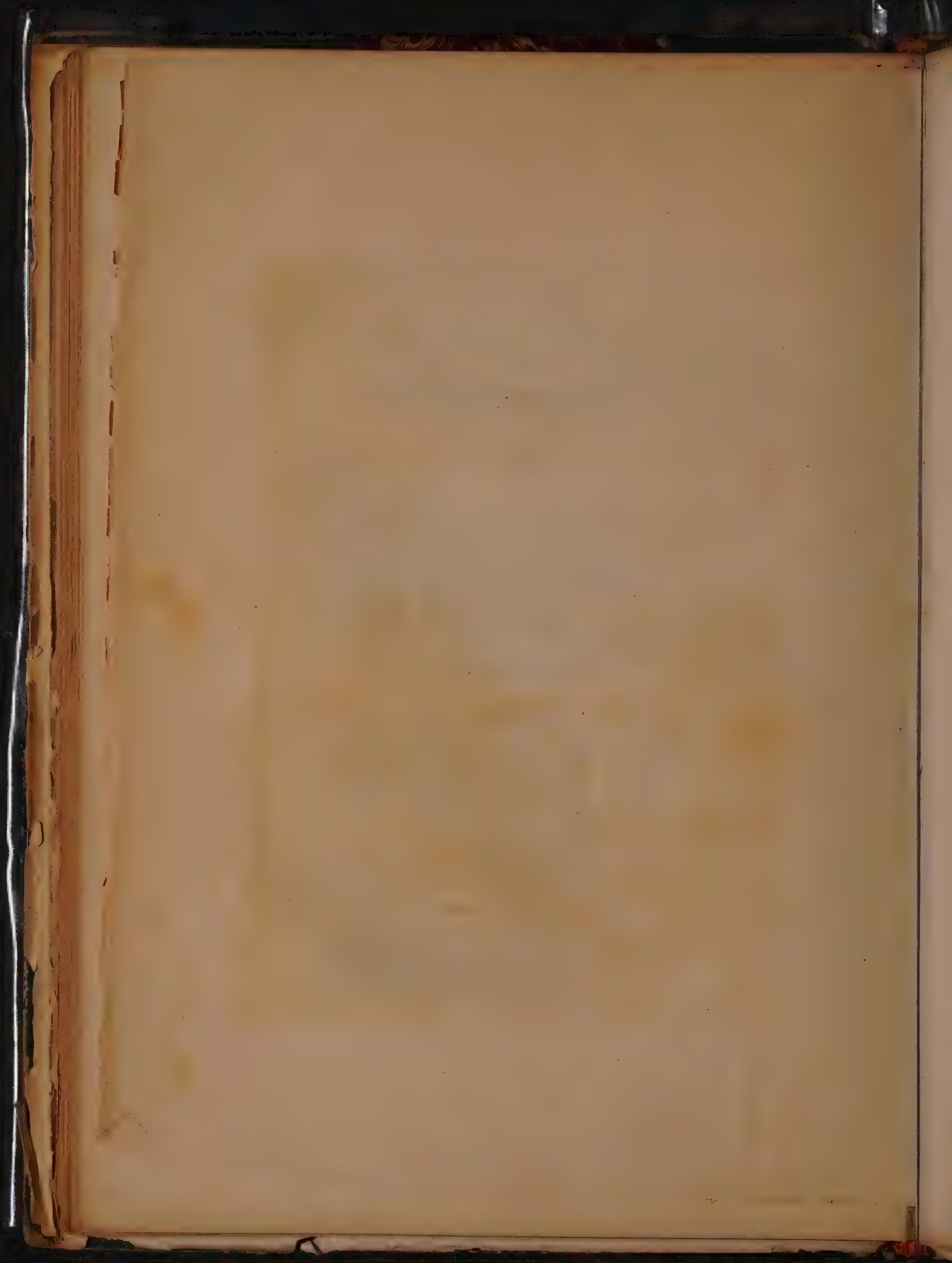
Nor do these "inquiring friends" meet with any brief or unsatisfactory reply from those to whom they address themselves. They are immediately informed that there is something exceedingly interesting connected with the maiden days of the young wife. They request further particulars, and are forthwith enlightened as to "the true and pleasant historie" of "Florence Dudley's Revenge!"

SCARBOROUGH AT SUNRISE.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

MORNING breaks on tower and steep,
On 'battled walls and briny deep ;
In crimson light the waves are flowing,
With golden tints the cliffs are glowing :
Now the seaman trims his sail,
Spreads his canvass to the gale ;
On cliff and scaur — on earth and ocean,
All is light, and life, and motion.

Hark ! below, with joyous greeting,
Heart and voice in concert meeting !
Freighted barks are welcomed home —
Freighted barks prepare to roam ;
Gathering wealth from every strand,
Scattering blessings o'er the land.
Commerce, like its field the ocean,
Still unwearied — still in motion —
Visits every distant shore,
Waters what was waste before,
Till forests wave and harvests smile
On barren rock and desert isle.

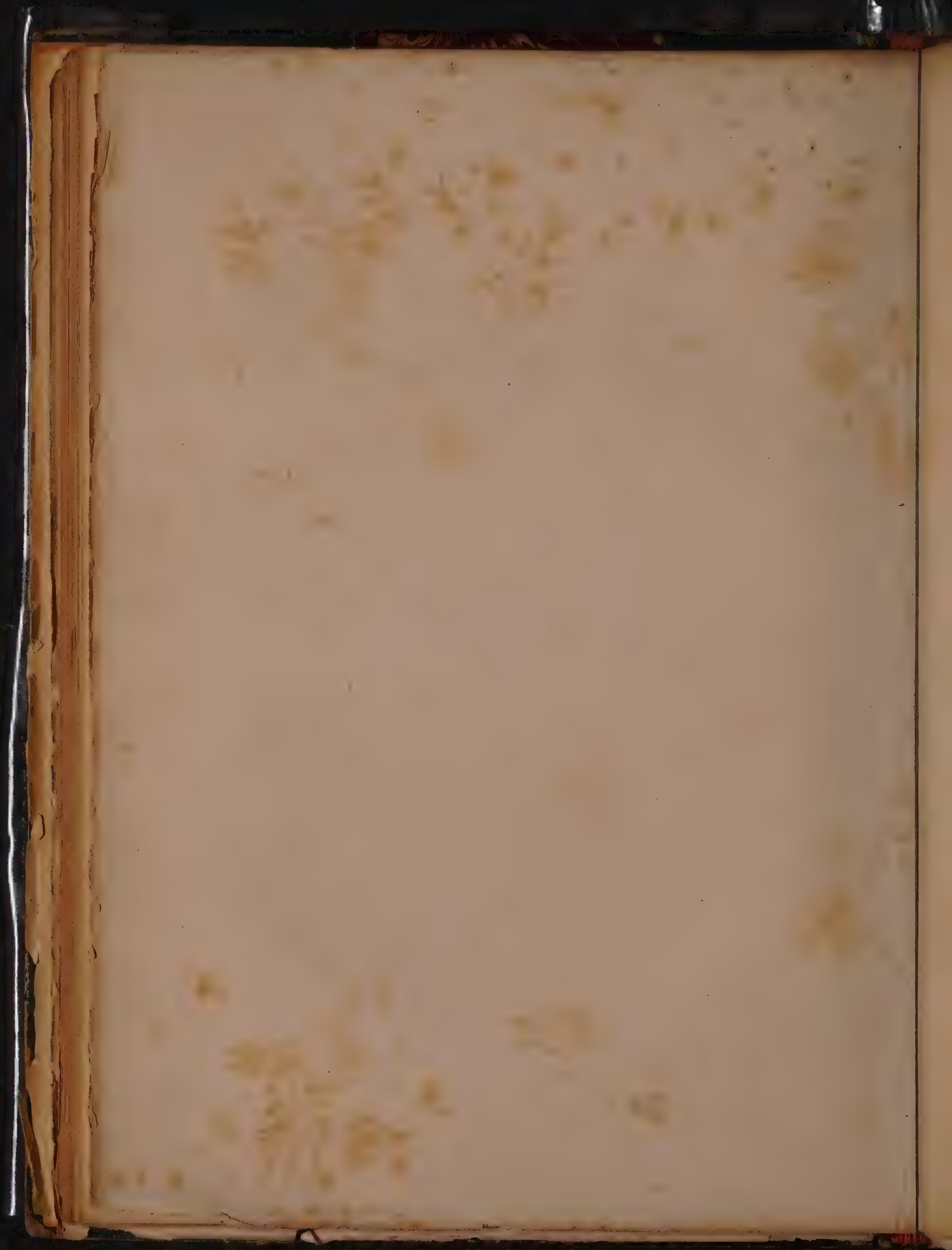




J.W. Carmichael.

J.J. Willmore.

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On yonder height—where bristling arms,
Scenes of blood, and wild alarms
Prolong'd, of yore, the dreary night,
And scared, at morn, the blessed light—
All is peaceful—not a hand
Bends the bow or wields the brand!

Return, Saturnian days, return!
Let Spring upon the warrior's urn
Spread her mantle, plant her flowers,
And clothe the steep with fragrant bowers;
Till creeping ivy hides each scar
That tells the tale of rampant War!

Such, Commerce, are thy triumphs! Here
Thy bounty dries the orphan's tear;
And there thy fostering arms enfold
The sick, the destitute, the old.
Oh, ne'er shall human ills decrease
Till man has learnt the Arts of Peace!
Hear, O Heaven! the nation's vow—
Spread the sail, and speed the plough!
Till universal brotherhood
Confirm the doctrine of the Rood.

VERSES TO COLOGNE.

BY SIR HENRY ELLIS, C.B.

COLOGNE, not all the treasures of thy shrine,
Rich relics of the legendary kings,
Nor e'en thy Dome, to whose sublime design
The awestruck German still no finish brings ;
All these move not to retrospective thought,
Like one low house, to curious travellers known,
For there was Rubens born, whose genius wrought
Such wonders in his art, that he alone
Wins the best claim to pilgrimage for thee, Cologne.

But these low walls another record bear,
There died the daughter of the Medici !
Proud, fallen Queen, without a friend to share,
Or soothe her exile and her misery.
The painter's glorious works his name recall,
And kindred genius guards his well-earn'd fame ;
Not so self-loving kings, their rise or fall
Can scarce a thought from after ages claim,
Unless, like Marie here, reverses chronicle the name.

RANDOM REMARKS ON ROMANCE-WRITERS.

BY MRS. BUXTON WHALLEY.

THOUGH not about to put lance in rest and join the combat *à l'outrance* of woman against her master, still there is one point on which we would claim the sex's superiority. It is this—that women succeed better than men in portraying the female character in novels and romances. In abler hands than ours, the point for which we would contend might doubtless give rise to much philosophic discussion; but at present we will but string together a few thoughts which have suggested themselves after the perusal of most of the popular fictions of the day.

Education in the first place, and action afterwards, indubitably give men greater scope for the developement, and greater opportunity for the display, of mental power. Classical descriptions and allusions, the struggles and the turbulence of life,—in short, the world and its actors appear in bolder outlines and more truthful colouring when sketched by a master's hand; but since novels treat more of the world within than of that without, above all, of that world, imaginary or otherwise, “created and denizenized by love,” in which women are all-powerful, and intuitively all-wise, it is here that we venture to assert, and shall endeavour to prove, the superiority of authoresses over their male competitors.

Most authors fail in giving a consistent description of the

sentiments and actions of their heroines; they either make them tragedy-queens, or, when they mean to depict "plain and holy innocence," produce in lieu thereof a being compounded of ignorance and imbecility. It was reserved for Shakspeare alone to make his good women pass unscathed through life, shielded by purity of sentiment and of principle—surely a more ennobling and effectual safeguard than the idiotic vapidty purposely bestowed upon the Camillas, the Violas, and the Fannys.

Perhaps, of all Bulwer Lytton's delineations of female character, his most successful has been Nina in "Rienzi;" the yearnings of her lofty mind for a master-spirit on which to repose, and the respect and love, nay, almost worship, which she lavishes on her idol when discovered, are most true to nature; still the conception is faulty. Nina di Raselli should not have indulged in frivolous discussions about her rival's dress with a mere waiting-maid, nor exulted so pointedly over the humiliation of her husband's fallen adversaries; the very excess of such a woman's pride would have prevented this behaviour.

Dickens, inimitable as he is in most things, has, as yet (with one exception) totally failed in the description of his heroines, despite their usual concomitants of youth and beauty. The Kate Nicklebys of his tales excite less interest in the reader's mind than many of his subordinate *dramatis personæ*, grotesque and (save where there is a touch here and there of the nobility of nature) vulgar as they seem. But Florence Dombey is indeed a signal exception. True child, and true woman, that most exquisite creation presents throughout her history a consistent and unexaggerated amplification of the touching sentiment attributable to Elizabeth's unfortunate and chivalrous favourite, Essex, "Not for myself I smart, but I wolde I had in my hart the sorow of all my frends!"

Sir Walter Scott, with the candour of a great mind, con-

scious that it can afford to be humble, acknowledged his failure, and the difficulty he found in creating "a spirit, yet a woman too,"—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Most readers turn with indifference from Rose Bradwardine, Julia Manwaring, and a dozen others. Diana Vernon is an uncommon, but not an unnatural character, acting in an uncommon situation. Rebecca is exalted by the very force of circumstances into a heroine; her stage for display was large, her audience numerous, her admirers many; there was a kind of excitement to sustain her through her trials and sorrows: but Jeanie Deans is decidedly the female *chef-d'œuvre* of Scott. What but the pen of genius could have arrested so much attention for one gifted neither with beauty, rank, talent, nor youth? "What did Jeanie Deans do?" was once asked of us: "she merely walked to London." "And what did Columbus do?" was our retort: "he merely crossed the Atlantic." It is the power and determination derived from moral rectitude that Scott has in this instance so successfully portrayed.

We will now proceed to name some authoresses, who, in our opinion, as far at least as their female characters are concerned, have triumphed over their male competitors. And this success has been achieved, paradoxical as it may appear, through the very inferiority of their mental powers. Women are weaker, more flexible, and can more easily throw aside their own nature, and be, for the time, all they would describe. They have more fully experienced, and can therefore better depict, that strength in weakness, that virtue in wickedness, in the description of which men so constantly fail; in short, from the silent but

deep study of one or two hearts, with love, and grief, and hope, for her preceptors, a woman frequently becomes more competent to pronounce on character, and lay bare the secret springs of action, than men in education and experience vastly her superiors.

As we have passed over Richardson in silence, so shall Miss Burney be dismissed unheard ; and of Miss Austen it shall only be remarked, that the clearness, minuteness, and sobriety of her pen-and-ink daguerreotypes have been hitherto unrivalled. We will at once select two characters from Miss Edgeworth's last novel, "Helen," as very much to the purpose in illustrating the strength in weakness, the virtue in wickedness, which we have before mentioned as forming such remarkable features in woman's mind—Helen Stanley and Lady Cecilia Clarendon are our two examples. The one, well educated, well principled, and endowed with a full share of that substantial common-sense which Miss Edgeworth is so fond of bestowing on her favourites, is, after all, anything but "a faultless monster ;" or the cold, calculating, experienced *demoiselle bien élevée*, into which such a conception would have been worked by most male novelists. We perceive, despite her claims to our respect, the weakness of an inferior nature peeping out, at first in trifles, and subsequently in matters of a graver cast, and which is only overcome eventually by sorrows and struggles. She indulged beyond her means in the fripperies of dress ; and the resignation of her trinkets was a sacrifice, the mention of which by man, according to his ideal of woman, would, doubtless, have been either exalted into a deed of heroism, deserving some extravagant encomium, or passed over in silence, as a trifle unworthy of attention ; whereas our authoress contents herself with a concise and simple commendation. Helen's devotion to her friend, great in the deed, was unworthy in the principle ;

she confined her mind in a prison of cobwebs, from which, with feeble effort, it might have escaped: she assisted her friend, albeit unwillingly, and to her own prejudice, in deception. Hers was the weakness in strength.

Turn we now to Lady Cecilia. With the best intentions in the world, she committed a hundred follies, two or three serious faults. Everything with her was a sentiment—nothing a principle; with discernment, clearly showing her what was her duty—with good feeling, prompting her to follow it, she yet wavered, hesitated, equivocated, and at last—lied. She sacrificed the happiness, almost the reputation, of an innocent person, her dearest friend, abhorring herself all the time for her selfish cowardice; and yet when the stings of conscience forced from her the confession of her guilt, it was given with such humility, such penitence, and such candour, as invested her almost with an air of greatness.

Many other examples might be adduced from the pens of Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Norton, and Mrs. Marsh. The "Female Domination" of Mrs. Gore is admirably adapted to display the masculine resolution and firmness of an otherwise weak and frivolous girl when roused and sustained by feelings of virtuous love. There is a very observable similarity between the earlier writings of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and those of L. E. L.; there are the same brilliant aphorisms, the same vaguely expressed hints at disappointment and misery, the same flight into the regions of transcendentalism—of course, shorter and more feeble on the lady's side; but in which both, rashly approaching too near the sun of truth, are blinded and scorched by its rays, and share a similar fate with Icarus, tumbling headlong into a sea of difficulties. We will institute a comparison between Constance, the heroine in Bulwer's "Godolphin," and Lady Marchmont, the leading character in

L. E. L.'s "Ethel Churchill." Both these heroines are fearful warnings that,—

"Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love."

Both endeavoured, the one in compliance with a father's dying command, the other with an uncle's instructions, to crush the natural yearnings after affection implanted in the female bosom, and to devote themselves, as willing victims, on the altar of ambition; both were beautiful and intellectual, and both married for rank and wealth, despising their husbands, and loving other men at the same time.

With the morality of this we will not interfere, but merely follow our two novelists in their conceptions of what a woman's conduct would be under such circumstances: and, first, we would observe, that such a being as Constance, in real life, with her excessive pride and coldness—the latter not a gift of nature, but the result of her pride—however much she might have longed to turn the condescension of the great into homage, would never have sought to retaliate the insults which she fancied she had received. This is a mistake similar to that we have already observed as existing in the conception of Nina di Raselli. The remark of Bacon, that "wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing," is yet truer if it be said of a woman; Constance, after weeping, and doubting, and wondering, during Godolphin's passionate declaration, nevertheless at its conclusion rejects him. Her hesitation in his favour was but for a moment, and we sorrow that her firm mind refuses to admit the sophistical reasoning that, in consenting to be his, she might yet comply with her father's adjuration of humbling the aristocracy, by raising him, already on its threshold, to a yet higher grade, herself at once

his inspiration and reward. But no, she destroys the happiness of both, and marries the Earl of Erpingham. This done, she is described as pursuing the even tenor of her way, calm and unmoved; plunging into state intrigues, she devotes herself to revenge and ambition, and yet she is all the while represented as preserving the memory of her first and only disinterested attachment to Godolphin.

Such a woman, in real life, would indeed, be a *lusus naturæ*. Having once surmounted her love for Godolphin, she would not have preserved even its remembrance with interest; but granting her capability to have done this, how different would have been the results; to ascertain which we must have recourse to the pages of L.E.L. That writer would have pictured disappointment in the midst of completed hopes; anxiety, and fear, in the midst of success; sorrow in the hours of joy; and a frightful, exciting, and delusive joy, even in moments of distress: there would have been a broken heart, or despair and madness, as a final catastrophe. The intellectual powers of Constance could but have served to augment the misery of her situation, and expose the hollowness of her motives. Like Lady Marchmont, she was irreligious; it was excessive pride, and not principle, that preserved Constance from immorality, in that only sense of the word in which the world condemns a woman as immoral; it was an excess of disappointed vanity, and not love, that caused Lady Marchmont to fall. In fine, terrific and revolting as is the catastrophe in the case of Lady Marchmont, we are of opinion that it is more true to nature than any of the latter part of Lady Erpingham's career.

Bulwer, with justice, observes, "What luxury so dear to a woman as the sense of dependence?" but to Constance that luxury would have been dearer than to Lucilla. Look around society. Is it not the weak, or the vain, or frivolous, who

are most tyrannical and capricious to their lovers? A sceptre being to them so novel a plaything, that in their delight at obtaining one, they wield it untiringly.

In conclusion, we must express a hope that these remarks may be received with the same good-humoured spirit in which they have been penned; and of the powerful writer of whose works we have made the most frequent mention, we would particularly ask, will he not forgive us for having an opinion? "The want of which," he somewhere declares to be "the most general want in the world."

SONG OF THE SEA WAVES.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I stood beside the sunny sea,
My heart from fear and care was free;
I smiled the lavish store to greet
Of shells and sea-weed at my feet,
And thought the billows, as they broke,
These words of cheering promise spoke,—
“Earth’s bounties shall be poured on thee,
Like these bright treasures of the sea!”

Again I stood the waves to view;
Their early promise had been true.
But now, dark clouds o’erspread the sky,
The winds arose, the billows high
Beat wildly on the rocky beach;
And this, alas! appeared their speech,—
“Life’s troubled way shall prove to thee,
Even as this high and stormy sea!”

Time passed—my bitter doom I bore.
I stood beside the waves once more;
Soft moonlight on the waters shone,
And now, methought, in soothing tone
They said,—“The Lord, whose mighty will
Has made the troubled waves be still,
Shall bid thy weary heart to be
Calm as this tranquil, moonlit sea!”

PONTIUS PILATE'S DAUGHTER.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "RUINS OF MANY LANDS," ETC.

FEARED and hated throughout his reign, the Emperor Tiberius was no more, and Rome rejoiced. His soul, write the Latin chroniclers, had crossed the Stygian river, but, unpurified from the stains of earth, and loaded with crimes, was excluded from Elysium. Caligula had assumed the imperial purple—a prince at first apparently just and merciful, but who soon, in riot, profligacy, and cruelty, surpassed even his predecessor.

On the banks of the classic Anio, about twenty miles north-east of Rome, a man of a stern and melancholy countenance was pacing to and fro. The sun was setting over the Sabine hills, and the yellow light tinged with glory the tall columns of the Temple of Neptune, the marble villas lately occupied by Mæcenas and Horace, and other splendid edifices which Rome's wealthy sons had erected in that enchanting region; but neither flowing river, architectural beauty, nor that sky where the golden clouds seemed to form a radiant vista through which happy souls might glide into heaven, had power to charm away the anxious thoughts, or soften the gloom, of the pensive meditator. He was stricken with years, yet his figure was stately, and his hair, untouched by the frosty hand of Time, was black as jet. He wore a patrician tunic, and the thongs of his sandals were fastened with clasps of gold. His eyes had lost nothing of their fire, but, unlike the eyes of youth, they wan-

dered not from object to object, but where they settled there they remained, in still reverie and unmitigated sadness.

And this was he who had governed Judæa under Tiberius,—this was Pontius Pilate.

Little, in an historical point of view, is known of Pilate after his recall from the East and the death of Tiberius: we learn, however, from Josephus, that having incurred the displeasure of that emperor a short time before he died, he was banished from Rome. He was an avaricious and wealthy man; and, like many other statesmen and generals in a similar position, though exiled from the Capitol, he might have been permitted to enjoy his riches. Pilate now occupied a villa in the neighbourhood of Tibur; he was surrounded by choice spirits, for here the warrior, the poet, and the sage—and many others whose finances allowed, and who were not enamoured of the dust of the city—luxuriated during the warm summer months.

The villa of the ex-governor of Judæa, in beauty and in splendour, outshone most of its rivals. As his late imperial master had done, he endeavoured to drown thought in the fascination of the senses; but vainly did he put into practice all the theories of Epicurus: wine flowed, woman smiled, and music breathed its witching spells, to no purpose. The joys that ravish others found no echo in his breast; the light without only added to the gloom within. He bore a brand on his brow more black than that of Cain; and the serpent which once twined its envenomed folds around the limbs of the Laocoon, was more sparing in the torments it inflicted than that black snake of remorse which, in tumult and in quiet, in cities or in solitude, coiled around his heart, poisoning all the springs of joy.

Pilate seated himself beneath the plane-trees, and gazed on the Anio; it glided softly between its wooded and temple-crowned banks, laughing in the sun; the flowers along the margin stooped to moisten their thirsty lips in the limpid

waters. His shadow fell there ; he saw his own features in the crystal mirror, and he drew back as if a demon had started up from below.

"I knew not whom I condemned," he whispered to himself ; and these were the words that man of sorrow had repeated over and over, by night and by day, since that fatal time when in the council-chamber at Jerusalem he yielded to the cry of the mad multitude, and suffered the Holy and the Innocent to be led to death.

But who is she yonder, gathering flowers by the Temple of the Sybil,—a fairy thing, sportive as the summer breeze, with cheeks of bloom and eyes of light—delicate, yet glowing as the visions of celestial nymphs that crowded the poetic dreams of love-sick Anacreon, and the sweet-tongued Tibullus ? Can such an incarnation of joy and loveliness emanate from so dark a source ?—Can that fair girl be Pontius Pilate's daughter ?

She returned to the solitary muser, and placed before him the flowers which she had collected. Though no smile lit the father's face, his countenance softened, and his eyes were bent upon his child in tenderness.

"I have been praying, father," she said, taking his hand, and pressing it to her lips.

"For whom ?"

"For you."

"And where have you been praying ?"

"In the shrine of the Sybil."

"And whom did you address ?"

"The guardian genius of the place, and the gods of our country."

"Poor child ! they will not hear your supplications ; you have been bending your knees to shapes of air—beings that exist only in the brain of man. But why should I disturb the illusion ? Continue in the faith of your forefathers ; I would not



1800

Alfred's death

have you renounce the religion of your country, and be wretched like me."

"Do you, then, no longer believe, father, in the gods of Greece and Rome?"

"Would I could believe in them still! Would I could! but my mind has been enlightened in spite of myself. There is but one God, unseen and eternal, the fabricator of the universe; and He is the God of the Christians!"

"But why should this belief render you wretched?"

Pilate groaned, and waved his hand; his head sank on his breast, and a deeper gloom settled on his still marble-like features. Hebe, not comprehending the nature of the crime her father had committed or the cause of his misery, sat at his feet, and wept. The tears of innocence and virtue! shall they flow in vain? welling from the pure fount of a daughter's heart, shall they not plead for a father's guilt? The angel of mercy, on her starry wings, hovered there, and bore in her golden chalice those sacred drops to heaven.

* * * * *

The music was hushed, and the rich wine of Chios had ceased to flow in the halls of Pilate; each reveller had retired to his *cubiculum*, or sleeping-chamber, and the slaves had closed the cedar doors between the vestibule and the *atrium*: the latter was a splendid apartment, modelled after a design by Vitruvius, the great architect of the Augustan age. Pillars of green marble (the verd-antique), more prized even than the milk-white stone of Carrara or Pentelicus, ran around three sides of this magnificent hall; they supported a gallery where singers and musicians poured forth their strains, and actors occasionally performed, for the amusement of the guests below. Frescoes, representing the loves of Diana and Endymion, and the chief battle-scenes in the Iliad, adorned the walls; the pavement surpassed in costliness that usually seen in the houses of the

Roman patricians; the common tesserae, composed of variously-coloured marbles, had not been employed; it was of crystal, so that you seemed to be walking or standing upon water, the effect of which, in that hot climate, was in the highest degree grateful and delicious. Vases filled with odoriferous flowers encircled the *impluvium*, or central basin, where, an improvement on the Greek model, a fountain continually played; and in each opening between the Etruscan jars, stood the statue of some favourite god, crowned with ivy and vine-leaves, symbolical of the spirit of festivity.

All was now silent in this luxurious room. The moon was sleeping on the transparent floor and the snowy couches lately pressed by the revellers; garlands which, according to the Roman practice, had crowned the heads of the guests, lay scattered around, and goblets formed of onyx and lapis-lazuli, half filled with wine, remained on the deserted table. Sleep had sealed the eyes of the freedman and the slave, placing each, for a few oblivious hours, on the same level. In the world of dreams, as in death, the petty distinctions that obtain amongst men are swept away.

Yes! all slumbered, saving one—the lord of the mansion, the hospitable giver of banquets—Pontius Pilate.

He stood near the statues of Bacchus and Mercury; and his shadow, as the moonlight streamed obliquely through the aperture above, was cast in gigantic dimensions along the floor. In addition to his habitual gloom, his countenance took now a bitter expression.

“Music! wine! smiles of beauty! all the delights of the senses!” he whispered, “what avail you? Can you make endurable my banned and miserable existence? Can you lull to rest undying, sleepless memory? For me you are as mocking waters to the burning lips of Tantalus—as flowers wreathed around the skeleton brow of Death. And must I,”

he continued, looking at the statues of the heathen divinities, —“must I add hypocrisy to my other crimes? Dare I not openly to the world laugh at this mummary of bygone ages? Oh, fools! dolts! ye bards and dreaming sages, away with your god-peopled Olympus! as if the universe were upheld by creatures sharing your weaknesses, and yielding to your passions. There is but one Omnipotent, whose eye is on me now—whose curse sears my brain, and whose wrath has prepared for me a doom my shuddering nature cannot contemplate.”

Motionless, with folded arms, Pilate remained in that spot for hours; his soul was busy with thought—thought which reverted to the past only to awaken anguish; and which dwelt on the present with weariness and despair. But the earth turns round; time drags on; and nights will pass away. Joyously in her robe of yellow light, ten thousand gems flashing in her golden hair, young Morning springs over the Latian hills; she laughs on Tibur's ancient walls; her glory streams over the classic land: and from Horace's Sabine farm to the blue-rolling Mediterranean, and thence to the gates of Imperial Rome, all Nature exults in that renewed existence—that resurrection from the death of night.

But fresher than the dew-strewn earth, and more buoyant than the spirit of awakened day, a young girl glides into that marble hall; her jetty ringlets stream over shoulders of living alabaster, and her silver-sandalled foot awakes no echo on the crystal pavement. Hebe is in search of her father, and she finds the lone meditator standing with down-bent eyes, in the same posture as we beheld him hours ago. Her gentle voice calls “Father!” and that sound, like music, melts into the heart of the melancholy man; a smile flits across the harsh lines of his haggard face, his stern eyes soften into inexpressible mildness, and he embraces his daughter in silence.

“Hebe! my innocent one! too bright thou art, too beautiful

for child of mine. A just God will never pour on thy fair head retribution for the crimes of others, or wither up thy existence with a curse. No, I will believe that thou art destined to a happy lot ; and it is this conviction, my child, which tells me the fair plant must be removed from the baneful shadow of the tree of poison. Our paths must be separate—the father and daughter must part !”

“ Part !” cried Hebe, with quivering lip ; “ never ! you will not cruelly cast me from you ?”

“ Your mother is in the land of spirits, but *my* hour is not come. This dwelling, and the possessions I hold, you will henceforth regard as your own. The young tribune, Licinius, who has already solicited your hand, you will do well to receive as a husband ; thus, in leaving my child, I shall have the consolation that she will be protected.”

“ But whither,” cried Hebe, her eyes filling with tears,—“ whither are you going ?”

“ I cannot inform you ; I know not myself ; I only know that I can endure no longer the gaze, the converse of my fellow-men, and that the sight of my wealth is no more a pleasure, but a torture. I lately placed into your hands the history of the world, so sublimely related by the Jewish Lawgiver, Moses ; you there read that Cain, for slaughtering his brother Abel, was driven from the face of men ; a darker deed than his weighs on my soul.”

“ No ! no !” shrieked Hebe ; “ you are not a murderer !”

“ I sacrificed a holier man, a greater than the brother of Cain ; and yet, thou Omnipotent Searcher of hearts ! still must I cry to Thee ; I erred blindly ; ‘ I knew not whom I condemned.’ My daughter, ask no further question, for I cannot answer you. Tarry here—pass your days in peace—I go forth—alone !”

“ Not alone, father ; if you renounce the pomps and gauds

of wealth, I renounce them also; I exist but for you: to be near you, to minister to your wants, to soothe your sorrows, is all I ask. I will accompany you—I will cling to your side—I will follow you, if it be over the world. Oh! forbid me not—
forbid me not!”

She sank on her knees; her lifted hands were clasped, and her streaming eyes raised beseechingly to his. Meek and devoted one!—child of purity, sprung from so dark a stock!—that maiden is a type of self-sacrificing woman in all ages of the world; her love, whatever form it take—filial affection, passion, maternal fondness—gushes forth, and triumphs over the hard and worldly feelings that too often prompt the actions of man. Pilate, from his erect posture, stooped low and folded Hebe to his heart; in the devotion of that fair being, he felt half his curse removed: he spread his hands over her, and seemed absorbed in prayer. His resolve was taken. If they were to be parted through eternity, let them not be parted in time; if honour, and the delights of luxury, charmed not her young heart, let her share his weary pilgrimage.

And the father and daughter deserted that house of splendour; they passed away from the scene where the classic Anio, the cool groves that girt the Alban hill, and the flowers of the Latian plains, might well charm and fix there the step of man. Whither they wandered, none knew, though beyond the Alps, in Northern Gaul, and even in Britain, a vague report existed that men had seen the late governor of Judæa and his child.

Authors are not agreed as to the exact period when Pontius Pilate died; but some years had elapsed since his departure from his native land, when, in the vicinity of the town of Vienna (the modern Vienne), on the Rhone, precisely in the spot where the traveller now perceives a curiously sculptured

monument,* an old man and a female seated themselves on a bank to rest; a fig-tree then grew there, and its broad leaves protected them from the scorching rays of the sun. The features of the stranger were Roman, and cast in the noblest mould; but years and travel had wrinkled his brow, and his flowing beard was white; his form was bowed and emaciated, and his whole appearance indicated painful exhaustion. Yet Pilate's face had the same expression of intense melancholy which distinguished it in former days, and the cloud of remorse still seemed to overshadow his soul.

Hebe, from the light, buoyant, fairy-like girl, had passed to womanhood; her beauty was of statue-like perfection; but the majesty of her mien was tempered by an air of most primitive innocence, and a tenderness accompanied every action and look, betokening how gentle and sensitive was the spirit enshrined in that lovely form.

"Child, my wanderings are over," said Pilate; "my hour is come. Yonder sun with his beams of glory shines on me for the last time. I go to the place of shades. Thou hast been to me what never was daughter to her father before; he who in the Roman prison drank the stream of life from the breast of his own child,† owed less to her than I owe to thee, for thou hast been the life of my soul. In weary pilgrimage over the world, in privation and sorrow, thou hast been

* The most interesting, as well as the best preserved of the Roman remains at Vienne, is the structure called the Tomb of Pontius Pilate, and which is situated at a short distance from the south gate of the town. It has a singular appearance; an open square arcade stands on a solid basement of stone; above are some half-defaced mouldings, but no inscription is seen; a slender pyramid succeeds, and the height of the whole is about sixty feet. The ancient tradition attached to this monument is, that it covers the dust of Pontius Pilate, who, after having been for some years banished from Rome, died at Vienne. It has been said that he committed suicide; but this is by no means an established fact.

† Cimon and Xantippe.

my ministering angel, the bright star illumining, if aught may illumine, the midnight of my wretchedness."

Hebe bent over him, and strove to speak, but her gushing tears and sobs rendered her endeavour unavailing.

"Draw nearer, my child, for I can with difficulty see you now; I cannot reward you for the sacrifices you have made on my behalf, but I can tell you how much I love you. What has earth?—what have all the dreams of power and glory to offer like that feeling of affection which knits my soul to yours?—But why this increase of agony now?—it is not because I depart—it is not on account of the few years which must elapse before your bright soul will also quit this fair and smiling world—it is because you will ascend to a region I may not enter; you are not to share with me my eternity of gloom; your place will be among the happy angels, and never, never more shall I behold my child."

Those features, usually so still, rarely betraying what passed within his soul, yielded now, beneath the anguish of that intolerable thought, to a momentary convulsion. Eternal separation from the gentle being he loved—there was the pang which pierced to his heart's inmost core.

"Father," said Hebe, "we shall not be separated; my prayer to the Omnipotent is, that, whether we be consigned to happiness or misery, our lots may be the same. I shall be near you; I shall soothe your sorrows, and all those sweet feelings of affection which warm our hearts now will exist beyond the grave. Hope then, father, hope!"

The old man turned his face towards the East—there lay the land whence light had arisen over the moral world, but where his own woe dated its existence. His lips moved; he whispered the name of Him whom he had condemned to die. In his look were repentance and remorse, and, mercy would add, gleams of hope. And now he turned to his child—his

last lingering gaze was bent on her — he sighed her name — he smiled — and so he died.

Several of the citizens of Vienna had passed near Pilate, but all had studiously avoided him; arrayed in an Oriental garb, his countenance expressive at once of wildness and dignity, they had believed him to be an Egyptian seer or a Chaldean sorcerer: but now that he lay without motion beneath the fig-tree, and his beautiful attendant was seen weeping over him, humanity attracted them to the spot. They raised the aged man, but in supporting his daughter, who, they supposed, had fainted, they perceived a coldness on her brow, and beheld a marble whiteness on her still, classic features, that the living rarely present. Yes, in that hour of unutterable distress, Hebe's heart had broken — she slept the sleep of death.

The identity of the illustrious, but unfortunate pair, was subsequently discovered, and they were buried on the spot where they died. The fig-tree has long since perished; the aged yews are disappearing one by one; and even the singular monument erected to their memory, attracting the eyes of the modern traveller, stands, in its grotesque and mouldering proportions, like some relic of an elder world.

THE STORY OF FAIR FLORIMEL.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

THERE sat a gentle Lady,
A Lady fair and young,
Upon a cliff, whence ship and skiff
Were seen to sail along
On the bosom of the deep :—
She sat alone, a watcher
For one who comes not yet ;—
Why laggeth he on land or sea ?—
What maketh him forget
Such vows as love should keep,
Though spirits walk the mountains
And valleys of the world ?

A year hath gone since, kneeling
Beside that Lady's knee,
"I swear," quoth he, "that thou shalt see
My true head bow to thee
On this high and rocky steep,
When one full year departing,
Lets in another's race,
Alive or dead, I swear (he said)
To meet thee face to face
When thy kindred are asleep,
Though spirits walk the mountains
And valleys of the world !"

A year hath passed ; and midnight,
With its full crystalline moon,
Hath lighted up the mountain-top
On that lovely night of June,
Where the Lady sitteth lone :—
She sitteth sad, for wedded,
Another's now is she ;
And her first true-love hath she cast off
For a Knight of high degree !—
Oh faith, hath woman none,
Though spirits walk the mountains
And valleys of the world !

She weepeth and she prayeth,
That he who was so dear
May have forgot, in happier lot,
The vows of a by-gone year,—
For she loveth another now !—
And up the Lady starteth,
For a step is sounding near :—
“ I come to chide my new-made bride
For tarrying so long here,
When the dew falls on her brow ;
And spirits walk the mountains
And valleys of the world ! ”

It was her loving Husband,
Who, as the midnight bell
Tolled loud and long the hills among,
Stood by fair Florimel,
Her cheek death-wan with fear :—
But lo ! as stooping tow' rds him
Her white hand stretched she,

Another Knight, in the moonshine bright,
Is bending at her knee,
And a voice is at her ear,
While spirits walk the mountains
And valleys of the world !

Another Knight beside her,
With the death-mark on his brow —
The clotted gore his garments o'er
Doth a bloody death avow ;
And as ice his touch is cold !
“ I keep my vow, false Lady,
I keep my vow to thee !
How hast thou kept while true love slept
Thy plighted troth to me
In thy lover's murderer's fold,
While spirits walked the mountains
And valleys of the world ? ”

Her lily hand he taketh,
And she stared, in wild dismay,
While swooning in his fainty heart
The Murderer near them lay,
And a cloud swept o'er the moon : —
But when again that Lady
Looked up in palsied dread,
She sat alone, — a widowed one
Beside her wedded Dead,
On that fair soft morn of June, —
While the spirits left the mountains
And valleys of the world !

THE OPERA.

[“DEAR P.—Not having anything of my own which I could contribute (as is my wish and duty) to this pious Adventure of yours, and not being able in these hot busy days to get anything ready, I decide to offer you a bit of an Excerpt from that singular ‘Conspectus of England,’ lately written, not yet printed, by Professor Ezechiel Peasemeal, a distinguished American friend of mine. Dr. Peasemeal will excuse my printing it here. His ‘Conspectus,’ a work of some extent, has already been crowned by the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Bunkum, which includes, as you know, the chief thinkers of the New World; and it will probably be printed entire in their ‘Transactions’ one day. Meanwhile let your readers have the first taste of it; and much good may it do them and you!”—T. C.]

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of Nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.

Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in Old-Hebrew times: and if you look how it now is, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens, from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled! The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God’s gifts. Music has, for a long

time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and fact; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and fact, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her.

Fact nevertheless it is, forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtæus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating back one's country's enemies; a most *true* song, to which the hearts of men did burst responsive into fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact, the best he could interpret it: the judgments of Eternal Deity upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well; and sang the *truest* (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To "sing the praise of God," that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him!

David, king of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he, with seer's eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to *read* a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what men now sing!

Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this:—Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion: a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius* as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings' grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees;—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the

people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling: perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers;—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select Populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of self-vision: "High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so-called, or *Best* of the

World, beware, beware what proofs you give of betterness and bestness!" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: "A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker:—good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I *am*? And a world all dying because I am, and shew myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage; swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida,—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females; grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciousity, and then tripping out again:—and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and

ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to 'the Melodies eternal,' might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's Creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Singedelomme and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for *you*, beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini too, and Mozart and Bellini — Oh Heavens, when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile,—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eyesocket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. * * *

Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you, It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion un-

weariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen, and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. * * *

Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion:—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a Population abhorring phantasms;—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your ‘amusements,’ which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all. * * *

THE NEW PROMETHEUS.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

STROKING sleek her pampered palfrey, led for pastime from his stable—
Every look and motion instinct with a proud patrician grace—
On a bright May morning early saw I first the Lady Mabel,
Known for miles round as a beauty—perfect form, and perfect face.

Perfect form, erect and stately—very Juno-like in stature—
Perfect face, divinely chiselled, with a clear commanding eye:
All the calm therein concentrated of a high-born woman's nature,
Shut by walls of cold convention out from common sympathy.

Very perfect, to be gazed on—like a statue to beholding;
Like a sculptor's pure ideal of a grand majestic queen—
Dido crowned, or Cleopatra, brows of glorious strength unfolding
Power of queendom, power unrivalled in her calm and conscious mien.

So she stood, when first I saw her, with her vassals dumb before her—
Scarce a woman for my choosing, had it been my lot to choose—
Yet she won me as a statue, that in memory long I bore her,
With her hand upon her palfrey, and her footstep on the dews.

Years rolled on: in haunted places of the golden South I wandered,
Shrines of Art, and fanes of Beauty, rich with master-works divine;
Yet, amid their choicest galleries, where my dreaming fancy pondered,
Saw I never, Lady Mabel, form or face to equal thine!

Niched in memory thus I held her, to myself thus inly musing—
“Pity, form and face so perfect should so ever lifeless be!
Pity, no quick revelation, light and warmth of soul diffusing,
Should upbreak the dazzling frost-work of her icy apathy!”

So I mused, till, home returning, once again I did behold her,
No more statue-like and stately, but a woman pure and warm—
Bright and warm, of whom I once said, "Not the marble's self is colder;"
Passion in her glowing cheek, and passion in her moulded form.

And I wondered while I saw her, changed so wholly from the creature
Of convention, calm and formal, to a lifelike human thing,
To a sharer in the birthrights of our common human nature,
Fed like us with joy and kindness, touched like us with sorrow's sting.

Till a friend, that heard me wonder, said, "No marvel, though to seeming
'Tis a change might merit credence in the old forgotten age,
When the types of inward feeling set the earlier bards to dreaming,
With the myths of whose creation glows for aye the poet's page.

"For there came a new Prometheus to the hall where dwelt your Dian,
With the fire from heaven to warm her from her stonelike apathy;
Sooth, to say, a simple poet brought from London as a lion,
'Mongst the courtly lords and ladies shy and simple as could be;

"But with her all fire and passion; for he saw, with true perception,
Through the cold, unlovely surface, to the perfect soul within,—
She the dream of his ideal, *he* the type of her election,
Youth, and hope, and life before them—he had but to woo to win.

"Till the Earl, with lordly anger, through their common phrase discerning
Thoughts too deep for tongues' revealing, bade the poet from her side.
Human joy she found with Mertoun—human sorrow now she's learning,
And in human tears hath melted all the frost-work of her pride.

"He meanwhile—the new Prometheus—on the rocks of hard rejection
Pays the forfeit of his daring, on the flinty rocks of scorn;—
Pays the forfeit of upraising to a woman's bright perfection
That pale statue of a Lady—very pure and highly born."



T. B. 1840.

J. G. 1840.

THE HIGHLAND SHEARER.*

Fu' yellow lie the corn-rigs
Far down the braid hill-side ;
It is the bonniest har'st-field
Alang the shores o' Clyde.
An' I'm a puir har'st lassie,
Wha stand the lee-lang day,
Shearin' the corn-rigs o' Ardbeg
Aboon sweet Rothsay Bay.

Oh, I had ance a true-love,
Now I hae nane ava ;
An' I had three braw brithers,
But I hae tint them a'.
My father and my mither
Lie i' the mools this day ;
I sit my lane amang the rigs
Aboon sweet Rothsay Bay.

It's a bonnie bay at mornin',
An' bonnier i' the noon ;
But it's bonniest when the sun draps
An' red comes up the moon ;

* Reaper is called " Shearer " in Scotland.

When the mist creeps ower the Cumbrays,
An' Arran peaks are grey,
And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,
Sit grand roun' Rothsay Bay.

Then a wee sigh stirs my bosom,
An' a wee tear blinds my e'e,
As I think o' that far Countrie
Whar I wad like to be ;
But I rise content i' the mornin'
To work, while work I may,
I' the bonnie har'st-fields o' Ardbeg
Aboon sweet Rothsay Bay.

D.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ITALY :

A ROMAN WEDDING AMONGST THE LOWER ORDERS.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

I HAD promised Signorina Felicia to sit down to her table and taste of one of the 135,000 eggs that had been laid on Good Friday;—but “*mán* proposes and God disposes;” and I was obliged to request Signorina Felicia to excuse my availing myself of her polite invitation. My motives arose from the following cause.

In one of my excursions during the first days of October, being somewhat fatigued, I had entered a shabby little *osteria* to refresh myself. Several Roman *eminenti*, seated on the same bench as myself, began to show symptoms of impatience at the endless length of time the waiter was keeping them without the wine he was gone to fetch. I bethought myself to offer them the use of my bottle in the meantime, which they accepted without further ceremony. From that moment, notwithstanding my foreign accent, we were all hail-fellow-well-met.

“Signor Francese,” said the gayest of the set, when I was about to retire, “I have a daughter, aged fifteen, who is going to be married in a few months: will you do me the favour to promise that you will be present at her wedding?”

Seeing me hesitate, he added:—

"Don't be afraid of finding yourself mixed up with low people: you will only meet my relations and friends, vine-dressers, farmers, haberdashers, and *frigitori* (retailers of fried fish), &c., all of them jolly companions, whose throats have never been defiled by a drop of water; therefore you can't fail of being amused, I can tell you."

There was something so frank and simple-hearted in this invitation, that I promised, were I still in Rome at the time of the nuptials, that I should be delighted to be present; and accordingly I gave my address, that I might be warned in time.

On Easter-eve I was not a little surprised to receive a deputation that informed me the wedding-dinner would take place the next day at twelve. They offered to come and fetch me with all due honours; and if they did not press me to make one at the marriage ceremony, it was only because they were afraid of taxing me too much. I was perplexed: on one hand, the Paschal egg of Signorina Felicia seemed to claim the preference; on the other, I could scarcely refuse going to the wedding, especially when they came so obligingly to remind me of my promise. What was to be done? The deputation, unaware of the cause of my hesitation, exerted all their eloquence to convince me that I really ought not to miss such an opportunity of feasting. There were, they told me, at least two carts full of eatables: one might literally eat to bursting of macaroni, brocoli, and *gallinacie*. It would have been out of human nature to forego so tempting an offer. I suffered myself to be overruled; and Signorina Felicia was kind enough to admit my apology.

On Easter morning, therefore, after having witnessed the *grande Funzione*, I betook myself, towards twelve o'clock, to the locality which had been designated as the scene of the feast, which was somewhere in the *regione de' monti*, where I found a

numerous and somewhat noisy society gathered round the bride, who, according to custom, was dressed from head to foot in pink velvet, in spite of the heat of the season. Besides this she had silver buckles on her shoes, of about seven inches diameter, which, as often as she walked, made a noise very much resembling the clanking of a hussar's sword as it dangles along the ground. The bridegroom was every whit as smart as she: his costume consisted of a brigand's jacket, a Neapolitan sash, white stockings, and a broad-brimmed, long-piled hat.

I congratulated them; and I could not help saying to the bridegroom that he was no bad judge of beauty, his bride being really charming. He drew up his head proudly, as he answered me by quoting the Italian proverb:—

“Ne donna ne tela, non comprare alla candela” — (Neither cloth nor wives should be chosen by candle-light.)

The father of the bride then interfered, saying to his son-in-law:—

“You may say what you will, son, but

‘Al molino e a la sposa
Sempre manca qualche cosa,’—

(There is always something that might be mended, either in a mill or a wife.)

This bandying of proverbs was put a stop to by the arrival of the married women of the neighbourhood, who came to offer the presents customary on such occasions. One gave a saucepan; another an old chair, fresh seated; a third brought nothing but a stockdove, to whom a mate might easily be given, and their offspring would form in time an extensive colony of doves; another gave half-a-dozen plates: and thus, in a few moments, the young bride was surrounded by utensils of housewifery of all ages, which made her look very much like the mistress of a lumber-shop. I do not attempt to describe the

noise made by these gossips as they gathered round her to present their offerings.

The dinner-hour was now come. We were invited to take our places at table, towards which the whole mass rushed with the greatest eagerness, except the girls and youths under eighteen, who were made to retire, because morals must be attended to, and it would not be proper for them to witness the freedom of action and language made use of on such occasions; but as to putting any restraint on themselves out of regard for their innocence, that was wholly out of the question.

The dining-room was a shed, or rather a barn, open to all the winds of heaven, as is often the case in Italy. There were more than a hundred present; consequently we were jammed together rather closely on the benches, and several were obliged to stand: they did not, however, devour a morsel the less: saucepans full of macaroni and brocoli did but appear and disappear; viands such as lamb and boiled turkeys, sufficient to victual a garrison, were presently engulfed. For want of glasses each drank out of the bottle; I alone, being privileged as a stranger, drank from an earthen cup. But now the roast meats make their appearance: heated by wine, the guests pounce upon these as if a general pillage had taken place; one pulls off a wing, another tugs at a leg, and these are distributed right and left to their friends, who catch them adroitly. The salad in turn comes in; the son-in-law dresses it, while the father-in-law takes care to bawl out to him the customary proverb:—

“ Per fare buon insalata
Poco pepe, ben salata
Poc' acceto e ben ogliata,”—

(A little pepper and vinegar, and a great deal of oil and salt, compose a good salad.)

The son-in-law acted accordingly, and, like a gallant bride-

groom, took up a handful and put it into his wife's plate; but papa, who knew what good manners were, observed that it was most uncivil not to help me first, and, snatching up in his hands all the contents of his daughter's plate, proceeded to throw them into mine, begging me at the same time to excuse his children, who had been spoiled by their mother, who was a woman wholly without education.

The dessert was now put on; it consisted of a quantity of red eggs, and *tourtes* made of chestnuts and dry figs. A large cake, composed of almonds and honey, was brought in with ceremony, and placed in the middle of the table. At the sight of it the whole company became silent; the bridegroom armed himself with a stick, and gave the cake a violent blow: immediately a dozen sparrows took flight from this singular prison, and began wheeling round the heads of the guests, who rent the air with one spontaneous acclamation of "Long live the bridegroom!"—(*Viva lo sposo!*) They clapped their hands, stamped, and threw the plates about. In the midst of this gay uproar, the father took occasion to read a moral lesson to the young bride.

"From henceforth," said he, "all lovers must be made to take flight like these sparrows; and should you attempt to whistle them back to their cage, your husband has got an oaken towel, which I warrant he will know how to make use of."

Touched by these paternal admonitions, the young wife let fall a few tears, while her mother leant towards her, and whispered in her ear for her comfort:—

"A man who loves his wife is always jealous; consequently a good beating is a proof of his love, and happy is she who gets one!"

Mamma did not, however, speak so very low but what some of the neighbours heard her gentle outpourings. Coarse jokes were immediately bandied about, and *double-ententes* of the

least refined sort became the order of the day. The bridegroom smiled, the bride blushed and looked down, the mother sighed, and papa maintained his gravity. Meanwhile some are busy filling their pockets with sweetmeats; others are throwing *dragées* out of window, for the benefit of the boys in the street; bursts of uproarious laughter explode from time to time; and both plates and bottles, trampled under foot and half-pulverised, are resounding on all sides.

The tabors and mandolines are now brought in, and both men and women, all more or less drunk, begin to tread the mazes of the dance. The landlord, who had been invited as a matter of course, complains that they will pull the building about their ears; yet even he, yielding to the general hilarity, is unable to resist the attractions of the *saltarella*. Whoever has seen Rubens' picture of a village fête may form a tolerably accurate idea of this low-life wedding. When, at length, the night was far advanced—when some were snoring on the benches, and others smoking on the terrace—when the female gossips had nothing left to say, and even the virtuoso's bow seemed to fall asleep as it lazily scraped the loosened cords of the mandoline,—the bride and bridegroom knelt down, and their fathers and mothers hastened to give them their blessing. The fête was now over. Some thirsty souls were, to be sure, still draining the bottle; some few gossips were still clacking; but, the bride and bridegroom once gone, every one in turn took their departure.

Some few particulars I learned since. The marriage ceremony takes place before daylight, to make as little fuss as possible in the neighbourhood (and this, beside the earliness of the hour, is the reason why they did not think fit to invite me to be present); notwithstanding which, all the neighbours watch for the return of the new-married couple and their relations from church.

Both the holy rites and the festal ones being now over, the young wife remains at home eight days without daring to go out. At the end of this time she goes to church to hear a mass, which is paid for, and then remains eight days longer without daring to look any one in the face. This is the time chosen for paying those visits that politeness requires one to make.

When you meet in the streets a young man gaily dressed, and walking with head erect and a triumphant air, and perceive, at the distance of some steps behind him, a young woman, likewise smartly dressed, with downcast eyes, and following him like a slave, you may be sure it is a couple recently united in the bonds of Hymen.

HIGH, OR LOW ?

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.

"Another great question debated."—*Vide* SWIFT'S *Hamilton's Bawn*.

YOUNG Love, as poets sing, may dwell
In valleys soft and sweet,
'Mid roseate bowers, where gently well
Springs at his wanton feet.

And comfort, too, which Englishmen
Above all else affect,
May lurk in lowland lawn, or glen,
Which ancient woods protect.

The garden's trim and glowing space,
Or park's enamelled green,
May boast of every cultured grace,
And charm the gazer's een.

But on the mountain's purple crest,
Which soars all things above,
Save the wide Heaven's all-glorious breast,
Boundless as heavenly love,

Methinks one's spirit owns the spell
Which taught our Pagan sires
That gods on mountains loved to dwell,
And lit on them their fires.

One glance below on the twinkling burn,
And the harvest's yellow grain ;
On the solemn orbs, and the bright green fern,
And the half-seen, half-hid lane ;

On the pale blue smoke, that upwards curls
From the nestling hamlet's nook ;
On the ancient mill, that noisily whirls
The water in Harden brook.

And then the Zephyr's dancing wing
Carries the up-turned eye,
Beyond where larks career and sing,
Into the azure sky,—

The throne of that Omnipotence,
Whose gracious pleasure made
Those objects, charming mortal sense,
The eye had just surveyed.

Thus, when the soul aspires to rise
Above the things of earth,
And leave the baubles worldlings prize
For gems of priceless worth,

Go seek the everlasting hills
On which first fall the dews,
And the breeze that plays on the leaping rills
Shall heavenly thoughts infuse.

Then quit not Harden's upland grange,
Most winsome of young wives,
Nor let a random fancy range
To the valley of St. Ives !

ANNABEL C——. *

“ Quench’d is the fame that I foresaw,
The head has miss’d an earthly wreath.”
In Memoriam.

Oh ! might a voice I well remember
Speak once again this dark December,
Then all its night would turn to light,
And blithesome joy would bind
The moaning wind.

* These lines are a tribute to the memory of one who, possessed of youth, beauty, talent, and virtue, in a degree rarely bestowed on any individual, was removed in the bloom of early womanhood, though not before she had left many indications of a pure and highly-gifted mind, united to a strength and depth character seldom found in one so young. We subjoin a little poem written in her early girlhood, as strangely descriptive of her brief career :—

SAINT CATHARINE.

THE lilies shone in the summer sun ;
The lilies died when the summer was done :—
So have I lived, and my race is run !

The lilies scented the golden air ;
The voice they obeyed that had set them there :
So have I striven my part to bear.

The lilies lived till their task was done ;
They breathed back their lives to their parent sun :—
So have I lived, till the goal was won !

But the lilies never perished before
Their life of duty and fragrance was o’er :—
My part is over—I stand at the door !

And yet, although my heart must feel
The grief which none on earth may heal,
'Twere better far to bear the pain
Than call an angel back again !

She is at home — of love receiving
Beyond our depth, our poor believing ;
And purer far than golden star,
Upon a loving breast

She lies at rest.

“ Her head has missed an earthly wreath ; ”
But He who stilled the tender breath,
And bade her morning song to die,
Can crown with immortality !

À PROPOS OF LADY TEAZLE.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

To a lively Imagination there are assuredly Three Worlds separately insphered and distinctly peopled: the world of the Actual, of the Poetical (or Ideal), and of the Theatrical. The first and second neighbour each other more closely than the young and inexperienced are inclined to allow, moving, in fact, like double stars in an orbit, and infinitely enriched by the light they mutually reflect; the last I can fancy to be the limbus of those intellectual creations which have been ignominiously expelled from the honest, work-a-day world of the actual, and never had wings wherewith to mount to the poetical. But by "theatrical" I do not mean the "dramatic," which is included in the poetical.

There are plenty of books, pictures, and people—nay, whole lives acted out from beginning to end—that are as essentially theatrical as the veriest clap-trap comedy that ever brought money to a manager's treasury, though their real nature may not be recognised for a generation or two.

Art which merely represents the manners of an age, be it by colours ever so bright and by contrasts ever so striking, without going to the soul of things and sounding the depths of humanity, has no permanence, no real vitality. Its creations are but wooden puppets, to be dressed in fine clothes and pulled by wires, and, when the show is over, shut away in a dark, airtight box. How different from those which people the poets'

world, and circle us with their spiritual presence, ever ready to come nearer at the faintest half-formed wish, and at our bidding to cheer, delight, and instruct!

To hint that Lady Teazle is only a puppet, and neither a denizen of the real world nor the idealisation of a truth, like almost every one of "Shakspeare's women," is still a heresy in the eyes of our parents, and causes an uplifting of hands and eyes whenever spoken; the anguish of the listeners being happily mitigated by the soothing influence of contempt for us, who, as they say, have "never seen a Lady Teazle." This may be, though we doubt it, remembering what certain gossiping memoirs reveal to us, that in the days of Siddons and Kemble there were people who lamented over the loss of the Garrick and the Pritchard, and talked of the decline of acting just as glibly as their descendants have done; but, granted that we have not seen this extraordinary *rôle* inimitably filled, have we not the printed page of the "School for Scandal," in editions old and new, quarto, octavo, and duodecimo, musty from its close quarters on the top shelf of the bookcase, or fresh hot-pressed from the publisher, with clear-cut type and creamy paper?

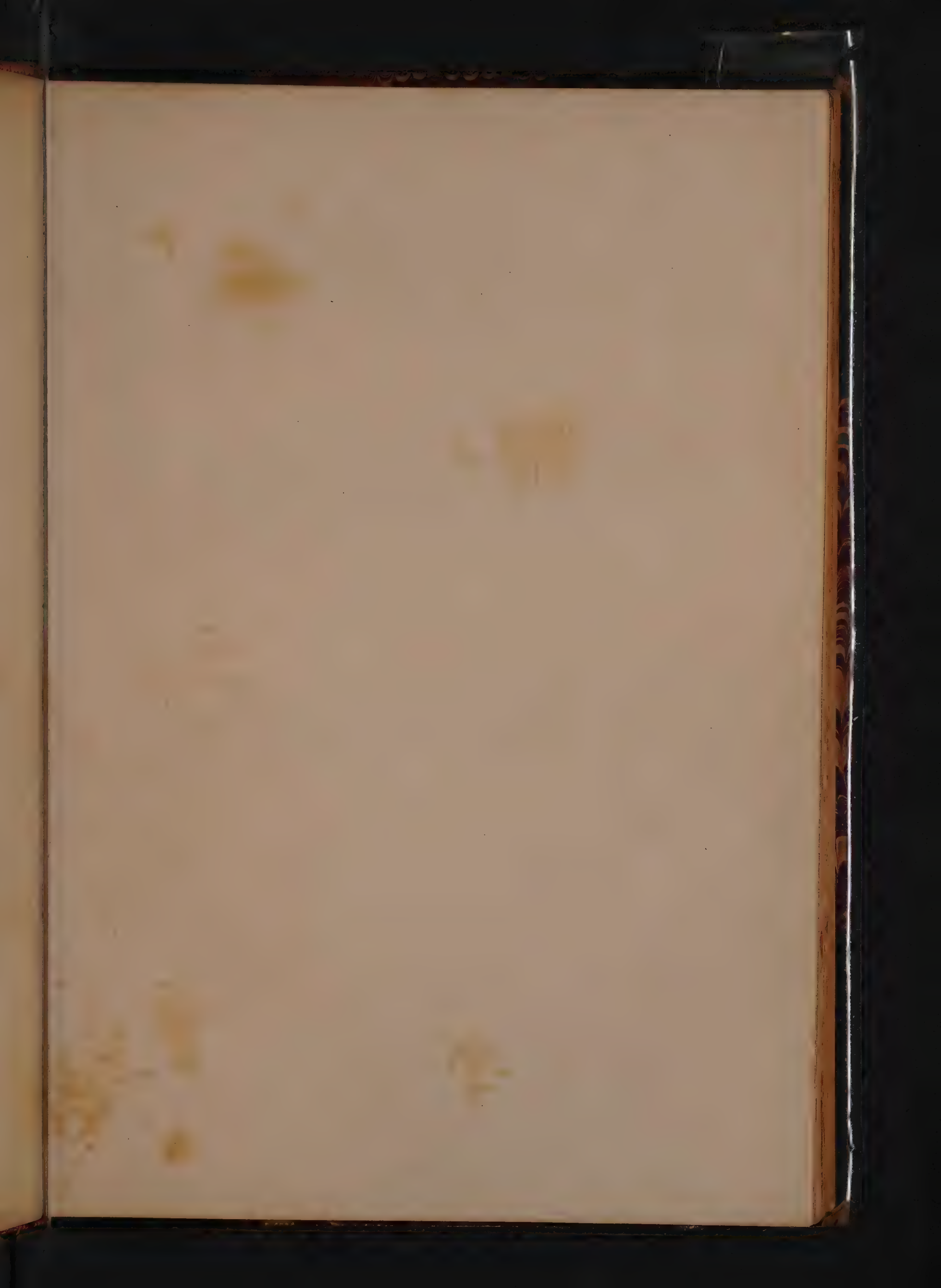
It is there that Lady Teazle is to be sought and found. Really we have nothing to do with the hoop and feathers, the patches, paint, and foot-lights: all these are no more to the character than the gilt binding is to a book. And if, as is readily done, we grant that the play acts better than it reads, we have only to add that this circumstance is the converse of that which distinguishes the representation of the Greatest Dramas. What real student-lover of Shakspeare ever felt satisfied with the representation of "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," or "As You Like It," unless his early taste had been vitiated by theatrical representations, and he had been led *to* the poet *from* the stage? which is much the same thing as knowing him first by a worse than indifferent translation.

It is in no unkind spirit to the manes of Sheridan that one quarrels with this play. Poor Sheridan, the genius, the wit, the orator, for ever doomed to stem an adverse tide, and whose errors were surely expiated by the sufferings they induced! Under happier auspices he might have been a guiding light, instead of a wandering meteor; but it was his greatest misfortune to live in an age of falsehood and corruption, when the most sacred ties and obligations were considered fair game for ridicule; and intemperance, gaming, and deeper vices, were tolerated as the usual attributes of social life, and, even when condemned by moralists, were seldom called by a harsher name than fashionable follies. By the most natural consequence this picture of debased life was reflected on the stage, with just sufficient exaggeration to make the scene piquant, but without any visible effort to shock us with vice. Thank Heaven, however, there is

"Some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;"

and though the comedies written and admired at the end of the last century cause honest indignation to the modern reader, he has at least the satisfaction of feeling that they only paint manners; that the characters paraded to view are but "theatrical puppets;" that no fellow-creature taken from the crowded thoroughfares of real life palpitates before him; and that no truth has been made a presence by the spell of the poet.

Nevertheless, it would be a grave and melancholy attempt to compute the amount of evil influence that those plays have exercised on the malleable minds of youth during the long years of their admired representation. What contradictions they have afforded to the lessons of the fireside, and the promptings of experience! In real life, we find the matron in her fifth decade a leader in society, a centre of attraction, a loved and petted wife; a friend, companion, and sympathetic adviser of her young





W. Wood

Fredrick A. Heath

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daughters,—at least I hope this type is as common as any other. What was the “mother” in the hands of old-fashioned playwrights? In the first place, old enough to be the grandame of the juniors; vulgar, shrewish, coarse-minded, and manœuvring; without natural feelings or womanly sympathy, and altogether so objectionable an individual that we are reconciled to the heroine eloping and marrying a scapegrace, as she generally does, from the conviction that no protection or companionship could be more disastrous than those from which she escapes.

And the fathers: was there anything respectable in their grey hairs? Were they not selfish, tyrannical old monsters, own cousins to the pantaloon of the pantomime, with the vices of age and youth combined, and embroidered—so to speak—on a groundwork of surpassing silliness, making everything right at last by a joke at actions which ought to have stung a father to tears of anguish, or by the bestowal of a pound-weight purse?

Ah, that stage purse! There is, we fear, a bitter satire and some home truth in *its* omnipotence! And *à propos* of this, there is a circumstance curious to remark in the celebrated screen-scene of the “School for Scandal.” After the discovery of Lady Teazle, she talks of the reformation which has been worked in her heart by the “tenderness” she overheard Sir Peter express for her. Now, on turning back to the conversation to which she alludes, we find not one word which complacency itself ought to construe as “tenderness;” *but* Sir Peter certainly declares his intention of settling eight hundred a-year on his wife, and leaving the bulk of his fortune to her at his death.

And in a former scene, that of which this pretty picture has been made, the young wife only behaves with tolerable civility till she has extracted a promise of two hundred pounds from her husband. Throughout the play there is no gleam of con-

sciousness that if she married the old bachelor merely to get away from the dulness of the country and uncongenial society, she did in the first place a very wrong thing, but one which, nevertheless, brought unmistakable duties with it. By the way, Sir Peter Teazle is called fifty in the text. Why is the character always dressed and acted as a septagenarian? Is it for the very moral purpose of affording Lady Teazle a stronger excuse for her flightiness than the author originally gave her? As we read the play, we assuredly feel that Sir Peter is the only gentleman in it, and a thousand times more loveable than Charles Surface, whose excesses and extravagancies are rewarded at last by a fortune and the hand of the "pattern heroine."

What a healthful, hopeful contrast, do the works of some of our modern dramatists present to the school of the last century, as it would be easy enough to prove were this the place to cite the names of living genius. We have wit to the full as polished as Sheridan's; and this in combination with that genial humour which glows a lambent flame that warms as well as lights. We have true heroism exalted, and labour dignified; and vice and folly scorned and ridiculed. Of how few productions of the last century can the like be said!

There is great talk about the decline of acting, but might it not be more properly said that the school of acting has altered rather than deteriorated? We may depend upon it that finer wit, and deeper wisdom, and truer keeping, are required in every branch of art to please the public of the present day, than passed current with our predecessors; and though old people, who vividly recollect the pleasures of their youth and its unerasable impressions, may despise modern acting, it is something more than possible that we should be discontented with their divinities—that we should call their "classical," formal and unimpassioned; their "sentiment," rant and bombast; their "genteel comedy," monstrous affectation. The

truth is, the subjective in art, be it in poetry or music, the drama or painting, is of recent appreciation; and old-fashioned critics not unfrequently pass over, as unimportant or unintelligible, the very points which we moderns respond to admiringly, as most suggestive of the full riches of that ideal world from which they emanate.

That the Acted Drama is a less important adjunct of town life than it was fifty years ago may be readily granted; but this is not because it has deteriorated, but because a host of other and greater influences have arisen around us. Cheap literature, which brings a library to every man's hearth; cheap lectures on entertaining and instructive subjects, and which are the delight of aspiring souls, with small other opportunities of development; but perhaps above and beyond every thing else, improved female education among the middle classes, which makes the wife a friend and companion, and sharer of social and intellectual pleasures. There are few retrospects so painful as that of the middle-class life of half-a-century ago, when women were left to scold their servants, and mislead and misinform their children; to sink themselves to the level of "distressed needle-woman," since they valued their time as no better worth than hers; and to recreate themselves with tea and scandal, and an occasional adjournment to the theatre, while the men thronged to taverns to drink deeply, and talk politics with what small amount of wisdom was not drowned in the glass. By the way, after the deep potations so common at that day, the male part of the audience at a theatre must have been, in the mass, careless critics, and willing enough to tolerate any exciting entertainment set before them. There was neither cheap postage nor rapid locomotion in those days; people knew right little beyond the confines of their own narrow neighbourhood; seldom met or heard from country cousins, and when they saw a "countryman" on the stage, took the actor's word for the

truth of the delineation, and laughed accordingly. Even Hodge is polishing now-a-days, though he is a very rough diamond indeed, and needs town attrition to bring out his worth,—to open his eyes even to the loveliness of nature; and—mark another change—instead of being the favourite buffoon on the stage, he is himself the thorough playgoer when he comes to town, the Acted Drama precisely suiting his state of mental development !

The masses in great towns are, I hopefully believe, passing beyond that state. They have the poets' pages, and all our great national literature, for their recreation and instruction; art galleries free, or at merely nominal cost to enter; the multiplications of the engraver; mechanics' institutions and their almost nightly lectures; music of all kinds, and at all prices; and—better thing than the mimic sentiment of the Acted Drama—the middle classes, beyond all others, know how to cherish and prize and enjoy intelligent intercourse with each other, and society at each other's Homes !

MY HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

BY MRS. W. P. O'NEILL.

My first-born is a gladsome child,
With earnest eyes and bright,
All heart, all love, yet sweetly wild—
A child of life and light!
Yet, gentle as the gentlest, she
Doth softly creep to visit me
When I am sick and weak, and stand
Pressing her bright lips on my hand;
Or asking me, with sweet surprise
Lighting the depths of her fond, dark eyes,
“Why are you there? Be up, and away
With your own wee child to romp and play!”

My second is a boist'rous boy,
A curly-headed knave,
With full blue eyes, lit up with joy,
And brow that seems to brave
The thousand storms that may assail
His onward course. Oh, words would fail
To tell how fervent, fond, and deep,
The prayers I've pray'd for him when sleep
Hath seal'd all other eyes! for, lo!
Man's path is rough, and *mothers feel it so!*”

My youngest is a tiny flower,
That lately bless'd my sight,
Kindling within the household bower
A new and dear delight.
I pride me in her forehead fair,
Her dark, abundant, silken hair,
Her soft blue eyes, — but this is weak!
Some holier word than pride should speak
For me. In better words I bless
The beauty and the gentleness
Of this my placid babe, for she
Is gentlest of the darling three.
I call her lamb — I call her dove —
This gentle, gentle child of love !

TO BE READ AT DUSK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ONE, two, three, four, five. There were five of them.

Five couriers, sitting on a bench outside the convent on the summit of the Great St. Bernard in Switzerland, looking at the remote heights, stained by the setting sun, as if a mighty quantity of red wine had been broached upon the mountain top, and had not yet had time to sink into the snow.

This is not my simile. It was made for the occasion by the stoutest courier, who was a German. None of the others took any more notice of it than they took of me, sitting on another bench on the other side of the convent door, smoking my cigar, like them, and—also like them—looking at the reddened snow, and at the lonely shed hard by, where the bodies of belated travellers, dug out of it, slowly wither away, knowing no corruption in that cold region.

The wine upon the mountain top soaked in as we looked; the mountain became white; the sky, a very dark blue; the wind rose; and the air turned piercing cold. The five couriers buttoned their rough coats. There being no safer man to imitate in all such proceedings than a courier, I buttoned mine.

The mountain in the sunset had stopped the five couriers in a conversation. It is a sublime sight, likely to stop conversation. The mountain being now out of the sunset, they resumed. Not that I had heard any part of their previous

discourse; for, indeed, I had not then broken away from the American gentleman, in the travellers' parlour of the convent, who, sitting with his face to the fire, had undertaken to realise to me the whole progress of events which had led to the accumulation by the Honourable Ananias Dodger of one of the largest acquisitions of dollars ever made in our country.

"My God!" said the Swiss courier, speaking in French, which I do not hold (as some authors appear to do) to be such an all-sufficient excuse for a naughty word, that I have only to write it in that language to make it innocent; "if you talk of ghosts——"

"But I *don't* talk of ghosts," said the German.

"Of what then?" asked the Swiss.

"If I knew of what then," said the German, "I should probably know a great deal more."

It was a good answer, I thought, and it made me curious. So, I moved my position to that corner of my bench which was nearest to them, and leaning my back against the convent-wall, heard perfectly, without appearing to attend.

"Thunder and lightning!" said the German, warming, "when a certain man is coming to see you, unexpectedly; and, without his own knowledge, sends some invisible messenger, to put the idea of him in your head all day, what do you call that? When you walk along a crowded street—at Frankfort, Milan, London, Paris—and think that a passing stranger is like your friend Heinrich, and then that another passing stranger is like your friend Heinrich, and so begin to have a strange foreknowledge that presently you'll meet your friend Heinrich—which you do, though you believed him at Trieste—what do you call *that*?"

"It's not uncommon either," murmured the Swiss and the other three.

"Uncommon!" said the German. "It's as common as cherries in the Black Forest. It's as common as maccaroni at Naples. And Naples reminds me! When the old Marchesa Senzanima shrieks at a card party on the Chiaja—as I heard and saw her, for it happened in a Bavarian family of mine, and I was overlooking the service that evening—I say, when the old Marchesa starts up at the card-table, white through her rouge, and cries, 'My sister in Spain is dead! I felt her cold touch on my back!'—and when that sister *is* dead at the moment—what do you call that?"

"Or when the blood of San Gennaro liquefies at the request of the clergy,—as all the world knows that it does regularly once a-year, in my native city," said the Neapolitan courier after a pause, with a comical look, "what do you call that?"

"*That!*" cried the German. "Well! I think I know a name for that."

"Miracle?" said the Neapolitan, with the same sly face.

The German merely smoked and laughed; and they all smoked and laughed.

"Bah!" said the German, presently. "I speak of things that really do happen. When I want to see the conjurer, I pay to see a professed one, and have my money's worth. Very strange things do happen without ghosts. Ghosts! Giovanni Baptista, tell your story of the English bride. There's no ghost in that, but something full as strange. Will any man tell me what?"

As there was a silence among them, I glanced around. He whom I took to be Baptista was lighting a fresh cigar. He presently went on to speak. He was a Genoese, as I judged.

"The story of the English bride?" said he. "Basta! one ought not to call so slight a thing a story. Well, it's all one. But it's true. Observe me well, gentlemen, it's true. That

which glitters is not always gold ; but what I am going to tell, is true."

He repeated this more than once.

Ten years ago, I took my credentials to an English gentleman at Long's Hotel, in Bond Street, London, who was about to travel—it might be for one year, it might be for two. He approved of them ; likewise of me. He was pleased to make inquiry. The testimony that he received was favourable. He engaged me by the six months, and my entertainment was generous.

He was young, handsome, very happy. He was enamoured of a fair young English lady, with a sufficient fortune, and they were going to be married. It was the wedding trip, in short, that we were going to take. For three months' rest in the hot weather (it was early summer then) he had hired an old palace on the Riviera, at an easy distance from my city, Genoa, on the road to Nice. Did I know that palace ? Yes ; I told him I knew it well. It was an old palace, with great gardens. It was a little bare, and it was a little dark and gloomy, being close surrounded by trees ; but it was spacious, ancient, grand, and on the sea shore. He said it had been so described to him exactly, and he was well pleased that I knew it. For its being a little bare of furniture, all such places were. For its being a little gloomy, he had hired it principally for the gardens, and he and my mistress would pass the summer weather in their shade.

"So all goes well, Baptista ?" said he.

"Indubitably, signor ; very well."

We had a travelling chariot for our journey, newly built for us, and in all respects complete. All we had was complete ; we wanted for nothing. The marriage took place. They were happy. I was happy, seeing all so bright, being so well

situated, going to my own city, teaching my language in the rumble to the maid, la bella Carolina, whose heart was gay with laughter: who was young and rosy.

The time flew. But I observed—listen to this, I pray! (and here the courier dropped his voice)—I observed my mistress sometimes brooding in a manner very strange; in a frightened manner; in an unhappy manner; with a cloudy, uncertain alarm upon her. I think that I began to notice this when I was walking up hills by the carriage side, and master had gone on in front. At any rate, I remember that it impressed itself upon my mind one evening in the South of France, when she called to me to call master back; and when he came back, and walked for a long way, talking encouragingly and affectionately to her, with his hand upon the open window, and hers in it. Now and then, he laughed in a merry way, as if he were bantering her out of something. By and by, she laughed, and then all went well again.

It was curious. I asked la bella Carolina, the pretty little one, Was mistress unwell?—No. Out of spirits?—No. Fearful of bad roads, or brigands?—No. And what made it more mysterious was, the pretty little one would not look at me in giving answer, but *would* look at the view.

But, one day she told me the secret.

"If you must know," said Carolina, "I find, from what I have overheard, that mistress is haunted."

"How haunted?"

"By a dream."

"What dream?"

"By a dream of a face. For three nights before her marriage, she saw a face in a dream—always the same face, and only One."

"A terrible face?"

"No. The face of a dark, remarkable-looking man, in

black, with black hair and a grey moustache—a handsome man, except for a reserved and secret air. Not a face she ever saw, or at all like a face she ever saw. Doing nothing in the dream but looking at her fixedly, out of darkness.”

“Does the dream come back?”

“Never. The recollection of it, is all her trouble.”

“And why does it trouble her?”

Carolina shook her head.

“That’s master’s question,” said *la bella*. “She don’t know. She wonders why, herself. But I heard her tell him, only last night, that if she was to find a picture of that face in our Italian house (which she is afraid she will), she did not know how she could ever bear it.”

Upon my word I was fearful after this (said the Genoese courier) of our coming to the old palazzo, lest some such ill-starred picture should happen to be there. I knew there were many there; and, as we got nearer and nearer to the place, I wished the whole gallery in the crater of Vesuvius. To mend the matter, it was a stormy dismal evening when we, at last, approached that part of the Riviera. It thundered; and the thunder of my city and its environs, rolling among the high hills, is very loud. The lizards ran in and out of the chinks in the broken stone wall of the garden, as if they were frightened; the frogs bubbled and croaked their loudest; the sea-wind moaned, and the wet trees dripped; and the lightning—body of San Lorenzo, how it lightened!

We all know what an old palazzo in or near Genoa is—how time and the sea air have blotted it—how the drapery painted on the outer walls has peeled off in great flakes of plaster—how the lower windows are darkened with rusty bars of iron—how the courtyard is overgrown with grass—how the outer buildings are dilapidated—how the whole pile seems devoted to ruin. Our palazzo was one of the true kind. It

had been shut up close for months. Months?—years! It had an earthy smell, like a tomb. The scent of the orange-trees on the broad back terrace, and of the lemons ripening on the wall, and of some shrubs that grew around a broken fountain, had got into the house somehow, and had never been able to get out again. There it was, in every room, an aged smell, grown faint with confinement. It pined in all the cupboards and drawers. In the little rooms of communication between great rooms, it was stifling. If you turned a picture—to come back to the pictures—there it still was, clinging to the wall behind the frame, like a sort of bat.

The lattice-blinds were close shut, all over the house. There were two ugly grey old women in the house, to take care of it; one of them with a spindle, who stood winding and mumbling in the doorway, and who would as soon have let in the devil as the air. Master, mistress, *la bella Carolina*, and I, went all through the palazzo. I went first, though I have named myself last, opening the windows and the lattice-blinds, and shaking down on myself splashes of rain, and scraps of mortar, and now and then a dozing mosquito, or a monstrous, fat, blotchy, Genoese spider.

When I had let the evening light into a room, master, mistress, and *la bella Carolina*, entered. Then, we looked round at all the pictures, and I went forward again into another room. Mistress secretly had great fear of meeting with the likeness of that face—we all had; but there was no such thing. The Madonna and Bambino, San Francisco, San Sebastiano, Venus, Santa Caterina, Angels, Brigands, Friars, Temples at Sunset, Battles, White Horses, Forests, Apostles, Doges, all my old acquaintance many times repeated?—yes. Dark handsome man in black, reserved and secret, with black hair and grey moustache, looking fixedly at mistress out of darkness?—no.

At last we got through all the rooms and all the pictures,

and came out into the gardens. They were pretty well kept, being rented by a gardener, and were large and shady. In one place, there was a rustic theatre, open to the sky; the stage a green slope: the coulisses, three entrances upon a side, sweet-smelling leafy screens. Mistress moved her bright eyes, even there, as if she looked to see the face come in upon the scene: but all was well.

"Now Clara," master said, in a low voice, "you see that it is nothing? You are happy."

Mistress was much encouraged. She soon accustomed herself to that grim palazzo, and would sing, and play the harp, and copy the old pictures, and stroll with master under the green trees and vines, all day. She was beautiful. He was happy. He would laugh and say to me, mounting his horse for his morning ride before the heat:

"All goes well, Baptista!"

"Yes, signore, thank God; very well!"

We kept no company. I took la bella to the Duomo and Annunciata, to the Café, to the Opera, to the village Festa, to the Public Garden, to the Day Theatre, to the Marionetti. The pretty little one was charmed with all she saw. She learnt Italian—heavens! miraculously! Was mistress quite forgetful of that dream? I asked Carolina sometimes. Nearly, said la bella—almost. It was wearing out.

One day master received a letter, and called me.

"Baptista!"

"Signore."

"A gentleman who is presented to me will dine here to day. He is called the Signor Dellombra. Let me dine like a prince."

It was an odd name. I did not know that name. But, there had been many noblemen and gentlemen pursued by Austria on political suspicions, lately, and some names had

changed. Perhaps this was one. Altro! Dellombra was as good a name to me as another.

When the Signor Dellombra came to dinner (said the Genoese courier in the low voice, into which he had subsided once before), I showed him into the reception-room, the great sala of the old palazzo. Master received him with cordiality, and presented him to mistress. As she rose, her face changed, she gave a cry, and fell upon the marble floor.

Then, I turned my head to the Signor Dellombra, and saw that he was dressed in black, and had a reserved and secret air, and was a dark remarkable-looking man, with black hair and a grey moustache.

Master raised mistress in his arms, and carried her to her own room, where I sent la bella Carolina straight. La bella told me afterwards that mistress was nearly terrified to death, and that she wandered in her mind about her dream, all night.

Master was vexed and anxious — almost angry, and yet full of solicitude. The Signor Dellombra was a courtly gentleman, and spoke with great respect and sympathy of mistress's being so ill. The African wind had been blowing for some days, (they had told him at his hôtel of the Maltese Cross), and he knew that it was often hurtful. He hoped the beautiful lady would recover soon. He begged permission to retire, and to renew his visit when he should have the happiness of hearing that she was better. Master would not allow of this, and they dined alone.

He withdrew early. Next day he called at the gate, on horseback, to inquire for mistress. He did so two or three times in that week.

What I observed myself, and what la bella Carolina told me, united to explain to me that master had now set his mind on curing mistress of her fanciful terror. He was all kindness, but he was sensible and firm. He reasoned with her, that to

encourage such fancies was to invite melancholy, if not madness. That it rested with herself to be herself. That if she once resisted her strange weakness, so successfully as to receive the Signor Dellombra as an English lady would receive any other guest, it was for ever conquered. To make an end, the Signor came again, and mistress received him without marked distress (though with constraint and apprehension still), and the evening passed serenely. Master was so delighted with this change, and so anxious to confirm it, that the Signor Dellombra became a constant guest. He was accomplished in pictures, books, and music; and his society, in any grim palazzo, would have been welcome.

I used to notice, many times, that mistress was not quite recovered. She would cast down her eyes and droop her head, before the Signor Dellombra, or would look at him with a terrified and fascinated glance, as if his presence had some evil influence or power upon her. Turning from her to him, I used to see him in the shaded gardens, or the large half-lighted sala, looking, as I might say, "fixedly upon her out of darkness." But, truly, I had not forgotten la bella Carolina's words describing the face in the dream.

After his second visit I heard master say :

"Now see, my dear Clara, it's over! Dellombra has come and gone, and your apprehension is broken like glass."

"Will he—will he ever come again?" asked mistress.

"Again? Why, surely, over and over again! Are you cold?" (She shivered.)

"No, dear—but—he terrifies me: are you sure that he need come again?"

"The surer for the question, Clara!" replied master, cheerfully.

But, he was very hopeful of her complete recovery now, and grew more and more so every day. She was beautiful. He was happy.

"All goes well, Baptista?" he would say to me again.

"Yes, signore, thank God; very well."

We were all (said the Genoese courier, constraining himself to speak a little louder), we were all at Rome for the Carnival. I had been out, all day, with a Sicilian, a friend of mine and a courier, who was there with an English family. As I returned at night to our hôtel, I met the little Carolina, who never stirred from home alone, running distractedly along the Corso.

"Carolina! What's the matter?"

"O Baptista! Oh, for the Lord's sake! where is my mistress?"

"Mistress, Carolina?"

"Gone since morning—told me, when master went out on his day's journey, not to call her, for she was tired with not resting in the night (having been in pain), and would lie in bed until the evening; then get up refreshed. She is gone!—she is gone! Master has come back, broken down the door, and she is gone! My beautiful, my good, my innocent mistress!"

The pretty little one so cried, and raved, and tore herself, that I could not have held her, but for her swooning on my arm as if she had been shot. Master came up—in manner, face, or voice, no more the master that I knew, than I was he. He took me (I laid the little one upon her bed in the hôtel, and left her with the chamber-women), in a carriage, furiously through the darkness, across the desolate Campagna. When it was day, and we stopped at a miserable posthouse, all the horses had been hired twelve hours ago, and sent away in different directions. Mark me!—by the Signor Dellombra, who had passed there in a carriage, with a frightened English lady crouching in one corner.

I never heard (said the Genoese courier, drawing a long

breath) that she was ever traced beyond that spot. All I know is, that she vanished into infamous oblivion, with the dreaded face beside her that she had seen in her dream.

“What do you call *that*?” said the German courier, triumphantly: “Ghosts! There are no ghosts *there*! What do you call this, that I am going to tell you? Ghosts! There are no ghosts *here*!”

I took an engagement once (pursued the German courier) with an English gentleman, elderly and a bachelor, to travel through my country, my Fatherland. He was a merchant who traded with my country and knew the language, but who had never been there since he was a boy—as I judge, some sixty years before.

His name was James, and he had a twin-brother John, also a bachelor. Between these brothers there was a great affection. They were in business together, at Goodman’s Fields, but they did not live together. Mr. James dwelt in Poland Street, turning out of Oxford Street, London. Mr. John resided by Epping Forest.

Mr. James and I were to start for Germany in about a week. The exact day depended on business. Mr. John came to Poland Street (where I was staying in the house), to pass that week with Mr. James. But, he said to his brother on the second day, “I don’t feel very well, James. There’s not much the matter with me; but I think I am a little gouty. I’ll go home and put myself under the care of my old housekeeper, who understands my ways. If I get quite better, I’ll come back and see you before you go. If I don’t feel well enough to resume my visit where I leave it off, why *you* will come and see *me* before you go.” Mr. James, of course, said he would, and they shook hands—both hands, as they always did—

and Mr. John ordered out his old-fashioned chariot and rumbled home.

It was on the second night after that—that is to say, the fourth in the week—when I was awake out of my sound sleep by Mr. James coming into my bedroom in his flannel-gown, with a lighted candle. He sat upon the side of my bed, and looking at me, said:

“Wilhelm, I have reason to think I have got some strange illness upon me.”

I then perceived that there was a very unusual expression in his face.

“Wilhelm,” said he, “I am not afraid or ashamed to tell you, what I might be afraid or ashamed to tell another man. You come from a sensible country, where mysterious things are inquired into, and are not settled to have been weighed and measured—or to have been unweighable and unmeasurable—or in either case to have been completely disposed of, for all time—ever so many years ago. I have just now seen the phantom of my brother.”

I confess (said the German courier) that it gave me a little tingling of the blood to hear it.

“I have just now seen,” Mr James repeated, looking full at me, that I might see how collected he was, “the phantom of my brother John. I was sitting up in bed, unable to sleep, when it came into my room, in a white dress, and, regarding me earnestly, passed up to the end of the room, glanced at some papers on my writing-desk, turned, and, still looking earnestly at me as it passed the bed, went out at the door. Now, I am not in the least mad, and am not in the least disposed to invest that phantom with any external existence out of myself. I think it is a warning to me that I am ill; and I think I had better be bled.”

I got out of bed directly (said the German courier) and

began to get on my clothes, begging him not to be alarmed, and telling him that I would go myself to the doctor. I was just ready, when we heard a loud knocking and ringing at the street door. My room being an attic at the back, and Mr. James's being the second-floor room in the front, we went down to his room, and put up the window, to see what was the matter.

"Is that Mr. James?" said a man below, falling back to the opposite side of the way to look up.

"It is," said Mr. James; "and you are my brother's man, Robert."

"Yes, sir. I am sorry to say, sir, that Mr. John is ill. He is very bad, sir. It is even feared that he may be lying at the point of death. He wants to see you, sir. I have a chaise here. Pray come to him. Pray lose no time."

Mr. James and I looked at one another. "Wilhelm," said he, "this is strange. I wish you to come with me!" I helped him to dress, partly there and partly in the chaise; and no grass grew under the horses' iron shoes between Poland Street and the Forest.

Now, mind! (said the German courier.) I went with Mr. James into his brother's room, and I saw and heard myself what follows.

His brother lay upon his bed, at the upper end of a long bed-chamber. His old housekeeper was there, and others were there: I think three others were there, if not four, and they had been with him since early in the afternoon. He was in white, like the figure—necessarily so, because he had his night-dress on. He looked like the figure—necessarily so, because he looked earnestly at his brother when he saw him come into the room.

But, when his brother reached the bed-side, he slowly raised himself in bed, and looking full upon him, said these words:

"JAMES, YOU HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE, TO-NIGHT—AND YOU KNOW IT!"

And so died!

I waited, when the German courier ceased, to hear something said of this strange story. The silence was unbroken. I looked round, and the five couriers were gone: so noiselessly that the ghostly mountain might have absorbed them into its eternal snows. By this time, I was by no means in a mood to sit alone in that awful scene, with the chill air coming solemnly upon me—or, if I may tell the truth, to sit alone anywhere. So I went back into the convent-parlour, and, finding the American gentleman still disposed to relate the biography of the Honourable Ananias Dodger, heard it all out.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

MAN walked in Eden ; gorgeous, fair, and gay,
Earth like a mighty smile around him spread.
Crime had not marred one hue, or dimmed one ray,
And fresh the bloom young Life on all things shed ;
The flowers ne'er died, the dews they bore were pearls,
Each streamlet seemed a harp ; and high o'erhead
The clouds, gold-tinged, hung rich as angels' curls ;
On nectar-plants the dainty breezes fed :
Glory and light, and loveliness and grace,
Beamed in glad Nature's new-created face !

Man stood within this wilderness of sweets,
A loveless, sad, and solitary thing ;
The Seraph hovering o'er those radiant seats,
The Cherub sitting by the silver spring,
Seemed not his meet companions ; soul and eye
Asked other friend to which the heart might cling,
Returning love for love, and sigh for sigh,
Without whom no delight long day could bring :
Tuneless went up sweet Nature's evening hymn,
And Night's sky-gemming stars were cold and dim !

A flood of golden beams o'er Eden's bowers,
As if a new-formed sun that moment rose ;
A burst of incense from ten thousand flowers,
As all their souls had started from repose ;
A peal of music melting down the air,
As though Heaven's crystal portals did uncloze,
And seraph-lutes were softly ringing there—
Strains that might soothe th' unblest amid their woes :
And Woman, perfecting Creation's plan,
Woke into life, the radiant mate of man !

Wondering he gazed, and saw, as in a glass,
All beauties in that face reflected clear ;
The bosom's alabaster, hair's black mass,
Touching her heel, the dark eye's speechless tear,
Attracted—won him ; but the soul and heart,
Gentle, and pure, and true, did more endear,
And so he clasped her, never more to part—
The sharer of his joys and sorrows here,
Lightener of toil, the soother of his sigh,
The angel-partner of eternity !

FALSE LOVE AND TRUE LOVE.

BY MISS POWER.

It is ten years to-day since my first husband died ; *pauvre cher homme !* Unwilling as I was to consent to the marriage, I can honestly say that the four years I was his wife were the first really happy ones I ever knew ; the day he died, one of the bitterest sorrow.

Certainly our union did not, as I thought, promise much felicity. I was seventeen, the marquis sixty-eight. I, brought up in a convent, knowing nothing of the world, but, as is usual in such cases, imagining it a paradise of delights, where one met every day with the most enchanting and romantic adventures ; he, old, gouty, and infirm, every way apparently as anti-romantic as it was possible to be. But my parents had willed it so, and in France the will of parents, in such cases, is absolute ; they, though noble, were reduced by various circumstances to but slender means : what little they had to leave, they wished to bestow, as far as they could, on my brother, and I, when old enough, was to take the veil in the convent where I was educated.

As it was some distance from my home, I only returned to the paternal roof on stated, and not very frequent, occasions. I may have been wrong—I hope I was—but I could never divest myself of the idea that I was not cordially and really welcome there. My father and mother doted on my brother, and seemed, I fancied, to look upon me as somewhat

de trop, as a sort of supernumerary, come to take away a portion of the already narrow income they deemed wholly insufficient to meet the wants and wishes of their darling, and support, with proper *éclat*, the dignity of their ancient name ; not that they were unkind to me, but they greeted my arrival with little real warmth, treated me with a sort of easy indifference, always made me yield to Gaston in our childish plays and squabbles, and saw me depart, generally for an absence of some months, without more emotion than they had displayed at my coming.

I remember one *fête de Pâques*, which arrived just before my seventeenth birthday. I was sent for to come and spend it at home. This summons a good deal surprised me, as having passed Christmas and the *jour de l'an* at Armanteuil, our family residence, where, owing to their reduced fortunes, my parents spent all the year, instead of going, as in their wealthier days, to Paris for the winter, I did not expect to go there before the *fête Dieu* at the very earliest. However, at my age, anything like a change and a holiday was welcome, and hastily packing up what was necessary, I departed with the old servant, who had been sent to escort me, and in due time arrived at Armanteuil. My father met me at the door of the château, a very unusual attention on his part, and, kissing me on both cheeks, led me into the *salon*, where sat my mother with an old gentleman, who rose on my entrance, and was presented to me as the Marquis de Montaland, an old friend of the family, who had lately returned to France, after an absence of many years, and was now staying at Armanteuil on a visit.

Next day, when the marquis and my father were gone out, my mother sent for me to her room, and, dismissing her attendant, bid me take a place by her side on her *chaise longue*, as she wished to speak to me. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, I obeyed, when, taking my hand, she said, "My dear child, as you are aware, your father and I intended you for a conventual

life ; but circumstances have changed our plans on that subject, and we have considered it desirable that, a most excellent and unobjectionable occasion offering, you should instead, accept it, and marry."

"Marry !" I exclaimed, interrupting her ; "Marry whom ? I know no one. I——"

"It is not at all necessary you should," replied my mother, dryly ; "every well-brought up young lady knows, as you ought to do, that her parents alone are the proper persons to find out a *parti convenable* for her, and that she has nothing to do but to accept it with gratitude when found : the one in question is everything that we could desire ; the gentleman's lineage is as good even as our own ; his fortune large ; his liberality such that he refuses to hear of a *dot* ; his character unimpeachable, his manners and address *distingués* in the highest degree ; but of that you, young as you are, can form an estimate already, for the Marquis de Montaland is the gentleman, who having received our assent claims your hand."

"The Marquis de Montaland !" I cried. "Why, he is much older than papa ! Oh, maman, *chère* maman ! indeed I could not marry him !"

"Hortense !" exclaimed my mother, drawing up, "you surprise me. M. de Montaland is not young, it is true, but what has that to do with the question ? You will have everything that a young person well brought up can require to make her happy ; you will have a noble name, a *salon* frequented by the most distinguished personages of the day, *des beaux équipages, des bijoux, des cachemires* : what more can any *femme comme il faut* possibly desire ? Let me hear no more childish nonsense, *c'est une affaire faite* ; the marquis is satisfied with your appearance and manners, which was the only thing wanting to render the arrangements complete, and in three weeks the marriage is to take place."

There was nothing more, I knew, to be said on the subject. I smothered the rebellious beatings of my young heart. I tried, I am half ashamed to confess it, to console myself with the picture of domestic happiness drawn by my mother, and in three weeks I became the Marquise de Montaland.

From the day of our marriage I never had cause to regret it. My husband, as fully conscious as myself, perhaps more so, of the disparity of our ages, ever treated me with the tenderness of an indulgent father, to a beloved and only child, adding to it a delicacy, a series of *petits soins*, calculated to remove any objections his fine tact could not but teach I must feel in entering on such an alliance. His highly-cultivated mind, his excellent heart, his knowledge of men and manners, rendered him the most delightful of companions; and his greatest pleasure consisted in encouraging me to converse with him, in gently and almost imperceptibly drawing forth my ideas, opinions, and feelings, and correcting the many erroneous and childish views my incomplete and secluded education and existence had created.

We lived almost entirely in the country, much to the surprise, and not less to the dissatisfaction of my mother, who said I might as well have remained in the convent, as lead so hermit-like a life, away from all the gaieties of the capital, the brilliant *salons*, the splendid toilettes, the triumphs of wealth, and rank, and position, which had formed in her and my father's eyes the sole advantages of the marriage.

For myself, having had no experience of these delights, I thought but little of them; I enjoyed a liberty as new as it was enchanting; I had not a wish ungratified; all my tastes were studied by my husband, all my better feelings brought into play; his love of literature, his careful selection of such as was most innocent, most elevating, and most strengthening to the mind; most pleasing, and at the same time, most purifying to

the imagination, gave me in reading a resource of invaluable worth; while, above all, his strong religious feelings, gently but firmly insinuated into my young and ductile mind, formed a safeguard and a guide to all my thoughts and actions.

Three years and a half of this enchanted existence passed away, almost without a cloud, but at the end of that time my husband's health, never strong, began to break perceptibly, and day by day he became weaker and more infirm. One day I was sitting by his *fauteuil*, reading to him, when, fancying, by his extreme stillness, he had fallen asleep, I paused, and gently laid down the book; he looked round with his usual fond smile.

"I thought you were asleep, *cher ami*," I said; "shall I go on?"

"*Non, mon enfant*," thus he always called me. "I want you as usual to be my secretary. I wish you to write to my cousin, Ernest d'Ermonville, and tell him I wish much to see him; bring your writing-book here, and I will dictate to you."

I did as he directed, and the letter was written and despatched to Paris by the next post.

"As I have never talked to you of my affairs, *mon enfant*," said my husband, when the epistle was completed, "you are not, I daresay, aware that my second cousin, Ernest d'Ermonville, is the heir to a considerable portion of my property; as, beside this, I have the means to make an ample provision for you, *chère enfant*, I do not regret his being so, as, though yet quite a young man, Ernest is a model of prudence, honour, and good sense, united to the kindest heart and the most amiable disposition; his relationship with me, and his being my heir, will, when I am gone—and that, my child, must soon be—give him a sort of right, or at all events a privilege, to interest himself in your affairs, advise and counsel you, and, to a certain degree, supply the want of experience your youth and secluded existence have rendered it impossible for you to acquire. Trust

yourself, therefore, to his guidance, my Hortense, in all matters where you feel your own judgment at fault in worldly matters ; for other and higher concerns, you will have the same light and support when I am no more as you have now, though even there you will feel yourself on familiar ground with Ernest, should you wish to strengthen your own opinions or ideas by the aid of his clear sense of right and wrong, and enlightened conscience. I have sent for him now, that you may learn to know and appreciate each other, and that I may, ere I leave you, feel that it is to a beloved friend, and not to a stranger, I bequeath the charge of your youth and innocence."

Tender, thoughtful, considerate, as was this speech, it gave me a degree of pain I could not, and indeed dared not, speak. Every word of it expressed an idea from which, though it had occasionally flashed upon me, I had turned with an acute pang,—the idea that I was about, probably very shortly, to lose the being who had been to me father, husband, friend, counsellor, and companion ; who alone, in my hitherto unloved and neglected life, had treated me with unvarying affection, attention, and confidence ; to whom I owed the only years of real happiness I had yet enjoyed. I could but take his hand, press it to my lips and heart, and quit the room to hide the tears that would not be checked.

Ere long, Ernest d'Ermonville arrived. He was, perhaps, about eight-and-twenty, but appeared somewhat older from an habitual expression of thoughtfulness, and a quietness of deportment unusual to my countrymen, more especially at so early an age. Without being handsome, his countenance was particularly agreeable, especially when he smiled ; his voice, deep and well modulated ; his manners, like my husband's, polished, easy, and calculated to inspire confidence ; and I felt at once the desire and the hope to secure the friendship and good-will of

one whose favourable opinion I was assured was well worth the seeking.

Weeks passed away, and Ernest still remained, vying with me in tender care and anxious attention to the beloved object of our mutual solicitude, for the attachment that subsisted between my husband and his young cousin was more like that of father and son than of such comparatively slight relationship. Vain, however, were all our cares; vain our attempts to keep death from his prey; the beloved invalid sunk gradually, yet perceptibly, and died, calmly and without a struggle.

It was the first time I had seen death; the first time I had followed, step by step, the departure from a human creature of that intangible thing—life, that spark which “no man can tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth;” which constitutes the difference between the being we love, we cling to, we confide in, who thinks of us, looks at us with fond eyes, speaks to us tender words, and the dull, cold, inert mass, that neither thinks, nor feels, nor moves; which we approach with the desire to love and embrace, but from which, despite our efforts and our self-reproach, we shrink with shuddering dread, when our lips touch the cold, damp, stiff ones, whose icy, unresponding contact sends their chill to our very souls. My first sensation, as the last ray of existence was still fluttering in the muscles of my husband’s face, was of the *impossibility* that what I saw could indeed be death—not the physical impossibility, but an inability of my own mind to grasp the fact; the next, when all was over, a rushing, overpowering consciousness of it. I have heard people, as I did on that occasion, say that the corpse looked just as if asleep; this has always, since I have seen death, seemed to me one of the vulgarest errors of commonplace that ever existed. There is not one of our senses, moral or physical, that does not reject the comparison, that does not whisper thrillingly to our whole being,—death! death! death! And God

meant that it should be so. He meant that when He took back the divine spark that He alone could give, we should feel in every nerve that it was indeed gone, and that, deprived of it, the earthly tenement should be a thing of naught, "Dust to dust," possessed not even of the physical power of the meanest and smallest insect, of the unconscious existence of the weed ! No, death in itself is a transition more awful, more incomprehensible, than can be conceived by those who have never witnessed it, and never, never to be forgotten in its minutest details by those who have.

After my husband's death I continued to reside at Roubillac, the spot where my happiest days had passed, and where everything was associated with his memory.

Without pretending to judge the feelings of others, I never, for myself, could understand the desire to chase from our eyes and thoughts these associations with the beloved dead. I like to make their memories familiar to me, to think of them as "not lost, but gone before," to habituate myself to see objects that remind me of them, to hear their names pronounced, to speak of them often, and tenderly more than sadly ; not to raise up a barrier between their memories and me, as if some sin, some disgrace, some dark and impassable gulf, were for ever fixed between us. When *the corpse*, that unmistakable evidence of the separation that has taken place on earth, is gently placed away out of my sight, that the green grass and the flowers wave over it, and the sun smiles and the boughs droop above it, I go back to the days before that last sight shocked my weak humanity, and I think of the beloved as in life, more solemnly, but without horror or shrinkingly ; their grave seems to be a resting-place, where I can sit and think of them, a resort, hallowed, not haunted, by their memories, a shrine where something dear is deposited, and from which some faint emanation of their presence still proceeds ; and I think this

feeling may to a great degree, and certainly ought, to be cultivated. It would save much morbid sensibility, much unchristian despair, many of those acute pangs which must at intervals come on those who morally "bury their dead out of their sight," when the associations they are ever seeking to avoid are by some accident forced on them. But it is vain to reason on the feelings of others, or to attempt to generalise them under such circumstances—a hopeless task to dictate to the heart.

* * * * *

Two years passed away in almost complete solitude, my only companion being my *sœur de lait*, Lisette, a girl who had grown up with me, shared my studies, accompanied me to Roubillac on my marriage, and who, from her tender attachment to me, her intelligence and right feelings, and her natural refinement of mind and taste, was a far more suitable one than many of my own rank might have proved. Occasionally I received visits from my parents and my brother, but they all complained of the dulness of the château; and having vainly endeavoured to induce me to enter into a gayer mode of life, abandoned me to my own fancies with a sort of pitying contempt. Two or three times, Ernest, having business, both of his own and mine to transact, for he had taken all the painful and troublesome details of the succession off my hands, had come down to Roubillac. At first he was, as I had ever known him, kind, attentive, treating me with an almost fraternal regard, but later, his manner, why I knew not, changed; he became more formal, more distant, less cordial, and I observed an unevenness in his spirits, a capriciousness in his whole demeanour, totally different to the composure, the even cheerfulness, that was the distinguishing trait of his character.

Vainly did I seek to discover the cause of a change so unlooked for, vainly examine my own words, my own actions, for

some grounds of offence towards him. I could reproach myself with nothing, and a sort of instinctive feeling of shyness prevented my questioning him on the subject. Still it occupied me; constantly, as I sat at work, or wandered in the garden with a book, the volume was laid aside, and Ernest's altered looks and tones became the theme of my meditations. Probably, had I lived in the world, surrounded by its gaieties and distractions, the circumstance, though even then a cause for surprise and regret, would have soon been banished from my thoughts, but as it was, it took a hold upon them that increased daily; and, had I examined my own heart, I should have found in it an interest deeper and warmer than the friendly one I still believed to be the sole sentiment I entertained for him.

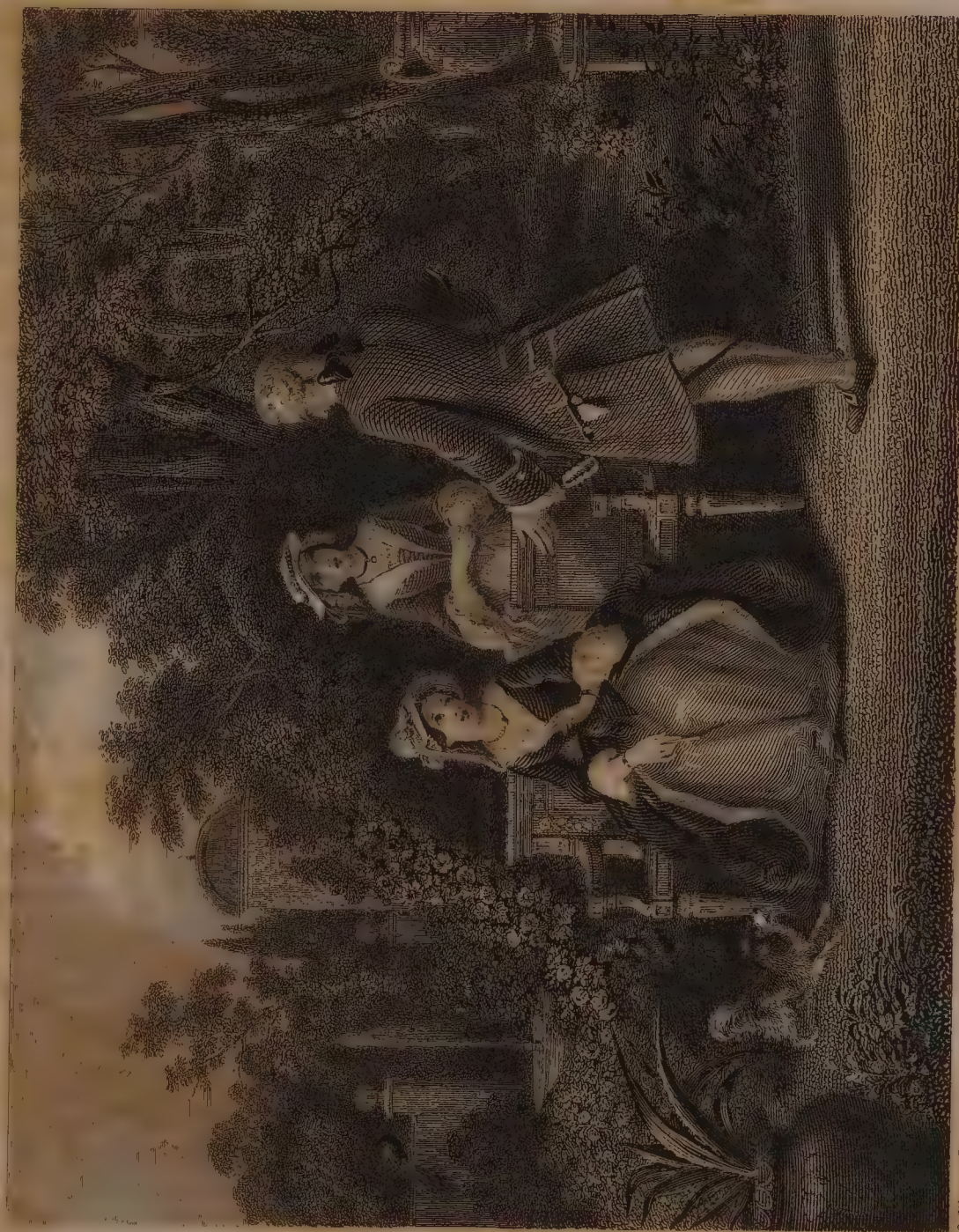
While my mind was in this state, he suddenly arrived at Roubillac. I had not seen him for nearly three months, and the change in his looks was so perceptible, that I was startled by it; and in my real anxiety, forgetting the sort of embarrassment his altered manner had produced between us, I questioned him earnestly and closely on the subject. He sought to evade my demands, but as I continued to press them, suddenly throwing off the self-command he had hitherto exercised, he exclaimed, passionately, "Yes, I am ill,—I am wretched, more than I can tell,—more than you, innocent, happy, pure, as you are, can dream of! Ask me no more, Hortense; from you, of all others, I would conceal the miserable secret of my own culpable, my own fatal weakness! Hortense, I have come to see you, for the last time perhaps—the last for many years at least; let us be to each other, as we were while my cousin yet lived, as brother and sister, as familiar friends, that when we are separated, I may look back to this last meeting as one of peace and innocent enjoyment; *n'est-ce-pas, ma cousine?*" he added, with a feeble smile, that flitted over his worn and sharpened features with a sickly light.

I know not what I answered; I was startled beyond measure at his words, his manner, his looks, and, above all, an instinct that found a thrilling response in my own heart. Yes, I loved him, and surely I was beloved!—and so overpowering was the discovery—so fraught with joy and emotion, that for the moment my mind could not seize the idea of the separation he spoke of. How the day passed I can hardly tell; the next he was to return to Paris. After the burst of feeling into which my questions had hurried him, he had, as much as possible, resumed with me the manner of other days; we never reverted to the future, never spoke further of his intentions; and I trembled at the idea of seeing him depart without our coming to an explanation of some sort.

On the morrow, as the hour for his leaving Roubillac approached, the cloud grew darker on his brow, and his manner, though still kind, became more constrained, as though he felt the necessity of nerving himself for the final moment.

We were in the garden—Lisette, who always remained near me, standing behind my seat—when the sound of horses' feet coming into the *cour*, warned us that the moment each so dreaded had arrived. My heart sunk within me, as Ernest, with a self-command I struggled to imitate, and which perhaps in both of us was aided by the presence of Lisette, prepared to bid me adieu. His words were few, but there was a solemnity in his tone and manner as he breathed them, that struck me with the awe of a last parting, and then he was gone: schooling my voice to bid Lisette return to the house on some trifling errand, I sought the most retired part of the grounds, and gave way, in a passionate flood of tears, to the tumult that for the last two days had agitated my whole being.

A period of sensations as new as they were bitter followed: I felt like one who just discovers a treasure to see it torn from his eager grasp, without a word of explanation or a hope of

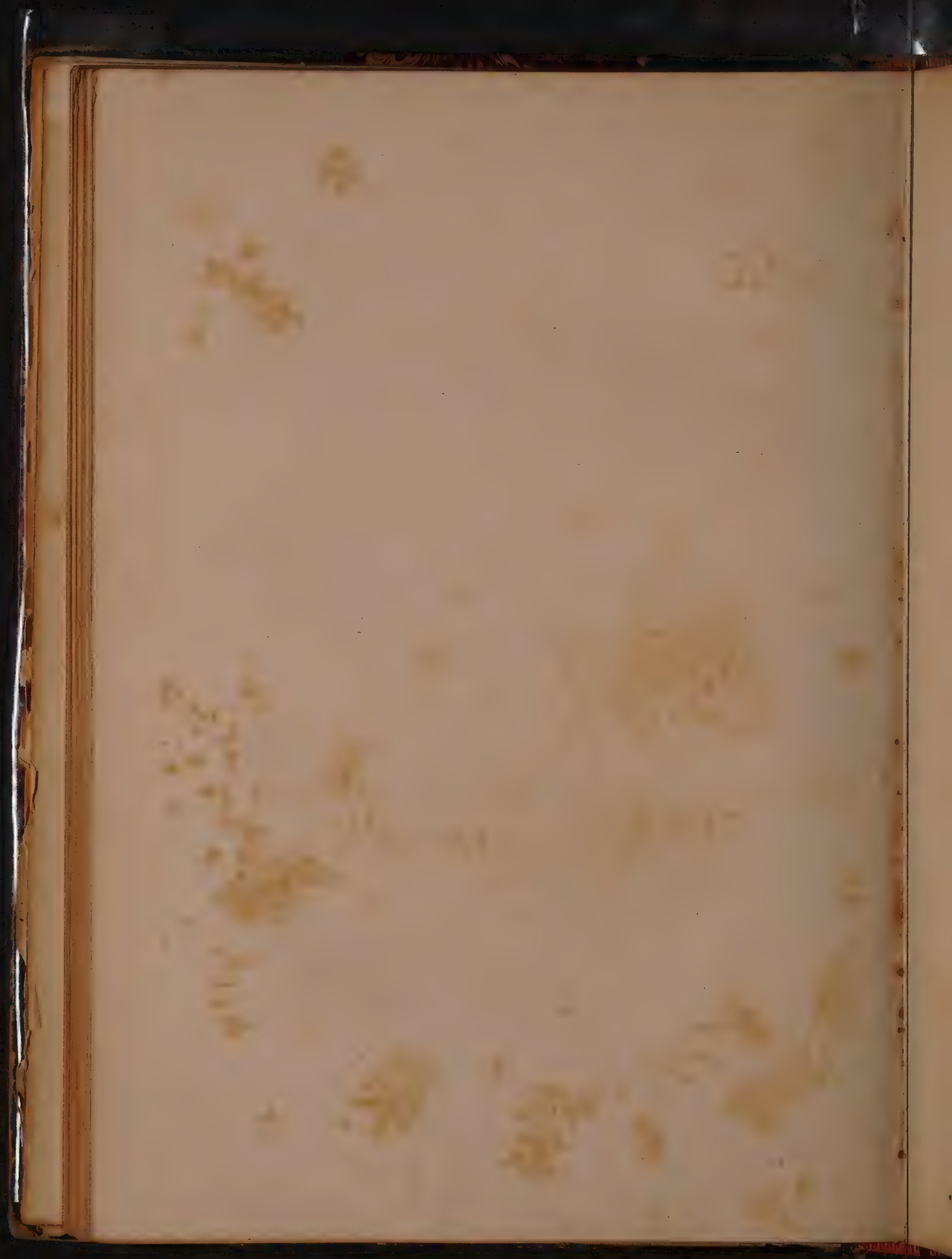


C. Weigall

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recovering it. That Ernest loved me, I felt convinced; but why not confess it? What was the barrier between us? We were equals in wealth and station; our ages, our tastes, our tempers, perfectly assimilated: I was free, and never had I, either from Ernest himself, or from my husband, heard of any legitimate tie that could bind him; as to any other, my knowledge of his strict principles, not only of morality, but of religion, assured me it would be an insult to suspect the existence of such, and I racked my brain, day and night, to discover the cause of his avoidance of me, the secret contained in that speech which at the time I hardly heard or comprehended, but which, afterwards, came back to me, word by word, tone by tone, with all the energy of grief with which it was spoken.

One day I was sitting alone on the garden-seat, where we had parted, and which was not my favourite resort, when the sound of horses' hoofs, entering the court, struck on my ear. How short a time before had the same sound, at the same spot, so cruelly dashed to the ground the last drop of hope and happiness that Ernest's presence left me, and, insignificant as was the circumstance, it struck home to my heart! In a few moments more, the echo of approaching footsteps caused me to turn my head, and I beheld—the beloved object of my meditations—Ernest himself, no longer pale and with contracted brow, but radiant with joy, hope, and affection, advancing towards me!—I could but pronounce his name, extend my hand, and bursting into a flood of tears, sink into the arms that were opened to receive me!

That day I became his affianced wife, and he explained to me the cause of his grief, his self-reproaches, and his mysterious avoidance of me, from the moment he became conscious of the nature of his feelings towards me. The history was brief, and is best related in his own words.

“I must tell you, my Hortense,” he said, “a tale which

will not, I fear, raise my good sense or judgment in your estimation, and will show you how weak, how vain, and how easily deceived men may be by an artful and ambitious woman.

"About four years ago, I became acquainted with a M. Latour, *un ancien militaire*, of high character and proved courage, but who, notwithstanding his acknowledged services and many wounds, was, with his only child, living in very straitened circumstances, in a small *appartement* in Paris.

"Having had it in my power to render him some trifling service, through my uncle, who was then *Ministre de la Guerre*, our acquaintance became more intimate, and he introduced me to his daughter. Eugénie Latour was one of the handsomest girls I have ever seen; slight, graceful, fair, with large blue eyes, now full of melting softness, now sparkling with arch *espièglerie*; her voice, a rich contralto, went straight to the heart, and being a first-rate musician, it was modulated with as much skill as sentiment. Struck by her beauty and the charm of her music, I returned again and again. I was not in love—nay, smile not incredulously, my Hortense—I admired her, I thought her amiable and clever, and there was an attraction about her face and her voice, and her lithe figure, that I acknowledged, and yet I felt she was not the woman for whom I could feel that deep, earnest, confiding love, which alone is worthy the name; there was a something studied even in her grace, a want of depth in her sentiment, of steadiness in her opinions; in short, of reality in all that she did and said, that I was sensible of, without taking the trouble to analyse my feelings; and I continued to visit at the house, and to listen to her music, without ever entertaining a serious thought concerning her.

"One summer evening I had dropped in, and after I had been conversing some time with her father, Eugénie went as usual to the piano, and began to sing at his request; the

music and the heat producing a soporific effect on the old soldier, his head dropped on his breast, and seeing that our conversation was at an end, I approached the piano. As Eugénie swept her white fingers languidly over the cords, and sung some old ballad slowly and dreamily, her blue eyes swimming with that peculiar softness they sometimes assumed, her lips parted, her cheek, somewhat pale from the heat, but transparently fair, her wavy golden hair pushed back from her brow for coolness, I could not but gaze on the beautiful girl with an admiration that partook more of sentiment than it had ever done before. She looked up and caught my gaze riveted upon her, and in an instant the blood mounted to her cheek and brow, and running her fingers rapidly over the instrument, she began to play a brilliant march. That evening I went home, feeling for Eugénie a warmer, a softer sentiment, than I had ever thought it possible she could inspire in my breast; that look, that blush of hers, had for me a natural eloquence far more speaking than all the studied graces I had beheld unmoved; and beside—this caused a more anxious feeling—did not her emotion betray a consciousness, and not a disagreeable one, of my admiration?

“I resolved at once to diminish the frequency of my visits, not to encourage in my breast this sentiment, which I knew, if not nurtured, would prove but a passing one, but which, if fed by a constant intercourse with its fair object, might perhaps affect her peace and mine; and for the next fortnight I did not approach the house.

“At the end of that time I received your letter, my Hortense, requesting, on your husband’s part, my attendance here, and meeting M. Latour in the street, and being gently reproached by him for my absence, I promised to call on the following day, and kept my word. I found Eugénie alone on my entrance; she sprang from the piano, and with a tremor of manner, and

a blushing consciousness far different from her usual self-possession, requested me to be seated, as her father, who was for the instant engaged, would come to me in a moment: she was going to seek him, when, assuring her that my time was in no way occupied, and that I would willingly wait his leisure, she resumed her seat; and taking up some work, a somewhat embarrassing silence ensued.

"Wishing to break it, I said I feared this was the last occasion I should have of seeing her for some time, as I was going into the country for an indefinite period, to remain with a sick relative. '*Vous partez!*' she exclaimed. The work fell from her hands; and as I, to hide my confusion, and — shall I confess it? — some emotion, hastened to present it to her, our hands met, and fixing her full blue eyes upon me with a look of deep reproach, she burst into tears!

"What I said, what I did, I hardly know; the tears of the lovely girl fell like the spring rain on the bud of tenderness that had already laid its germ in my heart, and — must I own it? — my vanity perhaps, even more than my affection, was roused and flattered; and in a few moments I had poured out a glowing confession of my new-born passion, and was seated by the side of the now blushing and smiling Eugénie, when her father, entering the room, stood an astonished spectator of the scene. It was soon explained to him; and as the good old man shook my hand with tearful eyes and reiterated blessings, I felt I had, at all events, secured his happiness.

"As I considered it a sacred duty to keep my engagement to your husband, notwithstanding the new one I had formed, and as a variety of circumstances combined to render the performance of our marriage for some time difficult, it was agreed that our engagement should be kept secret for the present, and I came down here, as you know, and remained till the death of my poor cousin, and the arrangement of his affairs left me at

liberty to return to my *fiancée*. I found her more beautiful, more radiant than ever, and her reception was as warm as the most eager lover could desire. Some weeks passed away, and I saw no reason to regret my choice, if choice a contract into which I had so unexpectedly been hurried could be called, but at the end of that time, the old feeling of a something wanting in Eugénie began to return; her expressions of affection were constant and oft repeated, but in this, as in all else, there was the same absence of that assurance of depth and sincerity that alone can give the confidence of true regard. I tried to think I wronged her, tried to believe her words were true, always returned to the scene which had sealed our destiny, to convince myself that her feelings were genuine, and her affection what I then was persuaded it was, but in vain. Still the arrangements for our marriage advanced, and it was fixed to take place just a year from the time of our engagement, when a sudden event put a stop, for the time, to the carrying out of our plans. M. Latour was seized with a violent illness, and expired after a few days of severe suffering; and Eugénie, whose only relative was an aunt, who resided at Tours, was obliged to go there till the period of her mourning should have so far expired as to enable our marriage to be solemnised.

“Absent from Eugénie, away from the sight of her beauty, from the fascination of her charms, the exquisite music of her voice, I felt more acutely than ever, that apart from these attractions there was nothing more solid, more lasting, more deep, to cling to; I could not call to mind one sentiment, one expression of hers, that I could recall with pride or pleasure; one taste, except that for music, congenial with my own: and then, Hortense, in spite of myself, I compared my *fiancée* with you; I asked myself, Would she, were I ill and suffering, tend me as you tended the husband who, instead of being the lover

and the choice of your youth, was a man who might have been your grandfather, and who, three weeks before you married him, was an utter stranger to you? would she be content to reside in the country, apart from all society but mine? would she find healthful employment for mind and body in simple pursuits, and the cultivation of her intellect and her heart? No, none of these things were for her: every day I felt more deeply the mistake I had made; and as I became the more convinced how unfitted she was to secure my happiness, I saw, by contrast, how in you were united all the qualities I most loved and admired in woman.

“At length, the second period fixed for our marriage approached, and words cannot express the agonising struggle that then took place in my mind.

“It was at that time that I paid you my last visit; I could not resist the longing desire that possessed me to behold you once more, ere the fatal barrier that must for ever separate my destiny from yours was raised; then, Hortense, I guessed not that you shared my feelings; I thought that whatever that last meeting, that last parting, would cost me, you would feel no more than a passing regret, that you were not to see for some time the friend for whom I know you entertained a real regard. When, however, my own emotion woke yours — when your changing colour, your silence, your whole demeanour, so different, during those two days, to what it had ever been before, showed me what I might have won, what I had lost, no words can paint my feelings.

“But I was resolved to carry out the sacrifice, not by a fresh indulgence of my emotion to excite yours, and I left you without a word of what was passing in my heart.

“From here I proceeded at once to Tours. In a fortnight the bridal day was to arrive. Eugénie, to whom I had not

announced my intended visit, received me with a degree of embarrassment and even alarm, which surprised much more than it afflicted me.

“ ‘Did you not receive my letter?’ she inquired. I had had no letter from her for some time.

“ ‘I wrote to you nearly a week ago,’ she said. It was evident the epistle had arrived in Paris after I had quitted it for Roubillac. My visit was so obviously unwelcome, that I abridged it as much as possible, and returned to the hôtel where I had engaged rooms, my views very materially altered by what I had seen, and resolved to proceed with great caution before I completed a union which I began to perceive might not be any more in accordance with Eugénie’s feelings than with my own. The next day, determined to come to an explanation, I was proceeding to her aunt’s house, when I met, coming out of it, a man whom I had frequently seen in society in Paris, the Comte de Tournon, who enjoyed the reputation of having one of the largest fortunes, the emptiest head, and the most extensive stock of vanity, of any man of the Faubourg St. Germain. That such an individual should be on visiting terms with Madame de Villette, Eugénie’s aunt, who, though perfectly respectable, was not in a position to render it likely her society should have much attraction for the Comte de Tournon, struck me as strange: as I advanced, I looked up at the window, and saw Eugénie standing there, evidently following his figure with her eyes, and wholly unconscious of the vicinity of mine; he turned and looked up too—saw her gazing—took off his hat—and, with a smile of gratified vanity, pursued his way.

“ In a few moments more I was at the door, and was told—the ladies were not at home! I had nothing for it but to retrace my steps; and on arriving at the inn, I found a letter from Eugénie, which had been left while I was out, the same in

substance as the one she had written to Paris, and which, on my return there, I found. This epistle, as a master-piece of dissimulation, was really worthy of preservation. She told me, when she had so unguardedly betrayed the secret of her heart, she had guessed not the feelings of mine; that she was so overpowered with happiness at my declaration of affection, that she had, too credulously, too fondly, accepted, as a real attachment, a sentiment which she now believed was only drawn forth by an impulse of generosity and pity; that my changed manner had revealed to her that the union she once believed I desired as much as herself, was not one to secure my happiness, and that, therefore, she released me from an engagement she now knew was a chain that galled me, entreated me to see her no more, and bid me an eternal adieu. Enchanted as I was to be free, I would not accept my liberty on such terms; I proceeded at once to Madame de Villette's house, and, unannounced, entered the *salon*: there I beheld a party assembled,—a *notaire* was reading the *contrat de mariage* of M. le Comte de Tournon and Mademoiselle Eugénie Latour! I apologised for my abrupt entry, retreated, *et me voilà, chère et bonne Hortense*, come to entreat that you will take pity on the *pauvre délaissé!*”

THE MAIDEN AT THE SPRING.

BY WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

PLEASANTLY the morning sun
Through the elm-tops streams;
Brightly on the welling spring
The summer sunshine gleams;
Yet, as into her pitcher
The bubbling waters flow,
I hear the burden of her song,
In tones forlorn and low,—
“O did he ever love me! how could he leave me so!
He came but with the violet—the rose it saw him go.”

Merrily the linnet sings
In the leaves o'erhead;
Laughing springs the daisy up
From beneath her tread;
Yet still with gaze all vacant
She eyes the waters' flow,
And still the murmur of her song
Is soft, and sad, and low,—
“O did he ever love me! how could he leave me so!
He came but with the violet—the rose it saw him go.”

Hark ! her ear has caught a sound,
Footsteps quick and light,
Bounding down the hollow lane.
Ha ! who springs to sight ?
No more, no more she's gazing
Upon the fountain's flow ;
No more her voice is swelling on
That burden sad and low ;
Is he not by her side again, who grieved to leave her so ?
And he has come—has come again, no more, no more to go.

ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

TRAVELLING on the Nile is not one continuous poetic dream, when you do not come near any relics of antiquity. If you lose the Overland mail transit steamer, as I did, from being kept in quarantine through a mistake, and have to hire a *kandjia* to go from Pompey's Pillar to the Pyramids, you must make up your mind to be bored, for five or six days and nights, beyond all endurance.

On Monday morning, the 8th of October, 1849, finding that there would be no steamer for ten days, I determined to get up to Cairo as I could, and went down with my servant (a clever Piedmontese, attached to Rey's Hotel) to the water-side to select a boat. There are many always waiting to be hired here; and we selected one tolerably new and clean, fashioned something like a small city barge, but with two masts, fore and aft, and said to be a good sailer. The *reis*, or captain, asked four hundred piastres (a little more than four pounds) for the journey, but immediately took two hundred and fifty, with a promise of *backsheesh* if he and his crew behaved well. All the afternoon we were looking up our stores for the journey, which we packed in the useful, light, palm-wood crates, or *cafasses*, of Egypt. These consisted of the commonest knives, forks, plates, dishes, and glasses, a clay fireplace, a fryingpan, a coffee-pot, a wool mattress, and the crates full of fowls, eggs, and vegetables.

We had also some luxuries, such as sardines, tea, two dozen of pale ale, and a bottle of cognac. Giovanni the dragoman added two fine old, long-muzzled, hard-kicking guns; and all these things, being heaped upon a truck, were taken down by a guard of sun-baked, screaming little Arab boys, to the quay. We joined the boat just below Pompey's Pillar, and pushed off from shore about seven in the evening.

Alexandria is connected with the Nile by the Mahmoudieh Canal—a channel between high banks, forty miles long, terminating at the village of Atfeh. The story of the formation of this canal is an oft-told tale, but I suppose I shall not be the last, by many, to relate it. It was excavated by order of Mahomed Ali, and a terrible undertaking it proved. With the impetuosity which distinguished all his acts, he dragged two hundred and fifty thousand of the wretched Egyptian peasantry—men, women, and children—from the villages on the Nile, and set them to work to dig this canal, or rather to scoop it out with their hands, for they had no implements to assist them. The poor creatures had only brought provisions with them for one month's consumption; and Mahomed Ali, determined not to allow them any more when these were gone, kept them at work, under the lashes and pikes of his soldiery, until the blood streamed down their limbs, even of the children of four or five years old. Maddened by pain and famine, they tore up the ground with an energy that only desperation could have given them; and the canal was made, forty miles long, in the incredibly short space of six weeks; but, averaging the accounts of different writers, more than thirty thousand of the labourers perished, in this period, from torture and starvation. The bodies were thrown up with the clay by their fellow-sufferers, and assisted to form the banks; so that the whole of the Mahmoudieh, between Alexandria and Atfeh, may be considered as one huge and ghastly cemetery.

As we pushed off, four of the Arabs—there were seven in the crew, with the captain—sat in pairs on the deck, taking up some boards to drop their feet into, and began to row. They also sang a monotonous chant. The captain gave a word or two, and the others added a refrain: it was to the effect that there was a fair wind, we were travelling famously, and everything was “all right.” The wind was dead against us, and we were just moving: however, the East is said to be all romance.

We occupied the first half-hour of our journey in stowing away our goods. Every time we moved a board or a box, a great black spider scuffled out, and instantaneously disappeared down some favourite crevice; and drawing the wooden blinds of the windows disturbed dozens.

We were not long in getting clear of the crowd of boats that form the “pool” of Alexandria; and then the Arabs left off singing, and began to tow. When they met with another *kandjia*, or came to two or three moored against the shore, they threw off their long blue shirts, and plunged into the canal, swimming dog-fashion, or throwing out their arms alternately, until they had carried the rope round; and then they went on again. There was nothing to see during this part of the journey: one might as well have travelled in a railway cutting of dry dusky mud. About half-past nine the sail went up, on turning a corner, and then we began to move; and, not being particularly amused, I “turned in,” in nautical phrase, which consisted in taking off my coat and lying down upon a thin mattress placed on a broad shelf; and then I dozed for about two hours. I was waked up at midnight by the intense stifling heat, and, looking up to the window, I saw a rat, larger than an average-sized kitten, perched on the sill immediately over my head. He did not move when I sat up, and I had nothing to throw at him but my boots; so I pulled up the blind very suddenly, and thus frightened him so that he leapt into the

water. And now a nuisance far more irritating arose: the mosquitoes came in such legions that I was nearly eaten alive. Clothes appeared to be no protection; and when I got up at last, half mad, and went and sat upon deck, they attacked me with tenfold spite. The moon was shining with a brightness I had never witnessed in England; and, in its light, the deck and cabins appeared swarming with horrible things,—cockroaches, beetles, spiders, and centipedes. Any more sleep was out of the question; and I sat upon a crate until morning, when the greater part of these abominations shrunk from the heavy fog into their fastnesses, and then I tried to get a little more sleep.

Tuesday, 9th. A dead calm, and the boat made very little way. The high, dingy banks still continued; and I was glad when Giovanni contrived, from his rude kitchen, to turn out a wonderful breakfast of cutlets, fowl, and rice, potatoes, toast, and coffee. A wild dog, having smelt the cooking, followed us for miles; but, with the exception of a boy on a ragged camel, he was the only living thing we saw on the banks for three or four hours. The crew still threw off their clothes and tumbled into the canal on the least occasion, but were singularly quiet; they did not appear to speak to one another all day long. I occupied myself in fitting up my cabin, driving pegs into the cracks to hang my watch, looking-glass, lantern, and “housewife” on, and running down the spiders, until two o’clock, when we passed some trees and arrived at Atfeh. This was a village of mud huts, on either side of the canal, thatched with grass and fodder, without windows, but having irregular holes for the inmates to crawl in and out. Some had round mud towers built on them, swarming with pigeons. Half-naked women, and children entirely so, were selling coarse bread, under huge umbrellas; Arabs were idling about in the dust and sun, which they seemed to prefer; and there was a complete “jam” of the

most incomprehensible boats I ever saw, of which all the crews were screaming and swearing at the top of their voices, banging one another with poles, breaking each other's rigging, or going coolly down to prayers in the middle of all the uproar. We had to wait more than two hours for some sort of passport, and, at last, got clear of the entangled thicket of boats, and, passing through the locks, swung out into the Nile.

I could see nothing ahead, astern, or around, but one boundless rapid current of reddish, clay-coloured water, for the inundation was scarcely subsiding; but the expanse was a great relief after the confined, pestilent canal. The stream was so strong that, before we got up our sails, we were carried a long way down. However, there was a brisk north wind, and we soon began to rush through the water. Opposite to Atfeh we passed Fooah, a town with minarets and domes, which looked well in the afternoon haze, rising as it were from a mighty lake. Here the country got very desolate again, with a flat Essex-marsh sort of look-out on either side; and at dark the wind fell, and we pulled up under a bank for the night, if necessary. One advantage over yesterday was, that we had got rid of the mosquitoes. There were several ordinary gnats and flies, but I set a trap for them with great effect; this was very simple, and was formed by opening the door of the lantern, and hanging it near an open window: in the morning the bottom was half an inch deep in semi-consumed corpses.

Wednesday, 10th. I found, on awaking, that we had been creeping on, almost imperceptibly, nearly all night; and at six in the morning we were nearly thirty miles above Atfeh. As the Arabs tumbled into the water, upon the *kandjia* running aground, I tumbled in too, and had a good long swim. It was utterly contemptible, however, trying to compete with them: they shot through the water like wager-boats. All day we kept gliding on, passing many more villages of mud houses, looking

like clumps of enormous thimbles; and now and then we saw several small processions of men going along the banks on donkeys, horses, and camels; and here and there was a solitary palm: but, with the exception of these, the scenery still maintained its Essex-marsh character.

The Arabs continued very silent. One of them was the cook to the party, and he was never away from the fireplace, boiling up lentils with coarse bread. This was their only food, and they drank the Nile water. I found to-day that the meat we had brought from Alexandria was touched by the heat; so I gave it to the crew, who soon disposed of it. They threw lumps of it on the live embers, and so broiled it.

The mosquitoes had gone, but the flies were almost as bad. They took possession of the cabin, and would not be driven away, worrying me almost into a fever. At last I cut out one of the paper net "fly-catchers," and hung it from the roof. As night came, they all settled on it; and then I gently moved it away, and sent it floating down the Nile, with its freight of intruders. This was all the excitement of the day; but at night there was a terrible skirmish amongst the rats, who, attracted by the fowls, appeared to be boarding the boat on all quarters.

Thursday, 11th. The morning broke with a dead calm. Now and then the wind came in little puffs, and then died away again. The monotony of the voyage was broken by a fight between Giovanni and one of the Arabs, or, rather, my servant had it all on his own side. The man objected to get into the water to tow, upon which the dragoman gave him a good thrashing with a rope, and then he got overboard and worked away well.

About noon the wind came, and all the afternoon we amused ourselves with shooting hawks and ibises, of which there were great numbers. I also shot a *sicsac*, one of the birds reported to get into the crocodile's mouth and pick its teeth

of parasitical water-animals. It had sharp points on the top of its wings, which the Arabs said were to keep the crocodile from closing its jaws. When the birds fell, the Arabs dashed overboard just like spaniels, and brought them back in their mouths.

It was curious to see how they watched us. Whatever we were about — eating, washing, or reading — they never took their eyes from us, but followed every movement. Their actions were singularly like those of a monkey: they picked up small things, and examined them carefully, usually trying them first with a bite; and an old envelope I had thrown on one side was a matter of great scrutiny: they could not make it out at all; but after passing it round, and apparently offering many opinions on it, they put it carefully by under a board. Giovanni told me they were all thieves, but stole singularly minute things — odd bits of string, useless lucifers, knobs of sealing-wax, and such-like rubbish. At night a good rattling breeze came on; and whilst we were surging through the water, I amused them with some commonplace conjuring tricks, from which time I was regarded as a great magician.

We anchored alongside a village at night, and I got rid of the flies as before. About one o'clock I was lying awake, and, hearing a throbbing noise up the river, I looked out and saw a light advancing. It came on, and in a few minutes I found it was the Overland mail steamer, homeward bound. This little incident was very impressive. The boat came near enough for me to shout out "Good night!" which was returned by one or two persons on deck, surprised, I have no doubt, at the familiar salutation from a moored *kandjia*. I watched this out of sight; and then, after a look at my crew, who had completely wrapped themselves up in canvass until they looked like mere bundles, and were lying about the deck in the bright moonlight, I turned in to sleep.

Friday, 12th. The people in the village commenced making such an unearthly riot at daybreak, that, as there was no wind, I made the Arabs tow us up some miles higher, to another clump of houses. A large traffic-boat from Cairo had stopped here, crammed with peasants; many of them were blind, the majority had but one eye, and all the children were suffering from ophthalmia. The passengers landed and bought bread, like pancake, of other women who came down to sell it. The Arabs kept on towing, but very slowly. I do not think we made above a mile an hour; and at noon, with a suffocating hot wind dead against us, they pulled up at a village and said they could not go on, because there was a shallow just above us right across the river, and that we must wait for a wind to take us over to the other bank. I was very angry, but to no effect; so we lay broiling under the sun until three, when they punted across, and we started again. They had only dawdled about from sheer idleness. In the afternoon a cripple, with limbs shockingly distorted and hands webbed like fins, swam off from a hovel on shore to beg money. The wind now came on dead against us; the towing paths were all under water, and the men really could not track the boat, as they did not know where they were going, and every now and then disappeared into deep holes; so we were obliged to come to a stand-still again, and made fast for the night under a bank of osiers. We amused ourselves and the Arabs by making little rafts of palm-wood, putting bits of lighted candle on them, and then launching them off, one after another, down the stream. As there was no wind, they burnt very steadily, and, when several were started, looked very pretty. The Arabs said that the peasants would think they were devils. This night was the worst I ever passed in my life. The foliage brought the mosquitoes again in overwhelming force; the rats came along the ropes from the land, and scuffled about our very feet; the spiders and cockroaches were in full activity;

and a man, or successive men, beat a drum on shore, in some religious ceremony, all night long. A verdict of "Temporary Insanity" would have justified anything that a man might have done under these inflictions.

Saturday, 13th. I routed all the men up at six, and, as there was the usual lack of wind, set them to work. They grumbled at going into the water whilst it was so cold; but I soon settled this, and at seven we were fairly off. I was so heartily sick of the boat, with its delays and inconveniences, that we stopped at a village and tried to get some camels or donkeys to ride on to Cairo, "across country." The people, however, were so miserably poor, they had nothing; and I was getting altogether out of heart, when a brisk wind sprang up and blew us along bravely, under a press of sail that almost lifted the *kandjia* out of the water. About noon Giovanni showed us the Pyramids on the horizon, and soon after we rounded the apex of the Delta. Provisions were running short, but it was not worth while to buy any more; so I had a "scratch" dinner of macaroni, potatoes, onions, and rice-pudding, all chopped up together and fried, which was really capital. The wind kept up, and by and bye we came to the great works erected for the barrage of the Nile, which is to cost a great deal and not ultimately answer. Then villages came quickly after one another, and the people thickened on the banks. Anon palaces, *kioskos*, and beautiful gardens, diversified the prospect; the crowd of boats increased; the Pyramids rose higher above the scenery. Then I saw minarets and towers, off and away on our left; and at last, just in time to save ourselves from being locked out for the night, the *kandjia* stopped at one of the landing-places of Boolak, the port of Cairo.

Giovanni soon procured donkeys, and, leaving the boat in charge of the Arabs, we rode off. We first passed through Boolah, with swarms of dogs yelping after us — as many as I

had seen at Constantinople; then along neat Oriental streets, with picturesque wooden-latticed windows and garden-walls, over which we saw dates and prickly pears growing; and at last, traversing a cool, English-looking road, bordered with acacias, I entered Cairo at the *Esbekeyah*, and pulled up at the British Hotel, delighted beyond all measure to have done, for at least some time, with the Nile and the *kandjia*.

SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THOSE days were bright and pleasant days,
When I did fill the lover's part :
I dreamed your heart was all my own ;
I knew that you had all *my* heart.

I wish that we again were young ;
I wish that we again were true :
I know not if the sin be mine,
Or if the fault be hid in you :

But cloud, and change, and evil tongues,
Have crept between our thoughts at last ;
And doubt and fear alone are here,
Whilst joy has vanished with the past.

Yet—though we may no more be young,
I would that we again were true ;
Ah ! dream that bounteous Autumn still
Hath sweets—some sweets—for me and you.

The violet with the Spring is gone ;
The red rose with the Summer hours :
But still the orange yields its gold,
And—once again—its bridal flowers !

THE HEIR OF HAZLEHURST.

BY MRS. SHIPTON.

IN one of the northern counties of England stands an ancient almshouse, which in my early days I remember to have been told was once a religious establishment. It has still its lofty refectory and cloisters surrounding a broad sunny court; in the centre of which plays a fountain, now almost concealed by the thick growth of the lime-trees and hollies which overshadow it. Above the cloisters are the nun-like cells of the recipients of the charity, confined to the widow and the orphan; they who have no home or kindred, and it may be, interest, beyond this place. It has a chapel, small it is true, but beautiful as a miniature cathedral: it had been used no less for a place of worship than as a mausoleum for countless generations by the family by whom it had been endowed. Here the coloured effigy of the founder, with its quaint inscription, mingled with the choice productions of the Italian chisel, telling of promising Youth that had faded in the far sunny land, of some who had perished by the sword, and others who, rich in years and honours, had been gathered, like the full ear in the harvest. But there was one death-memorial, neither elaborate or beautiful, that I have gazed upon with a thousand times more interest than all the rest, as I have seen it, lit up by the rays of the sun that gleamed upon it through the rainbow hues of the chancel window. It is a small, rudely chiselled sarcophagus

of marble, in shape a heart, fixed, and forming part of the step by which alone the officiating minister can reach the altar. There is no date upon its smoothly worn surface, and the cipher is almost illegible. In childhood, though in the habit of constantly seeing it, I returned again and again to look upon it; and dreamy youth, fostered in the old mansion of Hazlehurst, awoke in my heart a mournful interest in this lonely tomb, seemingly so relentlessly disposed, as if to humiliate the poor dust it enclosed. There was no legend attached to it, as far as I could hear, beyond its having arrived from a foreign land, and of rich funds that accrued to the institution on its being placed in the chapel there, by which more than two hundred of the sick and poor were comforted and sustained.

My skill in deciphering the quaint caligraphy in which the closely-written records of St. Olave's were preserved had often been called into requisition, and, looking carefully through the MS. last winter, I was attracted by a cipher similar to the one which had for so many years kept its place and interest in my memory. The following brief notes were the result of my search, and threw all the light that I could glean from the dark pages, the partly destroyed leaves of a closely-written diary:—

* * * * *

“I have returned from the mausoleum of Hazlehurst to-day—I have read over the records of those who have gone before me, in order to feel my own identity, and to know if this shattered frame indeed contains the spirit that once, strong and hopeful, owned a fairer dwelling. Oh, Death, how lovely seemest thou to my longing heart!—the Angel Death, the deliverer!

“The costly monument here tells of my mother, who died of a malignant disorder; of a sister, who, young, beautiful, beloved, soon followed her to the grave; and another!—So it is. None read beyond the surface of the stone; and well it is we cannot pierce the grave's deep secrets, and hear the plaints of

broken hearts and the smothered cry of anguish hushed there—the names anathematised that sound before men so fair: and well that it is so; for who but the Infinite can read aright the unseen life within, with its sins, its grief, and its untold aspirations after the good and true?

“I am an old man now, and the world’s judgment is as nothing to me; and if it were, there is a sterner voice within more fearful, because I know its truth.

“My earliest recollections were of the old manor-house of Hazlehurst, where my mother retired with me and my young sister on the death of my father, which took place before the latter saw the light. Grief for her loss in my mother’s heart only gave way to a blind idolatry to the child that was to work her woe. I was the last male heir of our ancient house, and everything in childhood seemed to unite to foster the selfishness and ungoverned passions of my nature. My gentle sister, my fond but ill-judging mother, and one dearer to me than all else, were but victims; and yet I believed I loved them—even as I was beloved.

“My mother was ambitious for me, urging me in my career at college to overcome my love of ease and indulgence, and add a lustre to a name of which she had reason then to be jealously proud. And to college I went; but there was an attraction in our little village of Hazlehurst that kept my thoughts lingering there, and drew me from all nobler ambitions.

“Mabel Grey was the motherless daughter of our curate; we grew up together playmates and companions, and in those days I hardly know if my sister Millicent or Mabel were the dearer. But time passed, as I dreamed away my life, and circumstances soon taught me how deep was the slumber in which I had hitherto lain. I knew she loved me—she had said so a thousand times, with a smile upon her lip, in her

frank and winning way, when I had urged her, poor child! Her blue eye never fell beneath my gaze—her hand never trembled in my clasp; it was love—but not such as we were doomed to know in after years. Our little circle was first broken by the arrival of my cousin, a fellow-student at college, Stephen Gower. He was a youth who had little interest in our country pursuits—his hours were devoted to abstruse speculations. Nothing seemed too deep or too insignificant for his theme; now dwelling on the glory of the heavens, or on the weed and wild flower at our feet. Perhaps, in the very contrast to myself I was led to seek him more intimately, and as much in curiosity as in any other feeling. It was not until I saw how Mabel's ear hung on his words, as, with the eloquence of genius, he drew from the rich vein within, that I began to feel my own inferiority, and envy was engendered, that, like the serpent's egg, was in time to become a deadly foe to my peace. New desires and ambitions sprang up in my soul, although he possessed but the advantages I had hitherto despised.

"My mother made him a welcome guest, for she had seen, in fear and regret, my growing love for Mabel. He had long outstripped me in the race in all things—how should it be otherwise? I had despised him who, forsaking the social enjoyments of youth, gave himself up to the black-lettered book and the midnight lamp, as if all minds had not in their mould the faint attribute that blends into one entire whole.

"One sees in the deep forest shade but a pleasant shelter from the noontide heat, or the exchange of the mighty trunks for gold; another knows nothing beyond the thousand voices that seem to whisper among the leaves, or the spirit tones from the blossoms at his feet, and he will tell you of Him who careth even for the flowers of the field, and listens for the heart whisper that their gentle beauty calls forth. Yet all of these are necessary.

"A long summer had been passed together, full of hap-

piness for me, for I had Mabel's plighted troth, although I had determined it should remain a secret until I came of age, of which time there wanted but another year. I confided my love but to Stephen, feeling how much opposition I must expect with my mother. I had determined to forego even the sweet indulgence of spending the vacation at home, in order to be prepared for the final examination that was to take place before I left; and I was the more satisfied when I saw that Mabel, who had so excited my jealousy in regard to Stephen, now shunned him, more like a timid child than the frank-hearted girl.

"Shortly before the examination letters reached me from Hazlehurst, on the part of Mabel short and constrained, and from my sister urging my return. With a mind and nerves unstrung I went up for the ordeal of examination for my degree, only to be rejected. The disgrace fell heavily on me; but the thought of Mabel overwhelmed every other.

"Stephen Gower came to visit me in my rooms, where I had passed hours with my face buried in my hands, feeling as only the young feel on their first defeat. To me there was something irritating in his words of sympathy: he urged me to travel for a time, and I feigned to consent. A gleam of ill-concealed joy stole over his pale face. He was on his road to Hazlehurst, where already the circumstance of my disappointment was known. I commenced my preparations for departure, and no sooner had he quitted me than I was on my road to the only source that could at that time soften or remove the fearful auguries of evil that pressed heavily on my heart. By the evening of the second day I reached Hazlehurst, and, springing into a boat that lay at its moorings, paused not in my eager way until I reached the opposite shore, and made my way on foot to the outskirts of the village. I reached the parsonage. Under the trellis porch, beneath the clustering





T. F. MURRAY

Alfred T. Heath

honeysuckle I had helped to twine, in the same chair over which I had hung a thousand times listening to her simple songs, sat Mabel. She seemed to me to expect my coming, and to be waiting for me in the old accustomed place; and yet a letter I had written her, telling her of my disgrace (as it seemed to me) and of my proposed wandering, had already reached her. I paused to contemplate her. From time to time a fragment of song burst from her lips, and in childish merriment she chided the kitten, who, in its frolic play, had unravelled the worsted that fell from her trembling fingers. As I eagerly brushed through the branches of the rose-trees, she turned her head, smiled, and seemed to listen, and the work fell from her hands. There was a step,—a quick and eager step,—she started from her seat—a flood of crimson rushed to her neck and brow, and, in another moment, Stephen Gower was by her side, her face was hidden on his shoulder, and I heard the low, half-articulate words of lovers' greeting, that fell like poison upon my soul! They entered the cottage, and I saw no more. I lingered about the place, burning with a deadly rage, that asked but to sacrifice one who had deprived me of all I valued. I cannot trace the gradation of feeling through which I had passed, or how long in the common computation of time was my voiceless agony. I waited hour after hour, as the evening was giving place to the shadows of night. I knew that by the way he came would Stephen Gower return. I wrapped myself in the boatman's cloak that lay at my feet, and proceeded to bide my time in the little skiff, as she lay rocked on the waters beneath the shelving shore. Upon the ridge of the rock that overshadowed the boat I saw a figure, immovable as myself, and like myself, perhaps, a watcher. For a moment it interfered with my plan of vengeance; but in a little time it had disappeared. With a light step Stephen Gower drew near, his foot was on the stern of the boat, and he bade me row him to the

opposite bank. I silently took the oar, pushed the skiff from her moorings, and alone we two in the wide river were confronted. I seized him in my powerful hold, and, stunned by my sudden apparition, he trembled in my grasp. It was a deadly struggle. I raised him in my arms, the boat still floating down the stream; he grasped my cloak; I loosened it from my neck, and he fell. There was a heavy splash in the water—a gurgle and a bubble on its surface, and all was still. Above me the moon rose in her calm beauty. The boat had floated with the tide even under the very windows of my ancient home, within hearing (could they have heard) of the mother employed in her mission of love, in pouring words of tenderness into the wounds the world had dealt on her son's heart, and a sister, perhaps, in sorrowful sympathy weeping for him.

"I paused, gazed, and listened. There was a trailing step through the long grass; who then was this?—there was a witness of the fearful struggle—my secret was in possession of another—it was a woman's voice calling me by my name—it was Millicent!

"The next day the boat had drifted with the tide even to the cave where the floating body of my victim had been discovered. My hat alone was the only evidence that I had been of his company. The river was dragged in vain, and it was supposed that the body of the beloved son so deeply deplored was carried onward to the sea.

"Stephen Gower was laid in our mausoleum, and a few touching words tell of his youth of promise and his untimely death. Not long after him they placed beside him all that was left to us of a mother's deep tenderness; and Millicent,—poor Millicent!—better had it been had they laid her there long before. Once again we met. Under the assumed name I had chosen I travelled over great part of Europe and Asia, seeking for rest and finding it not. To Millicent had Stephen been all

that Mabel was to me ; and yet she lived on. He had urged my absence, the better to reconcile me to the change of feeling in Mabel, knowing that it was inevitable. No wonder that in after years the overwrought brain and nerves should give way—the stone will tell you she died of consumption. The burden of the fearful secret oppressed her young spirit to the dust, but what knows the world of that !

“ Again I came to Hazlehurst ; not to my ancestral home, but to the Hospital of St. Olave, which, greatly impoverished by the internal troubles of England, had sunk almost into ruin ; there were yet means enough left, however, to preserve the shelter of a home and medical aid to the most wretched. There was one attendant there, a nurse, though many called her an angel, whose voice was ever ready to speak the words of hope to the fainting spirit, and whose fair and gentle hand was the most tender in its operations on the very ills from which others shrunk away. The old curator spoke of her as something beyond mortal. I had been carried in senseless from a wound received in a skirmish ; days passed before I could recognise the spot to which I had been removed, and I woke from my long slumber of insensibility to see bending over me the shadow of a face too deeply engraven in my heart ever to be obliterated—the face of Mabel. Her hair was scanty and grey—no shade of colour ever crossed her marble-like face, but patient, gentle, and hopeful, she moved from one weary pillow to another, like an Angel of Consolation. When I was sufficiently recovered again to join the army, I placed Hazlehurst and all that I possessed in the hands of the Curator of the hospital, asking in return but that my heart, wherever I might die, might lie, as I should direct, in the chapel of the hospital. It seemed to me something that, even humiliated to the last, it might rest in the presence of the dust of all I had loved and yet so deeply wronged.”

I LOVE THE BROOKS.

STANZAS.

BY LEOPOLD WRAY.

I LOVE the brooks, the merry brooks,
That run 'midst flowers and weeds,
And spring from nature's greenest nooks,
To wander through the meads.

Time changes oft a landscape's face,
And trees, alas ! are hewn —
A stately pile will leave no trace
When stone or marble's strewn.

The field through which in youth we strayed,
Where waved the yellow corn,
Has long since been a farm-yard made,
And shrub and flower are shorn.

A dingy factory rears its head
Within the silent vale,
Where once the violet's mossy bed
Was wont to scent the gale.

But still a brook will babble on,
So ever fresh and young,
As if—though years and years have gone—
It just from earth had sprung.

It may be turned to work a mill,
Or irrigate the sward;
But still it is the self-same rill
We in our childhood heard.

The brook has wandered—so have I—
Who knows where both have been?
Yet here I stand, its margin by,
Though years have slipt between.

Its music charmed my boyish ears,
Amid the grassy slopes;
It sang to me in youth's bright years
Of life's gay rainbow hopes.

It murmured in my manhood's prime
Words sweet as love's first dream,
And oft, through many a distant clime,
I longed to hear that stream.

And now in age it talks to me,
Like some dear, ancient friend,
Right garrulous, and full of glee,
Whose gossip knows no end.

So playful once—so soothing now—
All languages it speaks—
The brook 's not altered, well I know,
But changed my boyish freaks.

Methought it used to skip along,
And gurgle out of fun ;
It sounds now like a parting song
To one whose race is run.

When I was young, the brook was old,
Reversed seems now life's page ;
Yet still we two can converse hold,
As youth may talk to age.

The fickle crowd will change its mind,
And earthly things prove vain ;
But where's the brook we shall not find
To welcome us again ?

Therefore I love the merry brooks
That through the meadows range ;
The merry brooks — the hearty brooks —
The brooks that never change.

THE FLOWER OF THE BORDER.

BY ISABELLA MUNRO.

THE long summer day was nearly done, but the last rays of the setting sun were still glancing along the broad and beautiful Westerdale, turning to gold the clear waters of its rushing river; and brightening the gray walls of the massive tower that stood on a rising ground not far from the river's side, and which frowned defiance on the Southron, for it was the stronghold of stern old David Scott, one of the most noted in raid and fray among the border chieftains.

And those parting rays gleamed also on two forms moving slowly along the path beside the river, yet sheltered from the observation of the tower by the clustering alders that overhung the bank. They were a youth and maiden, David Scott's only child and one of her distant kinsmen; but it was evident that some tie nearer than that of kindred bound them to each other, for Malcolm Scott's dark eyes were often bent with an expression of deep interest on his beautiful companion, and there was affection in the glance that was sometimes raised to his. Yet those soft blue eyes were dimmed with tears, and a dark shade rested on Malcolm's brow, and told of a cloud overshadowing their youth and love.

"Oh, Sybil!" exclaimed the youth at last, "and must I still stand by, and see all I hold dearest on earth torn from me, and make no effort to retain it?"

"Yes, Malcolm, you must," said Sybil, firmly.

"Bid me do anything else, Sybil!" entreated her kinsman; "tell me to die for you, or in your defence, and I could do it cheerfully."

"But that is what you must not do," replied Sybil, gravely; "no good could possibly come of it, but much evil. It would but incense my father against you; and, were it otherwise, think, O Malcolm, what misery it would be to wed your murderer!"

"Nay, of that there is no fear," said Malcolm, proudly. "I am a better swordsman than Robin Eliot."

"Yet must not your sword cross his for Sybil Scott," said the young girl, with redoubled earnestness. "As you value my peace and happiness, Malcolm, promise me this again!"

The youth paused a moment.

"I do promise," he answered, sadly; "but you know not at how bitter a sacrifice I bend to your will, nor how little I share your anxiety for a life that is now valueless to me."

"Nay, Malcolm, say not so," said Sybil; "there are fairer maidens along the border than Sybil Scott, whose hands are their own to give. It would lighten my heart, in years to come, to think that one of them shed brightness over your home in Glenconan."

"No, Sybil," said he, quietly, "Glenconan will never know brightness, since what should have been its star will shed its light in the hall of Robin Eliot."

But the generous girl's attempts at consolation were cut short by the hurried approach of one of her maidens, to apprise her of the return of her father, accompanied by Robin Eliot, and that her presence was required.

"Farewell, then, Sybil!" said Malcolm, mournfully; "I cannot go beneath your father's roof to meet that man in peace, and you will not suffer me to meet him otherwise."

And, with a swelling heart and burning brow, Malcolm stood

beneath the trees, watching Sybil's reluctant return to the grim old tower, within whose walls awaited those who were coldly and mercilessly dooming her young heart to wretchedness. Malcolm bit his lips in agony at the thought, for he had long loved Sybil with all the deep and earnest affection of which an ardent nature is capable; and perhaps he sorrowed over the destruction of his hopes the more bitterly, that he was restrained by his promise from taking that revenge on his successful rival which was usual in that age, and with those among whom he lived.

Meanwhile, sad, yet tearless, Sybil retraced her steps to her once happy home, there to encounter the unwelcome lover, who must be greeted courteously, however her heart shrank and her lips trembled with the effort; for those were not days in which a maiden's inclinations were consulted, nor was the stern and rugged David Scott one to whom the plea of another lover, even though for one as worthy as his kinsman, might be tendered. To all beneath his sway the old border-chief's will was law; and when he had signified to Sybil his pleasure that she should become the bride of Robin Eliot of Whitterburn, she had felt her fate was sealed. Yet with the courage of despair she had knelt before him, and prayed she might not be compelled to give her hand where her heart could never follow. But the appeal had been treated with contempt and anger, and she had been sternly told it should suffice for a maiden to know her father's will, and bidden to receive without farther demur the bridegroom he had appointed for her.

And Eliot, he was well satisfied, though it might be suspected his suit was unwelcome; for Sybil's hand would add broad lands to those which now were his, and increase the power he already possessed: and these he valued more than he did the brilliant beauty that had gained for her the appellation of the Flower of the Border, or the gentleness that had won her other hearts than his.

The preparations for the bridal and the bridal-feast went on as quickly and as gaily at the old tower in Westerdale as though there were no tears shed in the young bride's chamber: yet Sybil watched, like one appointed to die, each succeeding sunrise and each fading day; for each brought nearer the hour that was to consign her to the yet darker doom of a living death.

At length it was the day before the bridal, and oh, how bitterly Sybil wept that long summer day over the thought of the morrow's objectless sacrifice! and how she pictured to herself that there was one in the wild glen among the Rae Hills who mourned, well-nigh as sorely as herself, the coming of the hour which should raise between them a life-long barrier, which could never, never be thrown down, but must remain to shut out light, and joy, and hope from her existence, and cast at length its shadow on her grave.

Far differently did Robin Eliot hail the same sunny day, the last, as he said jestingly, which would see him a free man; and it was with a gay brow and proud heart that he prepared to ride over to the stronghold of a brother chieftain, to arrange with him the plan of a proposed raid across the border, to sweep with fire and sword some rich portion of the Southron's lands; for Eliot was not too deep in love to have a keen eye to his own interest, which harrying the English was at all times likely to promote.

"And when sall ye be back, Robin?" inquired his mother.

"I canna tell," he replied, carelessly, as he mounted.

"Dinna expec' me till ye see me."

"I'm no afeard ye'll stay o'er lang," replied the old lady of Whitterburn, laughing, "for there's a bonny birdie waiting for ye the morn."

"And if I should na gang for it the morn, I dar' say it could wait a wee bit langer," he rejoined, with a merry laugh that was

echoed around; and, with it still ringing gaily in his ears, Eliot of Whitterburn rode away, followed by a single attendant, along the well-known path to his kinsman's dwelling at Gowan Knows.

The next morning the sun rose as bright and beautiful as though there were neither hard nor sorrowing hearts beneath his brilliant rays; yet in Sybil Scott's chamber they fell on one whose eyes were dimmed with tears, and her cheeks paled with watching, and to whom that golden sunlight was far more terrible than is darkness to wanderers in unknown paths, for she knew it would light her to certain misery. And then the bridal attire was reluctantly donned. Sybil felt it the saddest garb she had ever worn; but not even her father's summons could draw her down among the quickly-gathering guests until the last dreaded moment, when she knew he would come himself to seek her.

Sad and heart-weary, Sybil threw herself on what was wont, in happier days, to be her favourite seat, for it commanded a view of the green and beautiful Westerdale, the glancing river, and farther off, the blue tops of the Rae Hills traced darkly against the summer sky. But it was not to dream the bright dreams of by-gone days that she had sought that place; all that remained to her now was the bitterness of her awakening; and though she knew her shipwreck was too complete for an outstretched hand to save her, yet the sounds of merriment that ever and anon ascended from the hall, seemed to proclaim aloud her friendlessness: for while she was almost overwhelmed by the dark waters of despair, her kinsmen stood upon the shore rejoicing—all, save one, and he might not come near her, but must hide his own regrets within the recesses of Glenconan. And the generous girl breathed a fervent prayer that the storm-cloud might pass away from the spirit of Malcolm Scott, and

love for the blighted Flower of the Border soon die out of his heart.

The last words of that inaudible, though most devoted prayer, had scarcely passed her lips, when she startled, and a deep flush crimsoned the cheeks that but now had been so pale. A form, of which no sorrow could render her unobservant, had met her eye, and one whom she had pictured to herself, as mourning among those distant hills their life-long parting, was entering her father's gates as a guest at the bridal that was to make her another's.

During the last few weeks, Sybil Scott had suffered and sorrowed much, but all the sufferings and sorrows of the past were as nothing compared to the anguish of that moment, when she thus saw how light must be the affection of the lover for whose sake she would have borne poverty and toil. She had entreated and exacted a promise from Malcolm Scott that his sword should not cross that of Eliot: how easy, she thought bitterly, that behest seemed of fulfilment; so easy, that, perchance, it were scarce needful it had been spoken; and in her newly-awakened indignation, she rose from her seat with a brilliant cheek and a flashing eye, such as her maidens had never seen their gentle lady wear before.

Had then a summons come for Sybil, it had not long remained unanswered; but she had descended to show her fickle lover that she could meet him as calmly as he had come to witness the sacrifice of her happiness and peace. But no such summons came, nor was her father's oft-dreaded foot heard on the stair. After a time, too, the bursts of laughter became less frequent, and, at length, ceased altogether; and the maidens noticed that the loiterers in the court gathered in groups, and conversed earnestly. Had they been nearer, they would have seen that a dark cloud rested on every brow, and every lip was

firmly compressed, for an insult had been that day received by the Scotts that the spirit of no borderer could brook.

The hour that should have brought the bridegroom and his friends had long passed by, yet no one bearing the name of Eliot had approached the tower. At first, his absence had merely occasioned surprise; then, as time wore on, and brought not even an apology, indignation followed, and threats both deep and loud were breathed against Eliot of Whitterburn. Amid all Sybil's kindred there was but one voice that was not raised in anger. It was that of Malcolm Scott; and more than once he strove to quell the angry passions of his clansmen, and bade them, ere they pursued their vengeance, see what the absent bridegroom could adduce in his defence. But the advice brought anger on his own head.

"You love not Sybil Scott, or you would never give such counsel!" said an old borderer, bitterly.

"Nor is the Flower of the Border so bright a blossom in your eyes as in those of her remaining kindred, or her being thus scorned would be as sair to ye, as though she had been the glory of ye'r ain garden," added another.

Malcolm's eye flashed, and his cheek crimsoned at these accusations, which he felt to be so untrue; but he merely replied, "I will not yield to any of her kindred in love and devotion to Sybil Scott."

An angry reply was on the lips of the first of his accusers, when a stir in the hall, occasioned by the entrance of a stranger, checked it ere it found utterance. The new arrival was a messenger from Whitterburn, sent by its lady to account for the non-appearance of the bridegroom, who had not been seen since his departure from Gowan Knows.

A silence of some moments followed this strange tale, and then one of the most important guests demanded if Eliot had fixed any time for his return.

The messenger hesitated a moment, then replied, "My leddy said naething aboot it."

"But you know what her son said," rejoined the querist, sternly, "and had better tell it."

"Weel, then, he just said no to expec' him till she saw him," said the trooper, whose head was better fitted to resist a blow than to frame a tale.

A murmur, so fierce that it was almost a yell, rose in the hall, as this information met the ears of the kinsmen-guests; but when further question elicited Robin Eliot's observation as to his bridal, their indignation knew no bounds; and voices, whose wrath had oft proved death, were raised in anger; and swords, that had never failed their owners, rang in their scabbards, as though they panted to wipe away the insult offered to the name of Scott. Eliot's follower shrank back dismayed at the tumult, and he was about to leave the hall, to bear back to Whitterburn tidings of the anger his tale had aroused, when the voice of David Scott of Westerdale arrested him.

"Tell Eliot of Whitterburn from dour David Scott," he cried, "that no daughter of his shall ever be the bride of Robin Eliot, though he could make her a crowned queen;" and he swore a terrible oath in confirmation of his words.

"And tell him from Scott of Blaehills," added a borderer, whose naturally fierce expression of countenance was increased by a scar that nearly crossed it; "tell him that, if he does na mak' haste hame, he's no like to find a cage to pit ony bird in."

These words were received with loud applause; and when the trooper had withdrawn, the borderers gathered eagerly round their host, and entreated him to lead forth them and their followers, and at once fulfil the threat of Scott of Blaehills. But again Malcolm interposed.

"Nay," he said, "not so. We are a clan accustomed to fight and conquer armed men; let it not be said we drew the

swords our fathers left us against an aged woman and unled men. Wait till Eliot himself returns, and then let him meet the fate he merits."

"And that will be to see his roof-tree blaze above his head," said the Laird of Blaehills. "How say ye, kinsmen," he added, speaking to those around him, "shall Eliot of Whitterburn find a hame or a smoking ruin?"

"Let him find a hame," they cried, "and we'll soon let him see it a pillar of smoke."

"And he who brings Eliot of Whitterburn, dead or alive, within these walls, shall have the hand of Sybil Scott, and any other boon beside he likes to claim," added the Laird of Westerdale.

A loud cheer burst from the young borderers at hearing that the Flower of the Border should be the reward of him who was most successful in revenging the affront offered to her, and many a heart beat high in the hope of winning so gentle and beautiful a prize.

But the opportunity was not so near at hand as they had dreamed; for weeks, and even months, passed by, and there was no sign of Robin Eliot. After a time, it was commonly believed that he had fallen beneath the hand of some unknown foe, and his mother mourned him dead, and his brother took possession of his inheritance; and then, like many another man, Robin Eliot was forgotten.

Meanwhile, Malcolm Scott of Glenconan, who had made his peace with Sybil, continued a frequent visitor at Westerdale; and, like as some fair blossom that the storm has spared, lifts up its head in yet brighter beauty to the returning sunshine, so the fair Flower of the Border again trod the banks of the rushing river with a light and joyous spirit, and in thankfulness of heart both for the wretchedness escaped and the happiness promised: for Sybil wandered not alone beneath the alders'

shade; there was one by her side, as there was wont to be in former days, but not then, as of old, did he shrink from observation, for Sybil Scott was his affianced bride.

Again the old tower rang with bridal preparations; but this time they were not shadowed by the young bride's sorrow, but her brow was radiant with hope and gladness, such as at one time she had thought would never be hers on earth. Again Sybil's bridal morning broke bright and beautiful as before; but now its beams fell on loving and happy hearts. Again fair bridemaids clustered round the Flower of the Border, but, no longer dimmed by sadness, she shone fairest of them all, though there was one little less lovely, the bridegroom's sister, Christy Scott, the merriest maiden in all the border.

The bride and her companions had descended to the hall, Malcolm stood by Sybil's side, and all was in readiness for the marriage ceremony, when David Scott interposed.

"It is well known to you all," he said, "that I promised my daughter's hand and any other boon to him who should bring Eliot of Whitterburn within these walls; that promise I will not break: but again, and for the last time, I say, that if any one can deliver to me Eliot of Whitterburn, he may claim my daughter's hand, and another boon beside."

For a moment there was deep silence in the hall, though each hearer knew those words were but a form. Then Malcolm Scott stepped forward.

"Then, on your own terms," he said, "I claim your daughter's hand, and one other boon beside, for Eliot of Whitterburn is now within these walls."

"Where! how?" cried David Scott.

"Where! how?" echoed a dozen eager voices.

"Grant me the boon first," said Malcolm.

"Tush, lad, 'tis granted! Where is Eliot?" exclaimed the old man.

"Hear the boon first," persisted Malcolm; 'tis Eliot's life and freedom."

"Nay, that I cannot grant; nor should you ask," replied David Scott, sternly.

"Nay, but he should ask it, laird, and you must grant it," said Christy, with merry boldness; for, strange as it might seem, her gay humour had rendered her a great favourite with the stern old chieftain.

"Bid your brother ask aught but that, girl," he said, impatiently. "Know ye not the insult Robin Eliot has put upon the Scotts, which nought but blood can wash away?"

"Then shall ye shed my blood also!" exclaimed the girl, with sudden energy, though tears trembled in her bright blue eyes. "If the Scotts must slay an unarmed foe, it shall be through my heart, and I shall not live to feel the shame!"

"Hush, silly girl!" said Malcolm, coming to her side. "Think you not that your brother has a sword to defend and a breast to shield his prisoner? But Scott of Westerdale's word is pledged. I claim that boon, and no other can content me!"

"Then tak' it!" cried the old laird, angrily. "But first let me see the chiel you boast of holding. And, by my fay, he shall be a guest at the bridal of Sybil Scott."

And in a few minutes Robin Eliot stood among those who had sworn his ruin and death. But stern looks and lowering brows, which might well have daunted less bold a heart, were his greeting, until the strange history of his disappearance turned their anger into mirth; and loudly the walls re-echoed with the laughter of the bold borderers, as they heard that, soon after leaving Gowan Knows, Eliot and his follower had been pounced upon by unseen assailants in a deep dark glen, and, pinioned and blindfolded ere they could strike a blow in their own defence, were carried on horseback, up hill and down dale, as fast as the steeds could bear them, until it seemed as

though half the lowlands had been traversed in that breathless haste. And then, in a strong prison, in a lonely tower, Eliot's eyes were at length unbound, to see the sky brightening with the morning which was to have shone upon his bridal. And there, but for the visit of his jailer, a fair lady attended by her maidens, who affected to condole with him on his disappointment, Robin Eliot passed that day in solitude. And so with many a succeeding day, and week, and month; though, after a time, they passed less wearily to the imprisoned laird of Whiterburn, for he had learned to prize more, even than liberty, the smile of the lady who detained him in secure, yet gentle, captivity, and to watch for the step of his beautiful and gentle warder, though it might bring her only to make him the object of her raillery.

But the tale ended not here, though already it had charmed away the indignation of the bridal guests, for they had yet to hear how Robin Eliot wooed and won his fair jailer's heart, only to learn, that in her he must wed the sister of his captor, Malcolm Scott, whose tower in Glenconan had needed far less than his long and bewildering night journey to have reached.

Even David Scott laughed long and loudly at the mishaps of his once chosen friend, but the jest was one well suited to arouse his merriment; and while he warmly congratulated Eliot on his newly-gained liberty and bride, he fulfilled his double promise, by bestowing on Malcolm of Glenconan the hand of the fairest Flower of the Border.

ON MADNESS.

BY OCTAVIUS FREIRE OWEN.

To watch the sunlight of the soul go down,
Ere yet the day be spent! Reason's eclipse,
And the remaining verge of her bright orb,
Glare fitfully from out the mass obscure
Which flings its horrid shadow o'er the sense,
As though a giant demon reared his shape
Betwixt its gaze and heaven!

To mourn those paths obstructed of fair thoughts
By which the angels pass into the soul,
Their seraph footsteps wak'ning in its halls
Harmonious echoes! Still enwrapt to list,
All restless, for their minstrelsy, but find—
Ah! aching void!—that they do come no more!

Thou lofty potentate, Intelligence,
No longer hold'st imperial sway, but like
The Titan genius fasten'd to the rock,
Art made the sport of passions once thy slaves.
The fell insatiate vulture, of chained woe,

Gnaws at thy breast, with fruitless rage inflamed;
The lightnings of thine ire, yet impotent,
Flash from the fiery portal of the eye,
Until, with clouds of agony o'ercharged,
They melt into the showers of helpless grief,
Unquenching the tired heart athirst for love!

To muse upon the chords of that sweet lyre
Whose tones brought joy within us, and to know
Them stilled for ever, and their breathings mute,
Or yielding to the passing breeze a sound
Of incoherent yet celestial tenderness,
As though a spirit sighed at Music's death,—
Life, burns thy torch still, in an hour like this?

THE FATAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FACT, NOT FICTION.

BY ELIZA JULIA SPARROW.

"Am I awake, or is it all illusion?"—*The Roman Father: Trag.*

"*Cæsar*. Et tu Brute?—Then fall, *Cæsar*!"—SHAKSPEARE.

It was a busy night in the metropolis of Ireland, that 20th of June, on which her gracious Majesty Victoria ascended the throne of England. Every window glittered with lights, and beautiful as gorgeous were the many-coloured lamps which decked the public buildings, and threw their varied hues over the queenly city. Many a banquet was spread to celebrate the event, and many a ball-room was filled with gay and brilliant guests; whilst bands of music pealed far and wide; and, for the first time, the chorus of our national anthem resounded with "The Queen! the Queen! God save the Queen!"

It was on that night that, amongst a dazzling crowd assembled at the residence of Lady S——, in —— Square, the handsome daughter of a baronet attracted the admiration of the light-hearted and imaginative Alfred Fitzallen, then a student in —— College. Alfred was young and good-looking, high-spirited and ingenuous; fresh from his mother's home, his mind was as pure and unsullied as it had been in childhood. His figure was tall and manly, and not wanting in grace; and his whole deportment indicated that open and unsuspecting

nature which is at once so pleasing and attractive, yet which, alas ! too frequently leads its possessor to become the dupe of the wily or the vicious. With Alfred, to think and to act were almost simultaneous ; and once attracted by the fair and stately Helen B——, it took him but another moment to get an introduction, and demand her hand in the dance. Frequently, during the evening, he was by her side ; and more than once he “ led her through the glittering throng.” The glow of a summer’s morning was abroad ere the music had ceased and the dance was done, and Alfred returned to his chambers in —— College, amidst the raillery of his young companions, with whom he was an especial favourite, who each and all declared that Fitzallen had positively lost his heart.

Days passed away, and every time they met the jest was renewed ; and whenever the friends chanced to sup together, Helen’s health was drank with all the honours, and Alfred called upon by many a merry voice to return thanks for his lovely enslaver.

Thus was the topic and the raillery kept up for some time, when one morning a neatly-folded and delicately-written billet was placed in the hands of Fitzallen, and on opening it what was his astonishment to find it bore the signature of Helen B——, and contained a request for the loan of a particular work, from a certain library to which he had free access, with instructions to have the volume left at —— Street, till called for. For an instant it crossed his mind that it was singular to be thus addressed by a lady, almost a stranger, and one whose family and friends were altogether unacquainted with him ; but this thought was momentary, and soon drowned in the pleasure of being thus remembered by his gay and handsome partner of the last ball. The book was despatched, accompanied by an entreaty that a like honour and pleasure might occasionally be granted him. It was not long until the favour was repeated ;

another and another billet came, and was answered; and thus a regular correspondence sprang up, which shortly carried words of more than friendly import. The brief, bright hour upon which they had met in Lady S——'s ball-room, was recurred to and dwelt upon as the young and the ardent know how to dwell upon such topics; and Alfred ceased to *think* of Helen B—— as a passing acquaintance, and began to watch for each fresh epistle with trembling interest.

In this correspondence he showed a mind exalted above the usual vanity of men, in the love of displaying such favours when bestowed on them by the opposite sex. With true delicacy of feeling, he kept it secret from all, save one favourite friend, young Armand, who had been his companion from childhood, and to whom he had been in the habit of imparting every family secret as if they had been brothers. Harry Armand was a few years older than Alfred, for whom he felt a warm attachment. Though deficient in *refinement* of feeling, he was nevertheless good-hearted and generous, and possessed many excellent and noble qualities to warrant our hero's partiality for him. But gay, even to thoughtlessness, his untiring love of amusement sometimes led him into follies. Reckless and well-tempered, there was no frolic of which Harry was not one of the first projectors and foremost actors; there was nothing too hazardous or troublesome for him to undertake and carry through; and frequently his own companions were the subjects of his merry, and at times somewhat provoking, humour; but the sound of his hearty laugh as it rang upon their ears, and the inexhaustible stores of fun that lurked in his half-closed eyes, or lingered about the corners of his mouth, told but too plainly that it was useless to be angry with Harry.

Weeks and months had rolled over since the night of the ball; and it was only now and then that the subject of Fitzallen's lost heart was revived. But absence from the object of

his now frequent thoughts, and the power which imagination is ever sure to make use of in adorning our mind's idols in her brightest colours, were doing their work on the heart of Alfred Fitzallen. She had attracted his admiration by her beauty, and slight as a ball-room acquaintance is, it served to leave an interesting and pleasing impression upon his mind. This, aided by an already close correspondence, by which he observed traits of a delicate, loving, and confiding character, was it any wonder that Alfred fancied her a faultless being, and was really in love? Immured within the close precincts of a college, with but few acquaintances in town, and wholly debarred from all female society, except the snatch he had of it at a chance ball, was it strange that Helen should become the sole object of his thoughts, "the morning-star of memory?" And there was a high degree of romance and mystery in the whole proceeding, which served to give it a deep and absorbing interest.

More than once in his epistles, he begged to be permitted to wait upon her, and to make the acquaintance of her family and friends, but this proposal was at all times postponed to a future day, and latterly he forbore to urge it. Helen's letters revealed, as we before mentioned, a loving and confiding nature, therefore he fully trusted her. "She has her own reasons for not permitting me to call at her father's house at present," thought he, "but that happiness is in store." He trusted with a "fearless faith," and he was happy.

His feelings had thus ripened into an attachment, which had all the ennobling effects that a pure attachment for an estimable woman is ever sure to produce. It made him shun everything that could degrade or lessen him in the eyes of her whose image he carried in his heart; it made him delight in communing with his own spirit and cultivating his fine mind: and being destined to push his way through life by embracing a learned profession, he studied harder and more closely than

heretofore, led on and cheered by words of kindness, interest, and affection, that he had never known before ; and, in short, he came to feel that there was no difficulty he could not surmount in order to be thought worthy of the hand of Helen B——.

The routine of college life had gone on, as it had done for years, in midnight vigils and hard study, comfortless breakfast-tables and untidy dressing-rooms ; and when the morning of the examinations arrived, a considerable degree of bustle and excitement was observable, until every cap and gown disappeared within the closed doors of the hall. That fearful ordeal past, and again they were emancipated, some joyous and triumphant, others downcast and disheartened, to seek their domiciles amidst the tumult of the busy city, or in the small dark abodes appropriated to their use in the great square of the college. A short time sufficed to rally every disappointed spirit, and soon all were ready to renew the jest upon his fellow, to join a serenading party, or in any way to make merry with their friends. Thus summer and autumn had been succeeded by winter, and spring had again returned. The air was fresh and balmy, and the sky bright and cloudless, as the two friends walked arm-in-arm towards —— Square, where the band of the —— regiment had attracted numbers of pedestrians.

“ Well, Armand,” said Alfred, as they entered the square, “ I have partly succeeded at last in my wish to be permitted to visit Helen. Last week I ventured to repeat the request, and in her reply she has made no opposition, which I take to be at least half a grant.”

“ I am glad of it,” was the reply ; “ we are—I—I am sure you are tired of it, and it is well to end it by seeing the girl.”

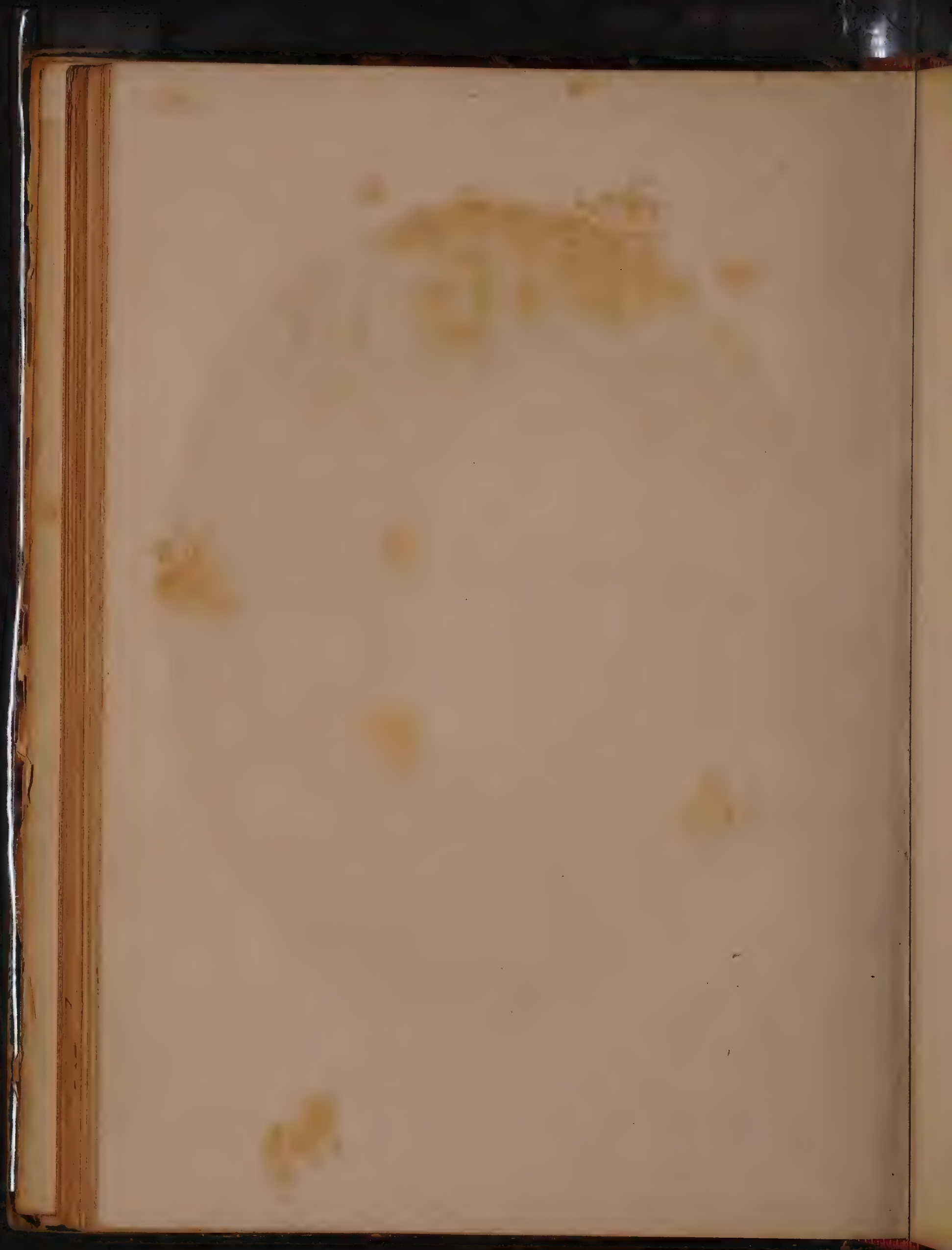
He turned abruptly away, and joined some ladies, with whom he entered into an animated conversation. Fitzallen was not less light-hearted, less happy, or less capable of enjoyment than he had ever been, but his mind was engrossed by

one object which from its singleness had taken a powerful hold upon it. He left Armand to his own diversions, and turned towards his lodgings, repeating the words of his friend, "Tired of it! end it! Little he knows how dear has every word of Helen's become to me! Little he dreams how that fair and guileless being has won her way to my heart!"

Next day found Fitzallen in high, though somewhat excited, spirits, having been urged by Armand to visit Helen without further permission. That day of all days the reader will excuse his bestowing more than ordinary care upon his toilet, and seldom had such care been so well repaid. In the afternoon he sallied forth in all the vigour of youth and strength. Hope and joy lit up his eye and flushed his cheek, as he bent his steps towards the haven of his wishes, thinking, as he proceeded, over the not unpleasing novelty of his position. Often had he taken the same direction with a hope of getting one glimpse of Helen, but always returned disappointed; and now he was about to see her, although without her decided permission—but still to see her at last, to converse with her, to hear from her lips the revealings of that mind which he had learned to look up to as of a superior order. These thoughts occupied him until his arrival at the residence of Sir Francis B——. His heart beat violently as his summons was answered by a footman, who instantly admitted him, and ushered him into a spacious and elegant drawing-room, which, to his relief, he found unoccupied. In a few moments the door opened, and a lady entered, in whom he at once recognised Helen B——. He advanced towards her, but was checked by her dropping a low courtesy, and requesting him, with a graceful and unembarrassed air, to be seated. She at once entered into conversation with him on the trifling occurrences of the day, with the ease and dignity of one accustomed to do the honours of her father's house—which was the case, as she was the only child of Sir Francis, and had long



E. Luckner



since lost her mother. Somewhat puzzled and abashed by her manner, Alfred experienced a painful sinking of the heart. Was she a coquette, thought he, that she would not recognise him? Could he have been deceived? Could this self-possessed and indifferent lady be the tender, the kind, the gentle Helen, whom fancy had so often painted, and whom he expected to see trembling and shrinking with a sweet bashfulness when brought into the actual presence of him who had so long been the sharer of her every thought? He felt like one in a dream. At length he summoned courage to recur to their first meeting at Lady S——'s ball. She replied, that she well remembered the ball, as it had been her first, but she did not recollect having had the pleasure of seeing him there. "But forgive me," she added, hastily, and with a smile, observing the shade that crossed his face,—“you must forgive me, Mr. Fitzallen, if I cannot exactly call to memory every partner that led me out at my first ball.” This was said with so much frankness and courtesy that it was impossible to doubt its sincerity. Alfred felt bewildered; something was wrong, and he could hardly tell what, in the confusion of his thoughts; but at all events he came to the resolution of unravelling the mystery, cost what it might. The delicacy and awkwardness of his present situation was as nothing to the intense pain that throbbed in his temples, and weighed down his whole being; and without further preamble, he frankly, though timidly, stated that he had been under the impression, for many months, of having had the honour and happiness of a correspondence with her. The lady coloured deeply, and astonishment was depicted on her countenance, and she asked, in a haughty tone, how could he suppose that *she* would enter into a clandestine correspondence, such as he described, with a perfect stranger? Alfred answered her as best he could, and gasped to hide himself from the sight of her who had been his dream by night and his thought by day. Helen had lost none

of her loveliness since he last beheld her; the same stately step and graceful mien were there, the same earnest eyes and musical voice; but she was not the Helen his fancy had painted; and he left the house under the mournful impression that he had been deceived—doubly deceived—how or by whom he knew not, and that he had been worshipping an imaginary being and not the real Helen B——. With rapid steps he hurried through the city; the idol that had so long possessed his heart, thus suddenly shattered, it throbbed with a new and strange sensation of agony, and an acute sense of shame at having been betrayed into making such an avowal as he had made to Miss B——. To seek comfort in the sympathy of Armand was his first thought, and entering his apartment he was met by him with his usual happy countenance, but, observing the altered looks of Fitzallen, Armand started back.

“Armand!” said he, scarcely able to articulate the words, “I have been deceived,—basely deceived! how and by whom I know not!”

“Come, come, Alfred,” returned his friend; “you must not take it so badly as this; it was all a joke amongst us. I assure you it was all a joke. I had no idea you would feel it thus. Come, man, you must cheer up and forgive us! It was but a jest, and you must forget it.”

Alfred stood erect and motionless, as if rooted to the earth. His lips of an ashy paleness, his eyes dilated, and his whole countenance overspread with the pallor of death, whilst Armand continued,—

“To say the truth, when we commenced the correspondence we had no intention of carrying it on for any length, but we did not know how to put a stop to it; and when we all got thoroughly tired of it, we thought your visiting Helen was the best way to end it, and therefore I recommended you to go. And here,” continued he, opening a small desk and taking out a

packet, "to convince you it was all amongst ourselves, here are your letters."

Armand did not observe the fearful workings in the countenance of his friend during this speech, but as he turned to lay the packet on the table, the words—"And it was *you—you* ——" broke from Fitzallen, in a deep sepulchral voice, and he fell heavily on the floor. Horror-stricken and terrified, Armand called loudly for assistance. The room was quickly filled by the party of friends, who had been on the watch to hear the result of his visit, and who had thus, for their own amusement, deceived a companion who was a favourite with all. Alfred was carried to bed, and medical aid promptly called in.

"He is very ill," said Armand to his companions, as they quitted the chamber by order of the physician. "Is it possible his feelings could have thus overcome him?"

"We carried it too far," said several, with one voice.

"Yet who could have thought it would affect him so deeply?"

"Ah!" said a pale young man, who had not before spoken, "it was kept up too long. I often advised you to beware of such a jest; but you all laughed at what you termed my 'fine feelings.' The shock he received during his visit was as much as he could bear, for I saw him, as he returned, like a blasted oak—he who went forth in the morning full of life and vigour! Then the double blow which Armand's confession gave him has wholly prostrated him. God grant it may end well!"

He left the room; and how truly had he spoken! It was the second blow that had given the deepest wound. In his anguish and humiliation he had fled for sympathy to the bosom of his friend, and he heard from the lips of that friend that he was the deceiver! The strong man was overcome by the wild tumult of his feelings, and sunk beneath them. The following morning he was pronounced in a brain-fever; and that tidings brought a terrible lesson to those who had sported with his

feelings and affections. A heavy gloom overspread every face and told that remorse was avenging Alfred.

The giddy triflers grew old and sage in their nightly watch over their victim; their ears tingled with his frantic ravings: and men who had never bent the knee, since they bent it in childhood at their mothers' feet, bent it now to pray that he might be spared to speak one word of forgiveness. He *was* spared; but not to speak his forgiveness—never more to mingle amongst them! Alfred Fitzallen rose from his bed a madman! His fine manly form enclosed in a strait-waistcoat, he was borne in a close carriage from the sight of those who branded themselves as his worse than murderers, accompanied by the physician and attendants of that hospital where those afflicted with that direful malady find a temporary relief, or wear out their melancholy existence within its walls.

Years have passed. Armand's grief threw him into a consumption which carried him to an early grave. The other partners in the jest mourned long and sincerely over Alfred's fate, and their own folly. Not long since Alfred was dismissed from the hospital an idiot,—the mournful victim of a practical joke.

THE SETTING STAR.

BY MRS. SHIPTON.

OFT have I watched the stars upon their course,
As o'er the sleeping Earth they nightly hung
Their silver lamps, for I have loved to nurse
Sweet fancy at such times. The band among
Was one, it pleased my earnest thought to track
Upon her peaceful path. The clouds that moved
Around her, dimmed her not, the stream gave back
Her calm unsullied beauty, and I loved
To muse, and let her bring to me again
Thoughts meet for the still hour—hours when I
But little needed such a heart-wove chain,
To turn from Hope's veiled face to Memory.
Above the outline of the mountain, far
My gaze had followed, as I musing stood;
Vainly I sought that pure and placid star,
The fairest one 'mid the sweet sisterhood.
Long-loved and lost! no more mine eye could dwell
Upon its light. For me 'twas set, to rise
On other scenes—brighter? Oh, who may tell
What distance hideth from our wistful eyes,
To light another's heart with joy and love.
My star, though lost to me, may yet fulfil
Her task—a beacon 'mid life's storms to move
A lamp of beauty to one watcher still.

A STORY OF THE CEVENNES.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

It was a dark and dreary night on which three figures, emerging from the protecting shelter of some thick brushwood, attempted to brave the fury of the weather, while crossing the desolate plain which spread itself before their disheartened gaze. The wind rushed fiercely along, the rain dashed with fury against them, while the black, gathering clouds, lowered full of electric fire. The storm, it was evident, had not reached its height, though even now its violence was awful, even to men, and one of these wayfarers was a woman. They were dressed in the costume of the time and country, Languedocian peasants at the end of the sixteenth century; but though no outward difference was perceptible, the respectful bearing of the men showed that they looked up to their companion as a superior.

"Courage, mademoiselle!" said the elder; "a little while and we shall have passed this unsheltered common,—the Lord never deserts His own."

"He will protect us, sweet lady. Lean on me, I am stronger than my father. What a gale it blows! one would think the witches were holding their Sabbath here."

"Hush, Pierre! this is no place for jesting."

"I do not jest, father; though Jean Cavalier, Roland, and some of them, scoff at witches, I cannot. Did not Gabriel

Cavalier tell what he saw when in hiding at the glass-house? And if any of the papistical crew be in hearing now, let them hear me curse them!"

"Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord; to Him only belong cursings."

"Let the Lord awake, then, mademoiselle—let Him hear our groans; the cry of the faithful, of the poor suffering Protestants, rises and meets no answer."

"True, boy; and if there be witches—as who can doubt it?—they will delight in persecuting those who despise their mumming rites."

"Ay, father, our oppressors grind us down, soul and body! Who knows but even this storm proceeds from their malice? My blood boils when I think that, to please a licentious old man's leman ——"

"Hush, Pierre! this is treason."

"Forgive me, mademoiselle, it is truth. Louis,—the great Louis, as they call him,—is an evil liver, and to please his mistress,—to satisfy her conscience, forsooth! the base creature, unworthy daughter of the D'Aubignés, whose religion she has denied for vile lucre,—to please her, forsooth! we are denied our just rights—yet we, too, are Frenchmen!"

"Pierre is right, lady; the scarlet woman rides over us but it will not always be so—we have our prophets."

"Alas, poor Cambron! Heaven preserve us! what a flash was that! This is, indeed, fearful!"

"Hasten, hasten, dear lady, there is an old barn not far from here, there we can find refuge. On, father, on!"

Their humble shelter was speedily gained, when the girl sank exhausted on some mouldering straw, while her faithful retainers disposed their cloaks about her so as to preserve her still better from the piercing cold. Despite all her efforts, her firmness gave way before fatigue, terror, and discomfort, and

she wept long and violently, her emotion becoming hysterical, and adding to her companions' embarrassment.

"This is, indeed, a sorry place for Mademoiselle de Meyrарques. Could my dear master the Comte ever have supposed his daughter would be reduced to such straits? No wonder she weeps."

"Tush, father! 'tis not for silken hangings or delicate attire our lady grieves, her soul is above such trifles; it is for the dear aunt she lost to-day—it is for the dear cousin whom she hurries to comfort."

"Alas! alas, for both! How can she tell the noble baron that his revered mother died to-day, her death hastened by misery and want?—a D'Argaliers in want! And she who was a mother to the country, she cared not for creeds, her charity was open to all, and now our tyrants deny her even a grave—her body lies in unhallowed ground!"

"Better even that than dishonour, father. Was not Mère Cavalier's corse dragged on a hurdle to the nearest dunghill, even before her daughter's eyes? Lord, Lord, how long wilt Thou suffer?"

In this gloomy converse the two men passed away the time, while their mistress seemed insensible to all exterior objects and absorbed in grief. At last the violence of her emotion wore itself out, and she sunk into an uneasy slumber.

"She sleeps—God be praised for it!" said the old man. "For nights this delicate flower, the lily of Languedoc, has known no rest. Her nights were passed watching by her aunt's death-bed praying for our suffering brethren."

"And for how long may she sleep now, father? The night wears on, and should we not return to Gas de Marafas by the appointed hour, you know the penalty—death to the Calvinist who is not within bounds then; neither rank nor sex will be spared by M. de Monrevel's wrath."

"There is, indeed, that danger; but they will not touch her—they dare not harm a Meyrarques!"

"They dare do anything, father. What consideration ever arrested their ferocious cruelty?"

"But her cousin, M. le Baron d'Argaliers, is protected by the Dukes de Chevrencé and de Montfort, father and son, and, though they be Catholics, they are true Frenchmen."

"He is not here, though."

"But he is at Versailles, gone with three noble gentlemen, to see if he can, at any sacrifice, restore peace and freedom of conscience to his brethren. He has had an audience of the king—they cannot harm his cousin. No Christian would turn a dog from his door on such a night as this. Hark! d'ye hear that, Pierre?—'tis a wolf's howl. How can our demoiselle leave even this poor hut? 'Tis impossible! we must remain till daybreak."

"As well stay here and be hanged as go out and become a prey to the wolves; in either case our death is certain. And yet, were it not for you and our sweet lady, had I but a knife in my girdle, I would trust the beasts rather than our tyrants. If the first are full they will let us pass, but the others tear us for their own pleasure."

"Nay, Pierre, if you fear our masters, go—I will remain by Mademoiselle Pauline."

"No, no, father, that cannot be, and you know it. Why, even the Catholics would cry shame on me were I to return without you. Then there are these ravening beasts prowling around the door; if one of these mouldering planks gives way they will be in on you, and I must come between her and their fangs. And here am I without a knife, deprived even of that by our foes. Up, Lord, for the heathen are on us!"

Pierre had not exaggerated the difficulties and dangers of their situation. To venture forth seemed most hazardous; to

remain, was almost certain death ; for, by a recent proclamation of the deputy governor, M. de Monrevel, the Calvinists were confined to certain districts, only allowed to quit them at stated hours, while the slightest infringement of these rules, however involuntary, was punished by death. The two devoted men had received permission to leave Gas de Marafas in search of their mistress, Mademoiselle de Meyrarques, who had been allowed to remain with her dying aunt, the Baronne d'Argaliers, and whose leave had now expired. The way had been long and weary to the delicate girl, already worn out by grief and fatigue, and it was impossible that she could proceed further through the storm. When aroused from her stupor, she was greatly alarmed to find that their time had already nearly expired, and vainly endeavoured to persuade her humble friends to pursue their road, but they would not leave her ; besides, as old Cambron observed, it was scarcely possible that even the brutal Monrevel himself would put the rigours of the law in force towards her. She was so universally respected in the country ; her father, an old follower of Turenne, had always been a devoted adherent of the king's ; and her cousin and *fiancé*, the Baron d'Argaliers, had patriotically expended immense sums in endeavouring to appease the unhappy troubles which desolated the Midi ; his life and fortune, his domestic happiness, had been sacrificed to his country ; many more enlightened Catholic noblemen had entered into his views ; the Duke de Chevrencé warmly adopted his opinions, and by his influence and example many wavering Protestants had been prevented from joining Cavalier and the other insurgents in the mountains of the Cevennes. All historians agree, that had Louvois and his bigoted, narrow-minded master granted Argaliers' moderate propositions, the civil war would have immediately ceased, France would have been spared the misery and shame of the *dragonades* and the loss of many of her industrious population, who emi-

grated, bearing with them arts and sciences, which they almost exclusively practised.

But to return to Pauline; the very violence of the storm, it might be supposed, would be sufficient excuse for her non-appearance, and at length, yielding to these arguments, she consented to remain till day.

The next morning rose gay and beautiful; the air had been purified by the heavy rains, and had that bracing, exhilarating freshness almost peculiar to France. Even the trembling Calvinists, as they hurried on, felt its influence, and were insensibly beguiled into something like hope. How can we despair of kindness from our fellow-beings when our Creator's manifold blessings are spread around us, when all nature, animate and inanimate, seems to join in glad hymns of praise? At such moments our hearts are elevated beyond our worldly cares, and life, mere life, becomes a luxury!

The gloomy, indignant Pierre, was betrayed into a less desponding tone, and Pauline dried her tears as she hastily gathered a few autumn flowers, in memory of their rough bivouac and their early walk.

Alas! for hopes too early crushed. They no sooner gained their village when they were summoned before M. de Monrevel, who, they were informed, was highly incensed at their protracted stay. Old Cambron vainly entreated that his lady might at least be allowed time for some slight refreshment; travel-stained and fatigued as she was, she was dragged before the governor with far less courtesy than was due even to the lowest of her sex.

The Marquis de Monrevel had, according to the custom of his time, been indulging the previous evening in a debauch, and his blood was still fevered by the effects of his intemperance. He turned his bloodshot eye on Pauline, and brutally

asked her name and religion. She answered him with calm dignity.

"Calvinist dogs! I thought so," he replied; "let them hang; it will teach the others to howl their hymns within due bounds, and the maidens, if there be such, the dangers of night rambles."

Pauline's blood rushed to her cheeks at this last taunt; she felt its bitterness even more than her impending doom, and remained speechless in disdainful anger, while Pierre also preserved an indignant silence. Not so Cambron, he poured forth an explanation; he spoke of Mademoiselle de Meyrarques' delicate nature and health, of the terrible storm, of her father's services; but the arguments he had considered so cogent were wasted on the obdurate judge.

"Oh, where, where is M. le Baron?" cried the old man, as he wrung his hands in agony. "Can it be?—can they indeed mean to hang a daughter of the Meyrarques, and Argaliers' bride? Oh, Mademoiselle Pauline! my dear, dear lady, rouse yourself!—speak to them!"

A sharp struggle seemed to writhe her gentle frame at this appeal.

"You are right, dear Cambron," she said; and, slowly advancing, she sank at the Marquis's feet. Pierre would have prevented her,— "Nay, stay me not, my kind friend," she continued, "it is my duty. Yes, M. de Monrevel, here kneeling before you, my father's once frequent guest, I implore your justice, not your mercy; I ask not for my own life, though I am young, very young; but spare these good men, these faithful servants—I alone am guilty! Must they die because they would not leave their mistress to perish? Oh, sir! you have a mother and sisters, for their sakes be merciful, be just—do not make fidelity a crime!"

"Not for us—not for us shall you so degrade yourself, dear lady!" cried Cambron; "we are honoured in dying for and with you!"

"We are honoured in dying for the good cause—for manhood—for the Lord!" interrupted Pierre. "Let us die, our murder will not remain unavenged."

"Ha, *canaille*! do you threaten us?" exclaimed Monrevel, almost trampling on Pauline, as he started forward and violently struck Pierre on the mouth. "To the gallows with them!—Down with the Huguenot crew!—Death to the heretics!"

His watchword cry was repeated by all in the room save one, his valet, who had already distinguished himself by his successful interposition in similar cases, and only preserved his post by his singular skill as a *coiffeur*.

"They die at noon," pursued Monrevel. "Remember the Lavèges' fate—Death to the heretics!"

The sad system of retaliation had been entered on by the Calvinists, and the Lavège family, inoffensive Catholics, had been ruthlessly murdered by them a short time previously. Accordingly the unhappy prisoners were removed from the room, and their judges sat down unconcernedly to breakfast, while three gibbets were in course of erection on the village green, opposite their windows. Jourdain, however, the compassionate valet, could not resist making an attempt in their favour, and, despairing of his own powers of persuasion, engaged a more powerful auxiliary in Mère St. Anne, abbess of the neighbouring Benedictine convent, who was well known for her truly Christian charity. He had obliged the holy mother by assisting in decorating her chapel on the last St. Michael with true Parisian taste; she had then promised him a boon, and he now claimed it.

The good nun was inexpressively grieved at his tale: a

woman, and of noble birth. The horror of Pauline's fate was doubled by its degradation.

"Hang a woman!—a demoiselle!—a Meyrarques! Holy Virgin! blessed St. Anne!—it is impossible! Poor child, we must save her!—Good Jourdain, she must not die!"

"And the men, holy mother?"

"I fear their doom is irrevocable, unless —— The younger man is young and strong, you say?"

"As Hercules, madame."

"Do not name those vain heathen deities here, my son; they are unfitting words for this sacred place. Thy confessor must reason with thee on this. But if this clown, this Pierre, be young and strong, 'tis sad that he should die. I may save him yet; but the poor weak girl—the noble lady—think you, Jourdain, we might yet bring her into the fold?"

"No, reverend dame, the pride of birth and religion sparkles in her eye; all these Calvinists are stiff-necked. She bowed herself to sue for her retainers, but she will not deny her errors from the fear of death."

"She is right, heretic though she be. Still something may be done. I, too, have jurisdiction here; I claim my rights—those of the Church—they shall not be infringed by any layman. Go, my son; trust in me."

The marquis and his officers were still at table, when the door was opened to admit a long procession of the Benedictines, headed by their abbess.

"Armand de Saint-Ange, Marquis de Monrevel, lieutenant du roi, and deputy governor of this province," she firmly said, "I, Isabeau de Blancfort, dame supérieure of the Convent des Benedictines à Mas le Garifas, and lady of this parish, demand by what authority you execute justice within my jurisdiction?"

"By that of his gracious majesty the king; which should

be all powerful, methinks, reverend mother, with all good Catholics and loyal subjects," answered Monrevel.

"But not in injury to the Church's claims."

"Pardon me again, venerable lady; by an edict published by our martyred bishop, the sainted François de Duchayla,—a relative of your own, noble lady,—a short time before these accursed heretics massacred him, my powers are rendered paramount to all in the case of Calvinists. A lady holding your high station in the Church can scarce be ignorant of this."

"Nor am I, my son; but I claim the demoiselle Pauline de Meyrarques as a Catholic—a concealed but worthy member of the true Church."

"A Catholic! impossible, holy mother! You are deceived; I have known her from childhood."

"Yet you could condemn her to a dog's death! But I have known her from her new birth, and I claim her as one of my community—as one of those subject to my authority alone."

This sudden announcement astonished all the hearers; but as Monrevel had no means of proving it to be untrue, he was obliged to yield to the abbess's demands and give up Pauline to her. The bewildered girl was, therefore, led from her confinement and placed in the kind woman's hands.

In the meantime Jourdain had found means, by the abbess's directions, to convey a file, and some clothes as a disguise, to the two men; but there was no possibility of saving both, and Pierre was with great difficulty compelled by his father to profit by this unexpected assistance.

"For your mother's sake,—for mademoiselle's, you must go, boy. I am old and useless. What matters it whether I live or die? but you, Pierre, you can yet serve the cause. Your mother—poor old woman!—will need nothing while you live; but if we lose you we must starve together. Go, my son, seek

M. le Baron ; see if you can yet save our dear lady, and if not, you can revenge her fate, Pierre !”

He pressed his son to his heart, and then, almost pushing him through the window, whose irons they had loosened, he gazed lovingly and eagerly on his manly figure as he leaped lightly over all intervening obstacles, the attention of his guards having been drawn in another direction by the bustle attendant on Pauline’s removal. Cambron chanted his *cantiques* louder than ever, while he listened for every noise which might betray his son’s escape. Pierre, however, was clear of Gas le Marafas long before the hour destined for his death.

It were useless to attempt to describe Monrevel’s indignation at finding himself thus deprived of two of his victims. He may not have been naturally cruel, but long indulgence of evil passions, and the habit of considering the Calvinists as inferior beings, immeasurably beneath him, had rendered him as hard, while he remained as polished, as steel, and he even experienced a kind of pleasure in carrying out the ferocious orders of the ministry. He was still doubtful of Pauline’s conversion, and, therefore, curiously watched the unsuspecting Cambron when led out for execution. The brutal soldiery, exasperated at Pierre’s escape, had wreaked a portion of their vengeance on his father, and his pallid cheeks were streaked with blood.

“Where is Mademoiselle ?” he cried, looking wildly around. “Tell me—tell me, kind friends, if ye would have an old man’s blessing, has she too escaped ?—is she saved ?”

“Saved ! to be sure, body and soul. Do you not know, old dotard, that the mother abbess claims her as one of her flock ?”

“What ?”

“Why, she is a Catholic, old boy ! You may slip your head out of the noose yet ; it’s never too late to change.”

“Mademoiselle de Meyrarques a Catholic ! ’Tis false ! I’ll never believe it.”

"Silence, fool! Monrevel has been told so. She is saved."

"She is lost, I say! Can a De Meyrarques change? Shall it be said she denied her faith for fear of man? Bid her come here to avow her recusancy to my face. Let her tell me she is an apostate; from no other lips will I believe it."

We must now leave Cambron in this critical moment, while we return to Pauline. The abbess's first care was to clothe her in the garb of her order. She demurred at this; but when they proceeded to affix a crucifix and rosary to her side, she positively refused to wear these emblems of what she considered idolatry. Mère St. Anne herself interposed, and, with tears even, implored her to consent.

"You are young, my daughter; life should be sweet to you. Oh, do not cast it lightly aside! I do not ask you to adopt our faith, though I sincerely pray our Lady may yet open your eyes to your errors. I only beseech you to dissemble with this cold, stern man."

"Thanks, dear mother, but a Meyrarques cannot lie!"

"Nay, call it not by so harsh a name. We have evidence in the holy writings that these things are permitted; and who knows but in time you may be led into the true Church?"

"It is useless, kind lady. Seek not to avert my doom. I must share my poor followers' fate. Shall they perish while I, for whom they die, remain unscathed? Let me go—let me go!"

The nun drew her to the window.

"See," she said, "sweet girl, how fair, how bright is all around! Can you leave this beautiful world to die a felon's death? Can you, noble and a woman, seek for this degrading fate? Think on those who love you; live for their sakes; think on their despair and loneliness."

"Spare me! spare me!" murmured Pauline; "there is but

one who loves me. Philippe, my own,—my dear one, for thee I could have cherished life!”

“Think, then, of his bitter, life-long anguish! Who is there to console him?”

“God; He will support him. We are alone in the world; there is none other of his blood. His mother yesterday, to-day his——”

“No, no, you cannot mean it! You shall be free as air. I put no restrictions on you. You shall live to be the happy, honoured wife of D’Argaliers; only when Monrevel comes to question you, do not deny my words: make but one acquiescent sign, and you are saved. Hark! his foot is on the stair. I dare not refuse him entrance to this *parloir*. Promise that you will be guided by me.”

“I dare not! I cannot! Deem me not ungrateful. Forgive and bless me.”

Monrevel now appeared; but Pauline put an end to all suspense by declaring herself a Calvinist.

“The abbess was mistaken, in her ardent zeal,” she said. “Her words have not had their supposed effect on my mind. I am a Huguenot, and am ready to meet my doom.”

“Lead her forth!” said the governor.

“Wait!” cried the abbess; “the innocent may not suffer for the guilty. M. de Monrevel, I can show cause why this relapsed Calvinist’s life must be spared for a time: she is about to become a mother.”

“What, the Lily of Languedoc! *Parbleu!* what says D’Argaliers?”

“No shame rests on her. They were privately married; hence her relapse into heresy. But the child must be spared, to become a true Catholic.”

“Yes, if you be not mistaken here also, holy mother.”

The abbess hurried forward to arrest Pauline's steps, who, unconscious of this new stratagem, was already preparing to follow the soldiers, and earnestly besought her to avail herself of this plea; but, collecting all her energy, she turned towards Monrevel.

"For D'Argaliers, for your husband's sake, deny it not!" her friend entreated. "M. de Monrevel, as a soldier, a gentleman, I bid you leave us; humiliate her no farther; she is noble——"

"I thank you, kind mother, I am noble. No power on earth can humiliate me; but no stain shall rest on my honour. They called me the Lily of Languedoc; shall my purity be tarnished? 'Twas well meant, good, fond lady; but here you stifle woman's inmost feelings. Shall Philippe's bride have her fair fame suspected? Now your words have put it beyond my power to live. M. de Monrevel, this last plea also is false—false and unfounded. I demand that there be no further delay. Should one of my hearers ever see Philippe d'Argaliers, I beseech him in Christian charity to give him one tress from these poor locks. Bid him not falter on his noble route—bid him forgive his enemies and mine; tell him that his Pauline died true in her faith to him and to her God!"

She walked on with a firm, calm step; but the last indignity was spared her. Cambron was still standing at the foot of the gibbet when she approached.

"I come, Cambron!" she cried.

He would have knelt to kiss her hand.

"Nay, not so, thou dear old friend!" she continued; "thou diest for me. Say, canst thou forgive me? And now, father, bless thy daughter!"

She cast herself in his arms, and fell from them—a corpse! The next moment was also his last. But this tragedy, far from exciting terror, roused the Protestant witnesses' angry passions.

They flew to arms, and routed the surprised soldiers. Monrevel was obliged to fly before them, while the greater part of his men were cut to pieces. The Benedictines and Jourdain, however, remained unmolested, in gratitude for their intervention.

Philippe d'Argaliers was successful in bringing about a truce, and would have procured very good terms for the government from the terrified authorities, had not the more bigoted and unruly Calvinists insisted on immoderate stipulations. A war of extermination on both sides was, therefore, recommenced. Philippe, suspected by each party, died young and unmarried, while still endeavouring to restore peace. Pierre, who eventually joined Cavalier, shared in his good fortune there, and died rich and respected in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign. It was from one of his descendants that I gleaned this tale of the Cevennes.

THE ROSEMARY.

BY ADA TREVANION.

THROUGH the dim copse-wood sighs the gale,
The air is piercing chill ;
A cold grey light is in the sky,
The fog-wreath 's on the hill.

All piled in heaps the dead leaves lie ;
And where the wild vine clung,
And the embracing sunbeams play'd,
The frost-king's gems are hung.

In these sad days of desert woods
And uplands bare and drear,
I sing the Rosemary, which buds
Ere the snow-drops appear.

Sweet Rosemary ! sweet Rosemary !
An emblem meet thou art
Of the devotion calm and deep
Of an unselfish heart.

The garden queen, whose love-hues charmed
Amid the summer's glow,
Hath breathed her last faint balmy sigh,
And left us long ago.

But thou endur'st, pale funeral herb,
Though dark the heavens lower,
Undaunted by the wintry waste,
Calm 'midst the storm and shower.

There is a love, which from the eye
Comes beaming in each glance,
Which lends a nameless power to please,
To dazzle, and entrance.

It blossoms like the summer rose,
When skies are blue and bright ;
It scatters gladness all around,
As the warm sun does light.

And pours its wealth of sweetness forth
Till the first wintry day,
Then fades, as blushing roses fade,
And swiftly dies away.

There is a love, which in the soul
Dwells still and unrevealed,
Which feels the weight of its own career,
But guards them calm and sealed.

It hath few hopes, and fewer joys,
Yet food for thought's deep mine ;
And but one wish, to lay its all
Upon its idol's shrine.

And like the Rosemary, which buds
When summer is gone by,
That love endures, through wrong and ill,
With changeless constancy.

LUCY HARRINGTON.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

It was Lucy's last evening at home. A sadness, not at all unnatural to one who was about to leave her native village for a strange city, had stolen over her, and she walked slowly up and down the garden of the vicarage, meditating on the sad chain of events which had within a few months strangely altered her position with the world. The last rays of the sun gilded the hills in the west, beyond which lay Lucy's unknown world; the same rays lighted up ten thousand dancing leaves upon the trees, and flung strange and restless shadows upon her path,—shadows which the timid girl was only too ready to interpret as presages of ill.

The evening prayers, however, had somewhat calmed her mind, and though her spirit was agitated with many fears, she had attained a degree of resignation which a month ago was far beyond her strength.

As for her brother the curate, he was of a different calibre altogether; "*nil admirari*" was his motto, and he acted up to it. Nothing surprised him, nothing seemed to affect him; whether the sustaining power were piety, philosophy, or indifference, it stood him in good stead in the trying situations of life, and won him all sorts of golden opinions from his acquaintance.

Lucy's brother loved her, and had devoted the greater part

of a quarter's stipend to the replenishment of her wardrobe. This sacrifice involved a shabby appearance and an anchorite's table for three months; this never cost him a thought—he did his *duty*.

But as for shedding a tear with her, or sympathising with her by word or look, this was foreign to his nature. This last evening he kept in his study after church as on any other Sunday night; and when they parted to retire to rest, he gave her one of his stone-cold kisses, and calmly bade her remember to rise betimes, as she had a mile to walk, and the stage would not wait for her.

It was sad work for Lucy to undress that night; she opened her casement, and looked down on the village in the distance. It was white in the moonlight, amid its dark encircling woods, and the scent of many flowers arose from the garden, stealing into her sense, as if to perfume every memory of the place.

Her brother's candle flung a little light on the garden path. Lucy wondered, was he thinking of her?—did he really ever *feel* for himself or others?

Very soon his light was extinguished, the curate was tired, and a certain unromantic sound soon assured Lucy that his slumbers were not delayed by any anxiety either for her or any one else.

She shut the window; the little sloping room, with its white-hung bed, its linen smelling of lavender, its homely furniture, clean and shining as glass, looked so attractive, to-night in particular, that Lucy felt the tears rush into her eyes as she looked around her and thought of to-morrow's changes.

Youth and fatigue counterbalance a great deal of sorrow, and Lucy slept calmly until the morning sun came shining in on her curtains, casting on them the shadow of the little



window, with its many diamonds, and the clustering leaves of the vine outside.

She awoke with the sense of freedom and elasticity so natural in the morning (a sense which I have often thought is one of the kindest gifts of Providence); but this beautiful sensation was neutralised in a moment by a vague discomfort, which oppressed her spirits before it assumed a tangible shape. Slowly the grim idea of parting took possession of her soul; she arose unwillingly, everything was redolent of farewell, and, with a heart very, very full, poor Lucy opened her door and wearily descended the stairs.

Her brother gave her some excellent advice—he had a gift that way—and, after an ineffectual attempt at breakfast, Lucy put on her neat hooded cloak and prepared to set forth.

“You will write directly you arrive in London, of course, my dear. Take care of yourself; don’t be above your station—indeed, ’tis a very honourable one; make the best of things. . . . Tut! tut! be a woman, Lucy. Here’s a guinea to put in your purse, and if you should see a little Horace, such as I want, let me know the price. I shan’t go to the coach—better part here. Come, now, my dear, you will be late. Good-bye. Do your duty, and let me know that you go on well.”

He turned back into his study almost before she had closed the garden gate, and was deep in next Sunday’s sermon before the farewell had died away upon his lips.

A lad had been sent beforehand with her luggage; she found him at the corner of the lane, as she expected. The coach was not yet arrived, so Lucy sat down upon one of her boxes to wait for it, and of course she began to cry.

The country boy who was sent with her was very ignorant, but, being a kind-hearted fellow, he had a certain nice sense of sympathy which a high education had failed to give Lucy’s brother. After a minute or two Bob began,—

"Don't ye be down-hearted, miss; don't ye cry,—now don't ye; 'twon't do ye no good at all. I wish *I* was a goin' to Lunnun, miss, that I do. Bless ye, you'll like it when you once gets there, though it *do* make a body feel unkid to leave home like. But as the clergyman says, miss (here Bob raised his cap), there's one great Father everywheres. He'll take care of ye, miss, I know. Come, cheer up, miss, a bit; the sun shines all over the world in turn, and wheresoever we be it comes to pretty much the same in the end. Dear heart alive, miss, you beant a sayin' farewell for ever I hopes! Think, miss, how pleased you'll be to come back and see th' old place."

As the stage drew up Bob held his tongue, and pretended to be absorbed in observing its approach, while Lucy dried her eyes and prepared to take her first start alone on the journey of life.

And now we have shut her up in the coach, let us look back a little into her history.

Lucy Harrington was the only and beloved daughter of a merchant, reported to be immensely rich; he always announced that he intended to leave her the bulk of his property, for his son was a quiet youth, with no spirit (it was said), whose ideas would never go beyond a country living which he was to have when his studies at Oxford were completed.

Lucy was a beauty; capricious, vain, fickle, as beauties are by prescriptive right. She had refused the best matches in the county; even young Sir John Courtenay was a rejected lover; he was refused without a parley, without an excuse, though he wrote M.P. after his name, was only a year or two over age, and very good as well as good-looking!

Mr. Harrington the elder had taken exception at this refusal, but Lucy had been absolute sovereign too long to yield her point, and poor Sir John retired to cultivate his paternal acres, not only wounded in his affections, but in his pride, for

Lucy had exerted her vivacity in making him ridiculous, and for this purpose Lucy could find materials wherever she directed her attention; no dignity of behaviour or respectability of character could divert her when mimicry was her object.

Her father was assuredly blinded by his fondness, or he would have interfered to correct a habit so unamiable; she was supposed to be too rich to be told of her faults by those who styled themselves her friends; so they talked over her failings in her absence, agreed that the insolence of the vain beauty was unbearable, and vied with each other in flattering her when she was present.

A situation more unfortunate for a young woman naturally rather vain of her attractions and of her position, cannot well be imagined. Such a situation was a hot-bed for her foibles, and in spite of a really noble and generous disposition, Lucy was fast sinking into a mere coquette, when an accident happened which put everything about her in a fresh light, and caused the deluded girl to discover the perfidy of her pretended friends and admirers.

Elmwood Park—Harrington's country-seat—was being prepared for a *fête champêtre*; Lucy herself had been overlooking the arrangements for the guests who were to be entertained on the morrow, and had spread over all a sort of fascination which she only *could* impart—so, at least, said Miss Moorhouse, Lucy's *dame de compagnie* and chief incense-burner—and so echoed Captain Moorhouse, who had been sent for by his sister to do something connected with the erection of an ornamental arch, something which none but himself could do.

Poor, needy Captain Moorhouse! His greatest happiness was to be summoned to Elmwood, as he was whenever his energetic sister could find an excuse to send for him; if his courage had made full use of the opportunities she had con-

trived for him, Miss Harrington might have eloped with him long ago; but the Captain was a little—only a little—silly, and had, moreover, some dim ideas of honour, which had never troubled his unprincipled sister; so that between his mental vacuity and his fragmentary morality, he had never come to the point.

Harrington was to return early from town, whence he had promised to bring Lucy a bracelet and a wreath for her hair; and Lucy, according to her usual custom, put on her bonnet to walk towards the lodge, expecting to come back with her father, and perhaps anticipating the sight of the presents he was to bring her.

Miss Moorhouse, of course, was with her; and the Captain was prevailed on to leave his handiwork and accompany his sister and Miss Harrington.

There was little sympathy in any of them with the gorgeous quiet of the scene around, or they would have conversed very differently. How trivial were the fulsome compliments of the companion and her brother! How foolish Lucy's greedy reception of them!

The sun shone in all the splendour of afternoon in early June, the white and pink blossoms of the chestnut-trees were as yet untouched by decay, and the foliage altogether had the beautiful freshness and green glow which it loses as the season advances. The birds were silent; the only sounds to be heard, excepting the voices of the two ladies and the Captain, were the murmur of the church bells in the distance and the gentle breathings of the air among the branches.

The carriage was a long time coming. Lucy generally met it at the first great oak; but to-day she walked the whole distance between the house and the lodge—two miles at least—without seeing any sign of its approach.

Even from the lodge no carriage could be seen; but there

was no cause for alarm; Mr. Harrington might have been detained by business.

"I am sure we are compensated for his delay by the beautiful flush suspense has thrown over Miss Harrington's features; but really from every new situation and emotion she gathers a fresh charm," cried Miss Moorhouse.

"Oh, that is so true, Caroline! so very true!" echoed the Captain, in answer to his sister's remark.

After sauntering about under the trees for half-an-hour, Miss Harrington proposed returning to the house; if her father had been kept in town, it might be for two hours or three. The Captain took his leave, promising to be in the grounds by six in the morning to complete the arch he had commenced, and the two ladies silently walked back.

They dined alone; Lucy, it must be owned, was a little cross and disappointed about her bracelet and her flowers, and also about a letter she had received that morning from her brother at Oxford, containing some very unwelcome reproofs and a large quantity of good advice,—an article which young Harrington was certainly very fond of dispensing.

Lucy delayed the coffee-drinking as long as possible, for when her father could not dine with her, he liked to do the *next* best thing; but, alas! seven o'clock came (it is a hundred and forty years back, dear reader, when five o'clock P.M. was the ultra-fashionable dinner-hour); but the coffee came and went, without Mr. Harrington.

At last came the welcome sound of wheels; Lucy flew into the hall, really delighted with the cessation of her suspense, for she was very affectionate; but, instead of being clasped in her father's arms, she stood face to face with Sir John Courtenay, the lover, whom, but a few weeks back, she had so insultingly dismissed.

He was pale and agitated, too agitated for ceremony even in

those *ceremonious* days; he took her passive hand, and turned with her into a parlour close at hand.

"I deeply regret that I bring you ill tidings," he said, sadly; "you will have one more disagreeable association with a name which, Heaven knows, you scorn and hate already."

He looked hurt, as if some painful remembrance stirred him; but, after a moment, he continued, in a softer voice and with a tender look of concern, which proved him a lover still,—

"Dear Miss Harrington, your father is not well. I met him this morning, and we dined together at my house in town; after which I accompanied him to a house where he had business; there he was seized with a fit."

"I see more — worse — in your face!" gasped Lucy. "Oh, Heaven, my father is dead — dead while my foolish vanity thought less of him than of the least thing that fed it. Is it so? Oh, Sir John, your presence has always brought me pain: is he *dead*? Tell me only *one* hope for his life remains; I would kneel to you if you could give me even that."

The servants were summoned by a hasty ringing of the bell; poor Lucy was taken insensible to her bed.

She awoke to reason, after a severe attack of fever, to find herself fatherless, fortuneless, dependent on her brother, who almost simultaneously with his father's death had been presented to a curacy in Surrey, very near Elmwood Park.

He had kept her with him some time; and then, without asking her advice, had found a situation for her in the family of a lady of title as governess and companion to some children.

To fulfil this trust we have seen Lucy bidding adieu to the neighbourhood so fraught with mingled remembrances of joy and sorrow.

During her stay under her brother's roof, she had spent the greater part of her time alone; his studious habits and his contempt for female society had left her entirely at her own dis-

posal; and these many hours of meditation, sad as they were, had done much to soften and eradicate Lucy's faults and follies.

Perhaps, too, in her heart of hearts she had found room for sorrow on account of her unworthy behaviour to Sir John Courtenay: but her brother was no *confidant* for a love affair; and if Lucy regretted anything, she kept it secret.

Of all Miss Harrington's admirers, there was not one who in her need came forward to support the offers formerly made; all but one went their way to watch for the rising of other stars, and to congratulate themselves that they had not finally committed themselves with regard to her.

All but one! Sir John Courtenay was sincere and honourable, and had loved her with all the warmth of a noble and virtuous heart; little by little he had discovered that his idol was not all he had imagined, and he had therefore not now renewed his offer of marriage, because he felt that in the choice of a wife other things than beauty ought to be sought. Sir John had had an excellent mother, and had accordingly framed a somewhat high standard of female requirements; and although at first bewildered by her loveliness and vivacity, by the sweetness of her smile, and the elegance of her every movement, the very manner of her refusal had taught him that this was scarcely the woman to replace the last Lady Courtenay—his mother, whom he had recently lost, when he fell in love with Miss Harrington.

But, like a good angel, he followed her afar off. He had a cousin to whom he told the whole story, and this lady advised him to say no more about a young woman so evidently unworthy of him in moral regards, even had she retained her former position in the world. And had she been ever so good, the Countess would not certainly have wished her cousin to unite himself with the daughter of a bankrupt—for such, on

the examination of his affairs, the late Mr. Harrington had been found.

Sir John agreed; but a very short time sufficed to convince him that he could not give up Lucy so readily. Young Harrington had always liked him; and he wrote to inquire of the curate how he liked his living, and whether Miss Harrington were still with him?

To these inquiries Harrington replied, "That the vicar was non-resident; and that he inhabited a pleasant house in the midst of a simple, affectionate people; that his duties were light, and left him ample time for study; that his sister was with him, but very idle, and given to melancholy; that he thought of getting some situation for her where she would find employment and society."

The curate really did feel that his sister was solitary; but he was so abominably taciturn and retentive, that he was a stranger to those who ought to have known him best; and as he expressed himself better on paper than by word of mouth, those knew most of his affairs who communicated with him only by letter.

No sooner had Courtenay received Harrington's news than he asked his cousin if she knew of a situation likely to suit Miss Harrington: he should probably never see her again, but he felt a strong interest in one with whom he had been so near connecting himself. Lady Mountstuart replied, that if he would promise not to visit her while Lucy was with her, she herself would take her as governess to her two little girls, reserving the power of removing the proviso she had made if she found Miss Harrington "very much changed," "very much improved," as Courtenay hinted that she might be; for the Countess understood the state of his affections almost better than he understood it himself, and saw that he still clung to her, fickle and scornful as she had been; and thinking there

must be some good in a girl who had inspired so deep a regard, the kind lady began to agree with Sir John that Lucy's faults were in a great measure curable. The lover promised all that was required of him, and set out for Holland the day Lucy left her home for London.

The journey, her fellow-passengers, and the elasticity of youth, enabled her to divert her mind a little, and by the time the coach reached the inn in the Borough, she had regained her composure, to some degree at least. Here Lady Mountstuart's carriage met her, and in the course of an hour or so Lucy found herself face to face for the first time with her patroness.

The Countess was a widow, no longer young, but still very attractive-looking; her chief charm, indeed, was one which is perennial, it was a hearty, good-tempered, kindly expression, which is sometimes proof against the heart-hardening influences of the career of a woman of fashion, and is always irresistible in whatever station it be found.

Miss Harrington was conducted to the Countess's dressing-room, and after some inquiries as to her health, her journey, &c., was dismissed until the evening, at which time the lady requested to see her again, to have a little conversation with her.

The correspondence between Lady Mountstuart and Harrington had been kept to themselves. At present Lucy was ignorant of the Countess's relationship with Courtenay, and thought the lady had heard of her through some source connected with her brother, of which he had told her nothing, and about which she had of course asked no questions. Harrington hated to be questioned, especially by women.

Lucy rested herself; and looked very lovely in her deep mourning when she presented herself to the Countess, with whom she was invited to drink tea. It would have been impossible for any one to look without concern on a pretty young woman so helplessly situated, and the sight considerably affected

Lady Mountstuart, who had been young once and a beauty herself, and perhaps vain and changeable too. The elder lady turned her head and wiped away a tear or two, then she said in a kind voice, "I hope, my dear, you will be happy here; it will not be always convenient for me, or advantageous for you, to have you with me in your leisure; but when I have company I like you to see, or when I am alone and in the humour, you shall sit here. My two little girls will return to me to-morrow from a visit; and I hope you will do your best for them. Pray correct vanity if you see it in them, and check the least disposition to unkind raillery,—such things are so disagreeable in young women. Teach them to be truthful, gentle, and affectionate. I hope they are well-disposed; but I dare say you will find them spoiled. If you try to please me, our connexion may be a long one, and may bring happiness to both of us. If you are conscious of any faults in my children, tell them so, candidly and gently; any other course is false friendship, and promises nothing but evil."

Lucy's face glowed like scarlet; but of this the Countess appeared to take no notice, feeling, nevertheless, that she had succeeded in administering both reproof and caution to the once impatient Lucy Harrington.

The children arrived; and in her care of them Lucy's sick heart soon acquired a healthier tone. The false scenes of her former life seemed rolled away like a mist, leaving her character clearer and more beautiful. She learned to bear with their faults, but always was she sincere and truthful in speaking to them of themselves, and the little girls grew to love her like an elder sister. Two years had been spent in peace and quiet—two years had given stability to Miss Harrington's good resolutions, and had developed her beauty to perfection. When Lady Mountstuart informed her cousin that he might come home, that, poor as she was, Lucy Harrington was now a far worthier

object of love than in the days when she was supposed to be very rich, Lady Mountstuart added that she could never discharge the debt of gratitude she owed Lucy for the unceasing care she had devoted to her little pupils.

Sir John was at Florence when the news reached him. It was a beautiful Italian evening, and as the sunset faded, and the night deepened, like a veil over the magnificent city, the young man bade it farewell in all its beauty, inexpressibly happy to leave it, lovely as it was, and sensitively as his taste appreciated it.

He hurried home, as much as one could hurry in those days of sailing vessels and slow coaches, and presented himself as soon as possible at his cousin's door. Of course, Lucy had discovered long ere now that Sir John Courtenay was related to the Countess, that he was abroad and still unmarried; more than this she had not learned, for the children knew no more, and the Countess had never mentioned him to her. One day there was a knock at Lucy's door; Lady Mountstuart's eldest daughter had brought her a message to this effect, "Miss Harrington, mamma wants to see you *very much*! I am not to say any more."

The little girl's crimson cheeks and hurried manner betrayed some uncommon emotion. Lucy felt instinctively that some crisis in her life was at hand, and *ran* downstairs (in spite of Lady Mountstuart's dislike to this unladylike haste), impatient to learn what it was that awaited her.

"Here is an old friend, Lucy," said the Countess, cheerfully; "you must receive him well for my sake."

Lucy had half guessed how it was. One of those strange presentiments which sometimes take possession of us had seemed to warn her of his coming; and as she gave him her trembling hand, her face in a glow like the sunlight itself, and an unutterable look of appeal for forgiveness in her beautiful eyes, who can

wonder that words of greeting died away unspoken on Sir John's lips, that he could only press her hand, and look again and again on the wonderful improvement and alteration in the expression of her face?

The rest of the day passed away like a happy dream; so did another, and another, for the Countess was good enough to find opportunities, and very soon Sir John renewed his proposals. Ah, how differently were they received! Lucy's heart fluttered, and her tears fell fast as she assured Sir John of her sorrow for the past, of her gratitude for his continued interest in her, and of her hope that she should do better for the future.

So Sir John was despatched to his country-seat to prepare a home for his bride, and to put his affairs in order; while Lucy went home to her brother, to spend a week or two with him. She travelled post, and was accompanied by a very respectable woman, by title Mistress Dorcas, a servant of Lady Mountstuart's; for the good Countess really took every care of her which even Courtenay could require.

Honest Bob—now a tall countryman of some eighteen years old—was at her brother's garden-gate, to assist her in alighting. She had not forgotten his attempts to console her, and she smiled cheerily on him—a sweet smile, such as Elmwood Park had never seen.

"Well, Bob, you were right: I *am* glad to see the old place. I thought once I should never see it again."

"Thank God, miss, you looks hearty! I thought you'd be took care on, if anybody was. The tender lamb is always dearest to the shepherd, they say."

Mistress Dorcas alighted with a prouder step, and swung her hoop finely as she walked up to the vicarage-door.

Harrington received his sister placidly, and said he was glad to see her well. Meantime Dorcas stood behind, unnoticed for a time.

"Bob," said the curate, "take Miss Harrington's woman into the kitchen, and ask Pritchard to attend to her."

"Miss Harrington's woman, indeed!" murmured Dorcas, "and me every bit as good as her! I was a clergyman's daughter;* and now, forsooth, to be called Miss Harrington's woman—woman to one not better born than myself, I dare say!"

* * * * *

"You ought to be very grateful to Providence," said the curate, sententiously, as he drank tea from a cup about as large as a doll's—"you ought to be very grateful to Providence for the kindness you have found."

Lucy felt a little impatient.

"Grateful!" she cried—"ought to be grateful! My heart burns with gratitude for the overwhelming goodness of Heaven!"

"Well, well, you express it more warmly; I hope the feeling may be durable."

"You are a good man," said Lucy; "but I cannot think how you contrive to be so cool about everything, and really I wish——"

"My dear, wish nothing for me; I am quite satisfied. When I say quite satisfied, I mean that I have the prospect of being so. Pritchard does not make so much of my little farm as might be made of it, I think; and the house is not kept

* For a clergyman's daughter to be in service was a common thing a hundred and forty years back. What numberless associations will a mere date recall! At that time Johnson was in his cradle; Sacheverel making a splendid progress through the western counties, more like that of a prince than a mere journey to a Welsh curacy; Burnet was writing his History; the great Duke of Marlborough was in disgrace at court, the Pretender living, and Queen Anne on the throne. Clergymen's daughters no longer go to service. We have improved a little on the Augustan age. They are governesses now, on servants' wages, without the servants' privileges.

quite as I like a house: therefore, all things considered, I shall marry. Servants are very extravagant, and the wife I have chosen is eminently frugal; so I think I shall gain as much one way as I shall spend another, and she has a small homestead and some land of her own."

As he sat so calmly, mentally balancing the accounts between celibacy and matrimony, again Lucy became a little impatient; but she controlled herself, and said,—

"I wish you joy, I am sure, brother! I hope you will be happy."

"*Happiness* I can scarcely expect in a chequered scene like this, Lucy. Contentment, and sometimes serenity, are all I hope for. Extravagant anticipations are generally disappointed."

After tea, the curate retired to his study for a while; then he went courting, and took the bride-elect to walk in the fields, while he read aloud to her the MS. of next Sunday's sermon, which he had carried in his pocket for the purpose.

Lucy spent the evening in the garden, with all sorts of glorious lights about her,—sunshine without and within, sweet hopes of a future, where love and faith should conquer and subdue all the roughnesses and misfortunes of life. Oh, life itself was a heavenly cup to Lucy now!

They were married, and Bob was taken as footman by Sir John. The curate was married, too; and it was lucky he did *not* expect happiness, for his wife proved to be a terrible shrew, who effectually roused him from his indifference, or stoicism, or whatever he chose to call it.

A lovely wife Lucy made. No wonder that she deferred to her husband rather more than ladies do in general, she had so many recollections of his kindness for her when others deserted her. Such false friends were eager to resume the acquaintance with Lady Courtenay which had been found inconvenient with

the poor Miss Harrington; to these she was very cold, especially to Miss Moorhouse and the captain, who were among the first to seek her out.

In conclusion, dear reader, if you have any lady dependant, though she may be devoid of Lucy's beauty and attractiveness, be kind to her, be considerate of her; and Heaven grant you a full reward for every gentle deed in that day when patron and dependant shall be known no more!

L'ENFANT CONSTRUCTEUR.

FABLE.

PAR LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

Au bord de l'océan un gars avait construit
Petit château de cailloutage,
Mais le flot vint, qui dans la nuit,
Renversant le manoir, aplanit le rivage.
Bâtissons plus haut, dit l'enfant,
Eclairé par l'expérience.
Le voilà de nouveau déployant sa science :
Autant en emporte le vent !
Au sommet du coteau, de colère immobile,
Il voit, un beau matin,
Les débris dispersés de son palais fragile.
Se croyant pour le coup, devenu plus habile,
Notre constructeur enfantin
S'établit au loin dans la plaine.
L'aube seule humectait les gazons d'alentour,
Et l'épaisseur de la forêt prochaine,
Interdisant aux vents l'accès de ce séjour
Semblait devoir garantir son domaine,
Et cette fois protéger son labeur.
Pourtant le pied d'une génisse,
Qui s'en allait paissant, renversa l'édifice.
Pour le coup mon marmot en pleura de fureur ;
Mais, en esprit tenace, il courut le refaire
Dans le potager de son père.

Quand le guignon s'en mêle, on sait que rien ne va,
Il eut mieux fait d'en rester là.
Deux taupes au-dessous faisaient leur lambrissage,
Qui voulant agrandir leur obscur ermitage,
Minèrent tant, que le château
Tomba par terre de nouveau.
L'adolescent persista-t-il encore
Dans son projet ? Vrai, je l'ignore,
Mais je remarque à ce propos,
Qu'enfants aussi, tous autant que nous sommes,
Prétendant au nom de Prud'hommes,
Pour un bien passager nous laissons le repos.
L'un bâtit des cités que la flamme consume,
Ou que détruit le fer du conquérant.
L'autre, s'escrimant de la plume,
Invente un beau poëme, auquel, après mille ans
Les plus doctes rhéteurs ne trouvent aucun sens.
Un troisième, plus fou, peut-être,
Sur le bronze grave des lois
Que la naissance d'autres droits
Le lendemain fait disparaître.

CONCLUSION :—Tout croule, et la main d'un mortel
Ne peut rien créer d'immortel !

SEPARATE EXISTENCES:

OR,

PLATO AND MESMER.

BY MRS. OCTAVIUS FREIRE OWEN.

It was a strange marriage: everybody said so, and, as usual, everybody was right. Yet there was no disparity of years, no dissonance of rank—certainly no deficiency of natural endowment, to set the heart of a spectator aching for the future happiness of either of the pair. Still the least speculative observer had scarcely needed a second glance at those two figures standing together at the altar to feel satisfied how strange a marriage it was. The one so youthfully, almost childishly joyous in her beauty, the blue heaven of her eyes all innocent in its passionless confidence,—softly lustrous, like the star's image, lake-reflected, when neither breeze nor cloud-drift are nigh, yet quick in generous impulse as the electric flash itself; the other, so dark, so stern, so cold—now elevated above humanities almost, anon wildly restless, as if swayed by some potent spirit, whose irregular outbursts the mind was equally incompetent to fathom or subdue—that very calmness which was ordinarily the sole characteristic in common between them, seeming in his case like the breathless pause of the caged eagle, before through the unclosed doors of his prison he springs back to his native cliffs. But see, the ceremony is over; the priest closes his book, friends collect

and proffer congratulations to either candidate for the doubtful prizes of the future. The good wishes are received by the bride with the smiles of a child playing queen on a birthday festival; by the bridegroom they are endured, not to say repelled; there seems a mockery in the sardonic curl of his lip, as if a life of wayward thought within, were pictured on the brain, in vivid contrast to the same without, himself. It is difficult to think that there is anything real about this plighting of solemn troth while you look at her, so marked is the absence of every misgiving, or shadow of even serious thought, till you turn to his face and see them all depicted, darkening momentarily there—Yes! a strange marriage it is!

Bertha von Ehrenstein had been an orphan many years, indeed scarcely remembered any other guardian than the distant relative who viewed, with triumphant pleasure, the successful issue of her schemes in the marriage of the heiress with her only nephew. Hunold had recently returned from foreign travel, so changed in manners as in appearance from the somewhat self-willed stripling of former days, that he acquiesced silently in whatever plans were proposed for him, and, withdrawing himself to solitary rambles, relinquished, with careless apathy, to his aunt the choice, and certainly the wooing, of his bride. Of the last there had been, however, little need, for, brought up isolated in a mountain castle, no rival had appeared in Bertha's heart to dispute the fealty which from childhood she had been taught was Hunold's prerogative as her destined husband; if she ever pictured him to herself as other than he is, the remembrance and the disappointment faded away together in the one faint sigh which accompanied her assent to receive him, at the termination of a few brief weeks of bridal preparation. Sometimes even in the most impassive there is a momentary light favourable to the indefinable yet distinct developements of the secret state of our inner being; and when

the heart is not filled with substantial happiness, the echoed sigh is but the reverberating footstep of the departing phantom of that reality which is *not* there—perchance has never been!

The carriage, however, comes clanging to the gate. She is lifted into it with scarcely a regret; her acquaintances have been few—her friendships none. I am not sure but that the image on which her mind fixes itself most earnestly on this all-important day for her destinies, is the patrimonial residence of Hunold, which, tenantless for many years, is now to find a new and proud little mistress in herself. Youthful features—still more youthful heart! If deeper emotions lie beneath the frozen brilliancy of the sun-illuminated iceberg, their streams have not as yet been taught to flow.

The approach to the château, seen in the warm glow of a summer's evening, had just sufficient of sombre character to enhance the interest we ever attach to records of the past, whilst its beauty amply rewarded the investigation of Bertha as she glanced on every side. Deer grouped upon the grass, their glossy brown sides agreeably contrasting with its emerald glow; clumps of trees, whose foliage, scarcely waved by the breeze, glistens brightly in the sun-light; shrubs loaded with blossoms, which emit a powerful incense,—their evening orison to the departing luminary, as he sinks to his couch among the undulating lines of distant hills—these combine to deepen the effect of the venerable building itself, daguerreotyped on the bosom of yonder wide-spreading lake, stretching far into the distance. Why does Bertha check the ebullition of pleasure with which her heart is filled? Her lips unclose, but the tones of delight fade into a whispered exclamation, for Hunold, abstracted and insensible beside her, seems gloomily to shroud himself from each glimpse or sound of pleasure; and the quick throb of pain, which she knows not why convulses,

for one brief instant, her heart, as if under the pressure of a thought she dreads to listen to, is answered by sighs deeper and sadder still from the breast of her husband.

In the intercourse of human life it is by the affections, not the intellect, that distinct classes, separated indeed by fortune, yet blend in unison, and by the indescribable nothings which form the sum of human friendship pass into each other's hearts: the peasant feels the sunshine of his chieftain's presence, though he sees him not; the lord's residence in the castle forms the summer of the cottage; and at the return of some benevolent ruler, beloved simply for that benevolence which has travelled, he himself is unaware how far, what more thrilling spectacle can touch the sympathetic heart, than when crowds, hearing of his approach, hasten to greet him, and even the stranger journeys, it may be miles, to proffer a tribute paid voluntarily by poverty, to appreciated principle and worth! If Bertha looked for this as the carriage neared the principal entrance, she was not altogether disappointed; groups of peasant-folks were there with gay dresses; faces lined the approach on either side, bright with glances of curiosity, and many a comment is made on the kindly smiles of the young Countess who acknowledges their welcome with cordial interest; yet vainly may she seek one beam of affection,—vainly may her ear try to catch one hearty exclamation of blessing on her lord; old retainers cluster the porch, bowing low with reverence, but, save in one or two, to whom he addresses a few hurried words as they enter the vestibule, does there appear much visible exhilaration at his arrival. In a fitful mood of doubt and expectancy Bertha is scarcely aware that he has left her, until, ushered into the large heavily wainscoted saloon, old dark portraits seem to frown upon the stranger; and the lifelessness of their gaze, striking upon her void and restless scrutiny, rouses her to the consciousness that she is standing there—*alone*.

How slight the separation of a single wall; the threshold how narrow, between innocence and guilt—misery and happiness—peace and despair! Hurrying to a lonely chamber, he has secured its door with trembling hands, and cast himself, in a paroxysm of grief, upon a couch; with eyes bloodshot and glaring, the wretched bridegroom seems to watch some spectral foe; by fits he paces the room, then flings himself down, his face buried in his hands, and heavy sobs convulse his whole frame. At last, with a violent effort, he traces the following words, scarce legibly, for his fingers are unequal to the task:—

“My mind has long been chaos—I feel it will again become so; let me snatch the little light which now gleams over the darkness of my soul. Bertha, you are free! It was not Hunold you espoused—he is wedded to —— Alas! seek not to know more; his destiny—a few days—it may be a few hours—that destiny will be completed, and its shadow will not vex you more!

“Have I been mad? It may be so; misery,—the misery of smothered grief—the searing vision of long past hours in other lands—the blood-red hand that ever presses its grasp upon my heart, shut from my sense the care of present things. In a trance I allowed this morning’s ceremony to pass—in the apathy of despair I vowed myself to you; but mine you never can be—another’s chain even now is round me!

“There is but one atonement I can make. My death shall set you free ——”

He pauses; the sense of the words seems to come upon him as he gazes at them with a wild, fixed look. He has changed his purpose, and, crushing the paper in his hand, flings it from him. Rising, with something more of composure in his looks, he summons the aged steward who, in his childhood, has often borne him in his arms; another billet is hastily indited, and delivered to his care.

"Give this to your lady," he said, striving to speak steadily; "its contents are merely to inform her that I am called suddenly away. Add whatever you think best calculated to quiet her surprise and suspicion at the purport," he continued, in answer to the appealing glance of his hearer. "Nay, no words; I know all you would say—you would tell me this is my bridal-day—you think to urge me to *her* side. What! shall I desecrate my lips with the tones of hypocritical affection? Shall I press kisses on her cheek when I would rather fling her from me? No! child and trifler as she is, even she would detect the falsehood, and resent her lot.—Alas! has she not reason?"

Perceiving that Hunold had covered his eyes with his hand the old man hastened to take advantage of the softer mood; but his anxious words of expostulation roused, in an instant, still greater vehemence than had been before betrayed; and flinging off the feeble hold which would have detained him, his unhappy master strode towards the door; there was a lurid glow in his eyes as if a volcano were burning in his brain, and threatened every moment to prove, not only his own destruction, but that of all who dared to approach.

"Hinder me at your peril!" he cried. "I go to woo back repose to a bosom bursting with the pent-up wretchedness of years—I go to bury the memory of the past too deep for mortal circumstances to untomb it; should Heaven," he added, less wildly, and with an indescribable sadness, modulating his voice—"should Heaven hear my supplications, I shall return anon."

With bitter regret, the faithful domestic watched him hurry forth by a private entrance, mount his hunter, and, setting spurs to its sides, gallop madly off towards the distant forest. Slowly he turned again to seek Bertha, revolving in his mind how best the information might be conveyed to her, that on the very evening of her bridal, messengers had arrived with news so

momentous, that the bridegroom dared not even delay to exchange a farewell with her, before he set out to act upon the tidings he had received.

The servants' hall is in a labyrinth of perplexities: the conduct of their lord has produced speculations endless and inconclusive, under the concomitant influences of ignorance and terror; and then, as if these were not enough, the young Countess, so far from grieving over the enforced separation, is bounding with gleesome curiosity through the galleries and corridors of the château, or carolling wild snatches of melody among the beds of the garden as she wreathes garlands of flowers, to be scattered as soon as woven. Even the old steward is somewhat hurt as well as surprised by the *insouciance* of his new mistress, and would have been better pleased had she been more difficult to convince that "no evil were likely to befall his lord on his journey"—a question, after the satisfactory answering of which, Bertha had dismissed the subject, and been, to all appearance, rather glad to be rid of him than otherwise.

Yet is this carelessness assumed to hide the throbbings of mortified self-love and injured pride? It may be so; for later in the evening, when the light has faded, and she has no longer an excuse to avoid the solitary supper-room, with its table spread with delicacies by her attentive household, Bertha, after playing idly with a trifle or two from the silver dishes, dismisses all attendance, and, drawing a low stool towards the wide fireplace, where a few logs have been kindled for cheerfulness' sake, gazes earnestly into the whitening embers, and falls into a reverie sudden but profound.

Of what is she thinking? Let us see.

She comes at once to the point—with a desperate effort, she sets herself wondering at and analysing her affection for Hunold, if affection that can be called which leads her not now

to sadden for his return, but rather to rejoice that she is alone there on her bridal evening. Suddenly her cheek reddens; a strange feeling of self-reproach surprises the maiden's heart; she feels all at once a duty lying on her soul. Is it possible she never before comprehended the path she had that morning entered on?—the vows she had pronounced? It seems so, indeed; for she stands convicted before her own soul of something which she cannot bear to think hypocrisy or deceit. Comparing her feelings now with what she knows should be in her mind, Hunold, instead of being the careless and impassible spouse her heart has more than once during the evening throbbled for an instant proudly to think him, changes, by a magic transformation, which she endeavours in vain to unravel, into the victim of herself—a childish, weak woman. He has doubtless seen her indifference, she muses;—seen her indifference!—what then? Is she capable of another and a tenderer feeling? There is a breathless pause; she closes her eyes, and looks inward upon herself. She thinks what unions like that whose symbol is glittering on her finger, *might* be—of what earnest, confiding affection—of what rapturous sympathy such should be the result and reward! She is drawing a picture before the mental vision of her closed eyes.—Alas! the original is not Hunold!

* * * * *

The moon's lonely lustre—pale, shadowless, and ever mystical—shone into the chamber and warred with the faint glimmer of a lamp placed near the bed. Bertha lay in all the soft unconsciousness of sleep. Her hair, flung in wavy tresses from brow and cheek, stirred at intervals in the night-breeze (which entered through the open casement), the sole movement visible. Not even the rise and fall of the regular breathing were discernible; she might have been a rare statue of alabaster invested with the hues of life alone, so perfect was the repose

her whole abandonment evinced. In such an hour, when every instant the silence appears to deepen, waking imagination peoples the misty void with phantoms life-like, yet ideal; our senses thrill at the almost tangible approaches of other beings than those compacted of gross clay, breathing fear or consolation, as we feel them circling the eddies of the air around us. And, in slumber, who knows whether the soul may not avail itself of the opportunity which the quietude of its querulous child, the body, for a time allows it, to go forth, if not afar from, yet still without, its earthly tenement, and hold communion with its proper comrades, the denizens of brighter spheres? Poor truant from its duty, soon again recalled by the wailing of its mortal charge to reassume the weary task of binding a spirit's energies in the tearful fetters of earth! Let us suppose this. Hush! a sound as of the faint fluttering of something lighter than fairy footfalls,—it comes like snow upon the bosom of the soft night-air—snow without its coldness, yet with something of a shudder too. A sense of odour, subtle and ethereal, pervades the apartment; the sleeper acknowledges it,—and a sigh comes softly from her parted lips.—Lo! the breath rising with that sigh takes form and life:—at first, like to a transparent cloud, upward it rises—upward! upward! lengthening and dilating till, immediately above the slumberer, floats a misty form—rare, subtle image of herself, the counterpart of Bertha, but earthly no longer—a seraph's shape, all childlike still, but spirit-fraught, the hues of immortality stamped on its shining lineaments;—such, could human sense pierce through the veil which shrouds the immaterial, appeared the Soul.

Free to wander to its native and genial atmosphere, while yonder extended frame, whose devoted yet reluctant companion it is, lies chained to mortal slumber, the Spirit bends glances of benignant sympathy upon the sleeping girl; the folded hands, the unfathomable eyes raised above, tell how true and faithful,

a guardian is there. But again that sound, soft and mystical, is heard; another celestial Shape shares the silence of the chamber—another, alike, yet different, waits with calm and reverend air, within the shadow-boundary of the rays that fall slanting across the couch.—He waits—for what?

A moment more, and the Forms turn and mingle:—Like to the meeting of two swift rivers, gliding smoothly to each other's embrace, distinguishable apart no more, swept they forward, and together floated forth into the silent night!

* * * * *

The land of the Antipodean Garamanti, lying gorgeously beautiful in the blaze of mid-day, extends a fairy vision beneath carmine-tinted clouds, softening the glow on yonder marble palaces, whose bases kiss the water's edge. Above, ethereal blue is seen without a speck to mar its brightness, save in the gauzy, gossamer pavilion of those dim curtains, behind which, lie the planets, invisible to earth, but doubly beautiful to the eyes of the permitted ones, who can, unshrinking, gaze upon their glory. Cradled on the verge of a vapour lie the two Spirits; their voices are like the faint music of a distant fountain.

"Alas! is it for good she has to-night heard my voice and communed with me for the first time? Does the knowledge that a being of superior mould inhabits her child-bosom—that aspirations higher than the sweet earthly ones she has as yet scarce breathed, animate her breast,—do these render her more fit to bear the mortal lot now first perceived in her young life? Will not the consciousness of the soul-gift depress her heart?"

"Fear not, oh, sweet Spirit, for thy beloved but frail companion! Allied to mortal pain, Bertha's mind soars beneath the overshadowing influence of thy presence. The magic of thy tones throbs in the impulses of the heart's first appeal for affection. Like a babe's cry, her new-born emotion seeks

from thee sustenance for hope and love; and the fabled offspring of Alcmena even now puts forth a giant's strength in the cradle of its infancy. I stood within her chamber to-night and sought thee:—thy glory, while it resigned her to mortal slumber, shone like the rainbow's path through fields of ether—emblem of a spirit's tempered union with the tears of earth—and lay, reflection of thyself, upon her still, sweet face.”

“And thou—even when parted from me her pulses spoke thine approach; and in her dreams she feels his sway, whom she has already imaged to herself, this evening in the wilderness of her own unwitting fancies,—should have been Hunold.”

The Spirit's features saddened as her words fell upon his sense; he raised his eyes, deep and fervent, to the soft orbs of his companion: it might be the future, veiled from him, no less than from the body whose existence he shared, had then a deeper interest.

“Shall we never be united?” she went on. “Are our essences never to be conjoined in the forms of mortal mould we severally animate? Is the interloper who has this day plighted his troth to my earthly impersonation, to bring a barrier between thy fair image and my sympathy? Shall we never—ah, spirit adored!—be one? Answer me!”

The gleam upon his forehead deepened and flashed into effulgence—not as mortals shrinking from the farewell of their hope, on the boundary of the Illimitable Future, but as first contemplating its sure advent—Exultation triumphed in his words:—

“Rarely do the earth-forms inhabited by us ethereal ones throb towards their kindred clay with the responsive impulses we, their heaven-occupants, feel mutually; while we are doomed to wander apart, separated by body, our eyes through human orbs may never look upon each other. Yet are there subtle

strings *human knowledge has but just discovered*, which, in the passive torpor of corporeal faculties, awhile vibrate from the outer to the inner life—strings which, when touched by art, penetrate the veil of matter, and awaken *our* reply, until the children of earth are startled by the superhuman scope of powers in themselves, they knew not, of influences which pierce through space, so that man walks with angels! Thus, though the fetter be not yet broken, still long as the life-blood courses in the veins, shall there be times when soul is free to mix with soul, in perfectness; and even if not in life united, we shall be one, oh, fairest Spirit! when Death, the great deliverer, sets us free!”

Listening, the spirit folded her mist-like arms upon her bosom, and was content—a slight shudder passed over her form—

“I am called,” she whispered. “Bertha awakes—farewell!”

Over the billowy Atlantic—the sandy deserts of vast northern Africa—above the blue Levantine shores—the vineyards of sunny Spain—the grey, twilight-lit glaciers of the Alpine giants—a moment’s space, and the summoned spirit has again rejoined that chrysalis of earth alike its mistress and its slave!

* * * * *

It was the early morning before Hunold drew his horse’s rein. Bewildered by opposing passions, a prey to that implacable enemy *himself*, the consciousness of motion in his mad career alone seemed to bring him respite from the wilder strife within; and he pushed onwards, reckless whither, until the laboured breathings of the noble horse he rode, warned him its powers were being taxed beyond the strength of long endurance. For some time, the path had been gradually ascending, and, arrived at its sharpest angle, one violent effort brought the animal (all but worn out by his long and rapid journey) upon

a narrow terrace of cliff overlooking the dimly-lit valley of the Rhine.

The blue morning mist was sailing upward, enveloping and revealing in turn every object on which it rested. Hundreds of feet below, the craggy sides of the elevation thus gained, terminated in a shadowy abyss; and down the intermediate passage a torrent had worn its way, falling wildly amidst the sharp points of the cliff, as if lashed into wrath to boil and seethe within depths, from whose contemplation the eye shrank affrighted.

For an instant Hunold paused, startled from his wild grief. There are moments when the whole of a lifetime seems to extend like a panorama before the mental vision. Men have experienced this when Death was about to rivet his icy chain, and revealed, when restored from the agonies of drowning, the clear and steady detail of past circumstances, nay, even of thoughts, upon which the mind concentrated its whole energy during that extraordinary point of time. It seems as if the soul, upon the eve of its farewell to that body by whose side it has so long toiled onward to emancipation, bestows one long and piercing glance upon the twofold history of life and feeling which is closing for ever, and strives to judge through that imperfect lens, about to be broken into fragments, of the immortality of either joy or woe which it approaches,—the dawning precincts of its future state! Thus seemed the scene before him to identify itself with Hunold's past career; from such a point saw he now the road he had travelled, the objects he had encountered on the journey. Calmly lay the material prospect, —how great a contrast to the corresponding one within, all blurred and confused by the spectres of bygone events and deeds, whose searing influence blackened, like the ruins of a lightning tempest, the very verdure of the trees on either side!

Is it because great danger fascinates, that, on looking down

from excessive altitudes, we are conscious of a wild desire to tempt the fearful fall? Has peril or certain death some strange attraction, that draws the vessel of our life-hope, within its engulfing vortex? It is a fact that even the victim of the *auto-da-fe* invariably goes to his doom with eagerness depicted on his face.* And thus gazed Hunold, at first abstracted, then as if more fully aware of the intervening distance between the speck of earth he occupied and the hungry shadows below; until at length, his brain dizzy, with a frantic cry and arms thrown wildly above, he prepared to dash forward.—Alas! has the soul's better angel forgotten her mission, and abandoned that worn, distracted frame at the very moment when her cares are most needed? It must be so, for again he sets his spurs into his horse's sides—surprised and maddened, the noble creature rears—then, with a sudden plunge, springs forward—

Lost! lost! Are they both lost?

A hand arrests the violent movement of the horse:—forced by the rein and thrown suddenly upon his haunches, he falls on one side, precipitating his rider, paralysed as much by the miraculous intervention as by his fall, upon the stunted herbage.

Strange power of human sympathy, print of the Divine Hand, still legible upon the tear-stained forehead of fallen man, how beautiful thou art! Kneeling upon the ground, his arms pillowing the insensible figure of Hunold, the stranger chafes his icy limbs; and, with lips still whitened by the awful and unexpected danger from which he has just rescued another, whispers, in the intervals of consciousness, words soothing, and tender as a mother addresses, to her timid, trembling child. Without effect, alas!—if life has been preserved to be a blessing, it is yet a gift too newly restored, for words to bring even the

* See Limborch's "History of the Inquisition."

negative happiness of contrast, to what might have been ; hours may those kindly eyes, watch the weary sufferer, and even the wished-for information, whither it will be best to bear him, will not be accorded in the incoherent ravings of the bowed and guilty man.

* * * * *

Who, wakening from his slumbers, has not experienced a feeling which no guerdon of power or pleasure could procure ? Who has not turned again upon his pillow and sought to win back the strange, sweet influence, to spread once more its dreamy vision before the senses, thrillingly attuned by some invisible agency, to appreciate its rarefied and spiritualised colouring ? Something not real, but a thousand times more vivid, seems to have engaged us during those last moments of sleep ; the pulses throb more quickly—the heart glows—the cheek flushes—yet must the sober light of this material world extinguish in a few short moments the thrilling vision, beyond all the powers of will or circumstance, wakefully to recall. Are there not many of us who have quaffed the great nectar draughts of our existence in the silent dream-land of sleep ?

Bertha awoke the morning after her arrival at the château with such a flush of pleasure as this, and silently lay, endeavouring to recall the actual images which had so powerfully impressed her. It seemed as if she had suddenly been brought into communion with those formed to elicit and perfectuate the aspirations of her own mind—a fragrant garden it would now appear, bright with a thousand flowers of imagination and beauty. She thought she had been wafted through the air, looking down upon many a scene of varied romance, that the clouds had been to her as brilliant cars floating amidst spheres of wondrous effulgence, that fairy shapes and music had encompassed her ; but, amidst all, one form had shone pre-eminent, and a thrill of sympathy more agitatingly delicious came over



E. G. BENT

Friedrich A. Heilmann

her, when she thought of those echoed words which had seemed to infuse a new life into her heart. Yet to recall even the faintest semblance of this one, it was necessary to think over the other portions of the ideal, and fix the mental sight firmly upon some other object; the image would not be invoked, but came in flashes, every moment becoming more evanescent and indistinct.

Slowly, and with a pleased and serene countenance, Bertha arose; and summoning an attendant Creole, whose faithful assiduities had never yet been so silently received, strolled down into the garden, and paced with downcast eyes in gentle reverie the terrace overlooking the lake.

What a change from yesterday! on the features of the so lately childish reveller rested peaceful happiness; in those moist eyes shone a woman's true heart—in the curve of the soft lips—the arch of the lofty brow—lay the high resolve of thought and intellect, awaiting the enchanter's wand of circumstance, to be summoned into glorious action; and over the whole figure beamed the soft and yielding witchery of the new-found treasure of impulsive feminine affection, which told her she had a heart to bestow.

From her quiet meditations, Bertha was recalled by the speculations of her swarthy companion respecting Hunold's return; a pang shot through her breast; and the prospect, a moment before so bright, seemed suddenly darkened. Recovering herself with difficulty, she turned with something like self-reproach to seek tidings of her lord.

They tread with slow and echoing steps the long line of the picture-gallery. Bertha gazes at all with pleasure, and has a word of interest in answer to the old steward's reminiscences (who has joined her) of bygone days, called forth by the varied mementos around.

"And whom call you this?" she asked, as a fair face in

antique dress looked out from a heavily-carved frame; "is this, too, one of the ladies of the château?"

"So please you, yes, my lady; that is a daughter of my lord's great-grandsire; a fair and promising damsel who, sooth to say, ought never to have been discarded from her birthright and her father's arms; yet was it so; and it is only within my remembrance that the picture even was replaced here; her father and herself having long since gone to their rest."

"And how befell it?" asked Bertha, gazing with interest at the features; "what was her offence?"

"She married without her sire's consent; he had other and loftier views for her. True, he whom she loved was young and noble, a welcome guest at the board, and the son of a neighbouring house. However, the stern old man never forgave; and since then the two families have been disunited, her descendants never known here, nor to their mother's kinsmen. Some time since, I found in an old lumber-room a picture of her husband, painted long before it was discovered that the heart of the fairest maiden of the household was his; and so I hung them side by side. See! here he is, a manly stripling as ever eyes need gaze upon. Look! how he holds his falcon on his wrist! Well, well, how could they wonder at his winning her even from a royal lover, old and wrinkled as was he she rejected?"

What ails Bertha? she is transfixed before the picture! Oh, incredible, yet wondrous coincidence! the features she has all day been striving to remember are here portrayed in vivid tints, the very hero of her visions.

And the sun waned, and the twilight stole gently over the deep embayed window, till the stars flickered in, and their lustre danced above the forehead of the lady's husband like a glory; and again and again there glided before the imaged form the soft footsteps of the maiden bride, till, as she turned

for the last time to drink the intoxicating influence, it seemed as if the eyes bent upon her a glance of living fire; and the lip smiled, as had smiled the calm, bright spirit of her dream.

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Once more is heaven brilliant with the glory of the Disembodied and Emancipated. Again hold those two spirits gentle communion; but there is less of unfettered liberty about them; a mysterious stillness is over their voices; a species of expectation, strange and undecided, is in their guise. Floating along the horizon, hand in hand, they leave at last the brighter realms, and pursue a faint, nebulous track, defined less by its own light, than by the surrounding shadows.

They are passing over a wild desert country; bleak and cheerless it lies; no sign of life apparent; even the spirit phantoms around are not visible here; all is solitude and silence; all but the passionate murmuring of one wailing voice, that ever addresses self-reproachful words to an invisible hearer who replies not; and see! above yonder grave, a soul cowers with dark and drooping wings, and sheds the tears of immortality upon the withered and blood-stained sod, which shrouds the victim of Hunold's first unhappy passion.

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They enter a darkened chamber of the lonely road-side hostelry, where René of Arlemburg sits by the bed-side of him he has preserved. The seraphic sharer of the destinies of Bertha passes over the outward sense of René's form (who has sunk into a slumber) causing him mysteriously to respond to her soft influence. Another moment, and the unclosing of his eyes shows that the spirits have parted; that his own, has reassumed its mortal charge; but, even embodied, it looks through the orbs of the awakened watcher, and communicates, like the passage of light, its rays with those of its loved companion. Leaning back in his seat, René of Arlemburg abandons himself

to a strange passionate ideal, stealing, like the transfusion of the fabled nectar, through his veins; and, beside him, her soft pinions fanning his cheek, her lucent glances bent tenderly upon his varying features, her spirit lips even pressed upon the brow of the young poet, hovers the soul of Bertha, and traces out thought by thought, and impulse after impulse, dreams which are legible in his wrapt and fervent gaze!

By slow stages, Hunold and his friend reached the château. The regard the latter bestowed upon his companion was less that of friendship, however, than of watchful sympathy, which endears objects of our care to us from their very helplessness. Hunold's gratitude was boundless; his crushed heart, in its lucid intervals, sprung with the force of an unbent bow towards the being who was lavishing on him kindness so long a stranger, and induced the hope that his mental aberration might finally leave him, when restored to the joys of home, and presences endeared by alliance and association.

It was the witching hour of midnight; stillness pervaded the château, and lay like a weight upon the senses of those awake, to note the hours striking on the solemn bell which marked each as it closed. A strange, indefinable restlessness fell upon Bertha; she had retired to her chamber early, with that pleasing languor which appears to presage a rest so tranquil, that those images, in whose light her imagination now revelled, may be wooed more easily than ever to the pillow; and she had given herself wholly up to the world of Fancy, in whose realms she had of late found the entire happiness of her life. Conjecture had begun to exhaust itself as to Hunold's strange absence; and that evening a messenger had been despatched to her guardian, detailing the circumstances in which she was placed, and asking advice as to the search which she felt ought to be instituted for her missing bridegroom. Bit-

terly did she reproach herself for the latent hope which a little reflection had taught her to discover in her heart, that she should never see him more; her bosom revolted at the desire for his death; yet what else could sever her from one whose identity every moment seemed to render more distressing? She hoped to leave the château, never to return to it; yet had not her first experiences of happiness been elicited within its walls?—and would not association ever link the place with the brightest new-born aspirations of her soul?—and then that picture! could she bear to leave the object which, even when she closed her eyes in sport to shun it, ever shone before her, invested with the resemblance to that spiritual essence which came enveloped in the veil of imagination, to shed the radiance of entrancing bliss upon her slumbering senses?

It was a cheerless night, outside; not within the close-curtained and luxurious chamber. There had been heavy rains within the last few hours, the air was damp, and the broad fire-place was filled with pine-logs, which crackled and sparkled, making strange fantastic wreaths of flame upward, anon sinking into temporary obscurity. It was pleasant to listen to the rain-drops falling lazily; and half lulled by their sound, Bertha lay, her eyes partially closed, invoking sleep, but keenly susceptible of the influence of the hour. Suddenly, a sound fell upon her ear—a strange, wild, unearthly sound—a shriek—human, but more like the gush of mingled ferocity and despair, which a wild animal would utter, pursued to the death by the hunter's spear. She raised herself, and pushing back the curls from her brow, listened breathlessly; so sudden, so sharp had been the sound, that it was almost difficult to believe it real. But again it comes upon the silent night, fearfully shrill and appalling! She starts up, hastily flings a night-robe around her, and, sustaining the lamp in her trembling hand, emerges upon the

corridor, and hurries towards the spot whence the sounds proceed.

The household is astir. With ashy faces, full of anxiety and despair, the servants are congregated around a distant door; they make way silently for her, and, scarcely knowing what she does, Bertha advances, and with the name of Hunold on her lips, stands within the chamber, the cries of whose fatal occupant are still resounding at long intervals through the lofty walls.

Hunold it is—unknown to her he has returned—she sees him stand pale as a spectre, surrounded by the quailing domestics—a single look reveals the awful truth.—Wild contrast! The fearful countenance of the maniac—her soft, childlike features! affrighted but intrepid,—they seem to add fresh fuel to the already violent passions of the madman. Uttering a cry more frantic than ever, he forces off the hold of his attendants with superhuman energy, and springs towards her, his eyes distended, rage gleaming in every line of his swollen and agonised countenance. Again he is restrained, gently but firmly replaced on the bed, while Bertha sinks in a swoon upon the ground.

But it has burst his heart;—the effort, the struggle, the wild remembrances flashing upon his mind at the sight of her, who to his distempered fancy has been the cause of all his late agonies, have accomplished their task. René, with one glance, sees the scene is closed, and his thoughts revert to the insensible girl—happily insensible in this scene of terror.

Has he ever seen her before? or what stirs his heart like the leaves of an aspen, as, reverently raising her in his arms, he for the first time gazes upon those beautiful features—what is it causes him to wave off all assistance, and, lifting the slight form closely to his breast, to bear her to the shelter of a distant

chamber, and hang over her like one distracted, watching for the return of consciousness?

She revives! No signs of grief or terror seem to convulse her frame, prostrated by so heavy a shock. A half smile rests on her lip, quietly and softly her breath comes and goes, as if at rest. At last her eyes unclosed. Bending over her she sees the phantom of her dream—the blest companion of her waking reverie. Their glances meet, their eyes appear to draw fresh intelligence each from the other; not as strangers, doubtful of regard, they felt as though they had long been intimate, parted for a space, and the time so intervening, annihilated by one lightning flash shot from their mutual glances, and straightway mutually transfused. To her it was as if she had suddenly found another sense—absent and sought for long, deprived of which her whole being was incomplete, restored to—ineffably perfect and refined; to him it seemed as if the embodiment of the vision he had all his life long been looking for—the very incarnation of his hopes,—lay reposing on his bosom, awaiting only the mystical watchword of their two spiritual essences, to acknowledge by one gush of irrepressible emotion his presence.

“Are you my guardian angel?” she whispered at length, drawing a deep breath, and closing her eyes, as if attending the ecstatic sounds of his voice.

“Hush!” he replied tenderly, controlling the passionate beating of his heart. “Compose yourself, lady; sleep now, and you shall know all—”

So, he left her; and in that horror-stricken mansion, as if sealed by Merlin’s enchanted slumber, the young countess lay sleeping quietly, and dreaming bright dreams, all unconscious of the fate of him whose rigid limbs were stretched upon the couch, beside which the inmates of the château watched solemnly till morning.

Months went by. Whatever had been Hunold's secret it remained known only to one recipient of his confidence, and he never betrayed the trust. A few scanty particulars, gathered from papers unwittingly left open after his decease, gave rise to a vague rumour of a previous marriage in another land, conjoined with a terrible and vindictive assassination of the wife ; which report gained ground, not more from the evidence of some overwhelming crime having shattered the senses of Hunold, than from the care with which René of Arlemburg (the last descendant from the original of that picture whose likeness to himself has been remarked) endeavoured to shield the memory of his kinsman from reproach.

It was the autumn of the following year when a lady, accompanied by a black servant, entered the consulting-room of Palairé, one of the most skilful elaborators of the principles of Mesmer. Others occupied the apartment, to whom the professor was illustrating, by the agency of a fragile girl in a state of somnambulism, the theories he propounded. Gradually their numbers thinned, however, until no one at length remained but the lady, and a gentleman who had on her entrance retired into a recess, as if to escape observation. It would appear that this person had forgotten all else in the contemplation of Bertha's face (for she it was), as he moved not while she placed herself near to the Mesmerist, and commenced a conversation upon the magnetic art in relation to topics partaking slightly of a private nature. From time to time the professor, as if in exposition of his remarks, made passes towards his visitor, which, although not actually productive of coma, yet induced a languor over her countenance, the latter, paler than formerly, bending downwards as if in reverie. Suddenly he was summoned from the room ; a few minutes elapsed, the figure in the recess rose, moved cautiously forward, and finally approached her, as if with

the intention of speaking. Not glancing towards him, but under the impression that it was again Palairet, Bertha with half-closed eyes awaited the renewal of the conversation.

A sudden thought seemed to take possession of the intruder's mind; slowly he raised his hands, and commenced the mesmeric passes. Like the wave beneath the sway of the moon, she inclined towards him, responsive to each gesture, until, at the return of the professor, he discovered his patron and friend, the heir of Arlemburg, leaning absorbed over the bride-widow, and listening with rapturous eagerness to the low tones of the dreamer's reply to his words. A whisper explained all; and Palairet watched at a distance the conclusion of the strange interview.

One little week after, when René sought and won her hand, a vague idea crossed Bertha's mind that the same scene, even the same acceptance, had been before enacted, though, as is usual in such flashes of soul-remembrance, the spot itself was forgotten, and she knew not that her spirit had pledged its faith to him in the Mesmerist's chamber!

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

BY WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

THE cry be, "War;" who talks of peace!
Be scorn and pity on his name
Who strikes not with us to release
His hearth from dread—his land from shame:
From spire to spire, the shout be caught!
Toll back fierce peals of wild alarms!
What, ho! a battle must be fought!
Up! all men, up! to arms! to arms!

Ha! where's the foe? and do you ask?
O blind and foolish! O thrice blind!
Awake! arise! not hard the task
A host in every street to find:
Hark! hear their murmurs! how my thought
Their muttered wrath—their hate alarms!
What, ho! a battle must be fought!
Up! all men, up! to arms! to arms!

In brutish ignorance—squalid want,
In savage filth—in godless crime,
In cursings that for vengeance pant,
And hate, and hate, and bide their time,



J. B. Pickersall. sculp.

C. B. Tennant.

For auctioned for the collector by David Broom, Fleet Street
London 1851.

We front a host that scares my thought
With boding fears and wild alarms;
What, ho! a battle must be fought!
Up! all men, up! to arms! to arms!

Woe to the land whose cry is "Peace,"
When peace's hour is gone and past!
Woe! woe! in storm and wreck shall cease
The doting dreams that could not last.
Too late! too late! my trembling thought
That oft-heard cry with dread alarms;
What, ho! a battle must be fought!
Up! all men, up! to arms! to arms!

Up, all men, to the true men's ranks!
To do the work that must be done,
To earn the eternal future's thanks,
Of all our ills to leave not one;
Crime—ignorance—want—despair—no thought
Of sloth while one our age alarms!
What, ho! a battle must be fought!
Up! all men, up! to arms! to arms!

THE HALLELUJAH OF A SPARROW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI MARIE MARTIN.

BY E. A. P.

I ALONE, perhaps, saw the little bird, as, escaping frightened from beneath the foliage, it took its flight through the immensity of the brilliant arch, and came, tiny child of the creation, to join its feeble voice in the universal hallelujah.

The queen had made her solemn entrance in the Palace of Industry. The acclamation of the people had ceased. A profound silence reigned in the crowd, filled with admiration, terrified almost by the grandeur and the majesty of the spectacle. An imposing sight, indeed, that of the assembled nation's palpitation at the triumph of their works! A sublime emotion filled every heart; every mind was full of great thought. And when, from this religious silence, after the prelude from the organ, hundreds of voices were raised in the national anthem, the poor little frightened bird rose from the branches of the tree at the south, and went in its terror, uttering its feeble cry over the royal dais with its fringes of blue silk, to seek refuge in the other large tree at the north, and which commanded precisely the gallery, from whence issued the harmonious sound of the organ and the chorus of voices. Bravo! bravo! said I to myself, pleased that my eyes had been raised to the vault, whilst all the others were directed to the throne. Bravo, my

little bird ! go mingle with the chorus of men, and sing there also in thy pure voice the hymn to God of a great nation, of the nation which to-day receives the universe as its guest ! or rather, let thy prayer be for the whole world ! Go, sing with them, thou whose voice is more beautiful because more simple. Thou hast not the tutored notes of man, nor the rich tones of the nightingale : so much the better ! thou shalt be the voice of the humblest class of the creation.

It was with a purpose that Providence, which permits nothing but what is wise, sent thee to the universal *fête*. Thou art here the representative of the animals of the earth : it was well that thou shouldest be one of the least of them. Oh, little sparrow ! deputy from heaven to the congress of human industry, I envy thy glory. Thy part here appears to me the finest of all amongst us. Go then and sing with them !

Whilst I said this within myself, and whilst the attention of the multitude was fixed on the august assembly in the centre of the vast and brilliant palace ; whilst each admired the majesty of the court of Great Britain, whose queen, young, beloved by her people, surrounded by her husband and two of her children, her ministers and great officers, saw the envoys of all nations crowd to the foot of her throne, mine eyes sought thee, thou poor little bird, beneath the frames of the vault and the foliage of the trees. I was uneasy for thee, for I loved thy presence at this *fête* of the world. At the last notes of the hymn, I thought I saw thee fluttering among the distant branches, and I rejoiced to think thou wert still among us. Couldst thou know, child of the sky and of the foliage, with what poetry thou hadst filled me when, standing beneath thy tree, I saw thee take thy flight beneath the arches of the immense vault ! Thy free and rapid flight through the luminous space awakened in me the idea of infinity, and this idea mingled with those working in my mind during this solemnity, the first *fête* of all nations. This was

the festival of the works of man—the festival of the forge and of the *atelier*, of the manufacturer and of the artist—the festival of material strength. This was the day of our triumph over nature, which we proclaimed conquered by our efforts; it was the hour of our pride at the sight of our power. We might almost say to the earth, “Behold, thou art our slave!” But this victory, might it not almost persuade us that we were the gods of creation?—might it not intoxicate us to the point of substituting ourselves to the Master of all things, and of believing, in our delirium, in the apotheosis of humanity? Thou seemedst to me,—thou, O little bird! the warning from heaven, the avenger of nature, and the advocate of God! I had said to myself, “Oh, how great, how powerful is man, the inventor of all these machines, of all these marvels, the work of his hands!” and thou seemedst to say, “How much greater is the God who made me, a thing so frail, and who gave me wings, and the air for my dominion!”

Surrounded by the productions of human beings, I thought of the beauties of civilisation, of the luxury of our towns, of the riches of our dwellings; and thou, thou camest to bring back my thoughts to the fields, the green country, to the simple beauties of nature; and from my soul there arose a prayer—an humble acknowledgment to the Supreme Creator of inimitable marvels! And then, at the same time that thou appearedst to me as a lesson, an instruction of Providence, I took thy voice for that of reconciled nature, become the sister of human industry since earth was sanctified by the baptism of Divine blood.

For if thy race, little bird, had, like ours, its annals, its history of bygone times, thou wouldst know that, in the days of Rome’s debasement, one of thy ancestors became the favourite of the beloved of Catullus, the Sybarite poet—the sparrow shared with him the affection and caresses of Lesbia,—thou

wouldst know also what corruption had seized upon Rome, that brazen Colossus! It crumbled, it perished, and the world with it; for it was the whole world! Soon after Lesbia had wept the death of her darling bird (*passer mortuus est—quem plus illa oculis suis amabat!*), society, more and more degraded, had fallen to the lowest abyss. Cæsar was a god, woman a despised slave, humanity a savage beast, which rushed to see its fellow-beings tear and strangle each other in the amphitheatre—for pleasure!

There came a trial in Judea—the condemned was crucified, and the world changed!

Light broke forth by degrees,—its birth was in Golgotha!

Faith returned, announced by fishermen!

Cæsar was but a man, and God was God! Woman was no more a slave, but with proud humility raised her brow, feeling she had been made the instrument of salvation. Human nature regained its dignity, turned to labour, and its labour was blessed. And now man knoweth the secrets that were hid from him, secrets into which he sought not even to inquire before the new era. Formerly there were systems so absurd that a child of to-day would laugh at them. Man knew hardly anything of nature; his civilisation was only for luxury, refinement, and pleasure; he made no great discoveries, no inventions of universal utility—the hour of conquest was not yet come.

That hour has now struck! Man labours to dominate matter, and Nature lends herself to the efforts of our intelligence with a submission, as if commanded by her and our master. Behold even the civilisation of the East begins to rise from its torpor of ages, to shake its wings, and to advance in the universal march.

All this thou wilt know, therefore, O descendant of the sparrow of the Roman courtesan; and thou wilt know, also, why I was so happy to see thee, little child of nature, present

at our *fête*, at our triumph in honour of the victory which day by day we achieve over that Nature herself.

All these thoughts were crowding in my mind whilst the husband of the queen related how the vast enterprise of a universal exhibition of human industry had been accomplished. A prayer was repeated, the organ again resounded, and the voices sung, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Nevertheless, I had not forgotten the little bird sheltered in the tree at the end of the vast transept. All at once I saw it as frightened it again took flight towards the tree at the south, near where I stood expecting it, and pleased at its return, I followed it with an anxious eye. But this time the bold familiar of the sky, wishing to rise higher than the vault, the transparent panes of which deceived his gaze, directed towards the blue heaven, struck his wing against the pane.

Ah, what a lesson was this for us! This immense cage, which man had built for himself, was not large enough for a little bird! A sparrow was there a captive; a prison to him was the Babel of the nineteenth century!

We were so proud of the gigantic proportions of our crystal monument; and behold a sparrow complains! He has hurt his wing against our marvellous vault, and seems to say to us, "Why so proud, O man? You cannot rise as high, nor go so far as I, in the dominions of God! Would you not wish, O madman, to attain to heaven to bring it down to earth? But you will not succeed; you have not even my wings. Renounce then, pride, which lost thy race, O son of Adam!" And the little bird that found the Palace of Crystal not large enough for him, returned bruised to the great tree at the north. He quitted me; but I did not murmur: for he went to join his hallelujah with that of Handel, and to take the part of nature in this concert of men.

Oh, if the animals which people the earth could know, how

grateful would they be to thee, humble sparrow, to have come to our festival to represent them all! They would say to thee, "We thank thee, thou hast sung for us in the concert of voices which blessed God! Thou hast caused some one to remember us, when men, in the intoxication of their triumph, almost forgot God and His living creatures of the air, the sea, and the land! We thank thee, little sparrow."

And in after years, when lustres and centuries had passed, all the animals, from the microscopic worm, from the industrious ant, to the tiger, the fierce tyrant of the desert, to the lion, the proud king of the forest,—yes, all, and even proud would they be to come and prostrate themselves before some monument erected to the memory of the bird, their representative at the great and memorable festival of all nations. And every First of May, to the end of centuries, there would be a hymn of all the animals of the earth, in honour of the Sparrow of 1851. But they know not. Thou who dost know, O man! smile not at my enthusiasm for the little bird sent by God to our universal festival. Some will say, however, What a long story about a sparrow! And these few lines in thine honour, O little bird! who deservest a poem, will draw reproaches on me. What matter, if I have made thee known to some soul who knows how to draw great thoughts from subjects insignificant in appearance, and for whom Lamartine truly said in his verse,—

"Rien n'est vil! rien n'est grand! l'âme en est la mesure?"

DOMESTIC FAME.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

WHY is the Grave so silent?
Why is the Tomb so dead?
Wherefore this gloomy secret
On each departed head?
Why do we name them seldom,
And then with voices low,
As if some shame were on them,
Or superhuman woe?

Were Death the sleep eternal
That some despairing feign,
Had never Faith engendered
The hope to meet again,—
Still only should this great absence
Obliterate with its tears
The happiest recollections
And sympathies of years!

Oh, no! Death could not banish
The love that lived complete,
And passed away untarnished
To its celestial seat!

Oh, no! 'tis not the living
That we should harshly blame,
But that men lightly cherish
Their pure domestic fame.

How few leave not behind them
Some cause to bless the tomb
That mercifully closes
And pardons in its gloom !
How few go from us, leaving
The thoughts of them so dear,
That aye the prayer besets us,
“ O God ! that they were here ! ”

Or there in distant evenings,
When joyous faces glow
About the Christmas fire-light,
And laughter melts the snow,—
In pauses of the revel
Some voice that once was dear
Will tremulously murmur—
“ Ah ! why are they not here ? ”

Or that in weary seasons,
When Doubt distracts the brain,
And lordly Reason falters,
And Will is only pain,—
Those whom they loved to counsel
May mystically hear
Their voices, leading onwards
The path they trod when here.

Or that in awful moments,
When evil seems not free,
To tempt mankind to question
What God of Truth there be,—
The sense how *they*, too, suffered
And conquered, serves to cheer
The struggler, dimly conscious
Of spirits watching near.

Not, then, to Heroes only,
To Poet, Statesman, King,
Let care of future glory
Its anxious duties bring ;
There is no name so lowly
That may not raise a shrine
Of living hearts, to honour
Its memory as Divine !

The
Keepsake

17

